The Bookman.

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of THE BOOKMAN, ST. PAUL'S HOUSE, WARWICK SQUARE, LONDON, E.C.

No unused communications will be returned whether stamps are enclosed for that purpose or not, and to this rule we can make no exception

News Notes.

THE BOOKMAN for November will contain a special illustrated article on Humorists of To-Day, by Mr. R. C. Lehmann, M.P., himself the first English humorist to enjoy the double honour of a seat at Westminster and at Mr. Punch's "Mahogany Tree."

We have pleasure in calling the special attention of our readers to the important article on "The Fleshly School of Fiction," written by one of the most distinguished of living critics. The subject is one of pressing moment, and we hope in our next issue to give the opinions of some of our leading writers on the matter so ably handled in this notable manifesto.

Mr. and Mrs. Kipling sailed for Canada on September 20th. They expect to be in Canada for about a month, and to be back in England at the end of October. We note with interest that Mr. Kipling's publishers have begun the issue of a very tastefully produced thin-paper edition of his books, and, unless we are much mistaken, this will have a great sale.

It has, we see, been suggested in several quarters that Mrs. Rice, the author of "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," is herself the author of "The Lady of the Decoration." This is not the case. In England "The Lady of the Decoration" was published anonymously; in the United States it bore on the title-page the name of Frances Little. This is a pseudonym, but we are in a position to state that, although the secret of the authorship has been closely kept, Frances Little is an actual person whose letters are printed practically without change in "The Lady of the Decoration," and who has recently returned from her stay in Japan to her home in Kentucky. It is true, however, that the author of "Mrs. Wiggs" is very closely connected with the writer, and that the letters were made into a book at her suggestion.

The record of "The Lady of the Decoration" is one of the strangest in modern publishing. When the book was first issued, in the spring of last year, the advance orders were very small. It had naturally everything against it. It was anonymous, and contained only a collection of letters by a lady missionary in Japan. The booksellers were naturally afraid to stock any quantity. The sales during the first month did not amount to more than 800 copies. It is rather curious that in the case of a book of American origin the British public were the first to be captivated by a personality so winning, so original, so plucky as that of "The Lady of the Decoration," for within a month of publication in England two

Mr. Edmund Dulac.
Whose fifty colour illustrations for the "Arabian Nights" will soon be the talk of the literary and artistic world.

editions had been exhausted and a third was printing. In America it was not until November of last year tnat the book took a start. In December three editions were printed, and the sale has since grown at such a rate that over 73,000 copies have already been sold. There is every probability that before Christmas "The Lady of the Decoration" will pass the 100,000 copies mark.

Photo Puddicombe, Bideford.
A new portrait of Charles Garvice, the popular novelist,
Who will start shortly on a lecturing tour in the North of England and Scotland.

It is strange indeed that a book published more than a year ago has figured for two months in our American contemporary, the *Bookman*, as the best selling book of the month in the United States.

Last year Mr. Barrie's "Peter Pan in Kensington Gardens" was universally admitted to be the gift book of the season, and there is every reason to expect that something of the same reception will be accorded to the beautiful edition of "Stories from the Arabian Nights, retold by Laurence Housman, with fifty plates in colour by Edmund Dulac," which is to be issued in a few weeks. Those who have seen advance proofs of some of the pictures are enthusiastic in their praise.

Mr. Dulac is quite a young artist, but before the year is out he is likely to be famous. The original drawings for the "Arabian Nights" are to be exhibited at the Leicester Galleries, which drew all London last year to see Mr. Rackham's delightful pictures for "Peter Pan." Mr. Dulac was born in Toulouse, and after leaving college studied law at the University in order to become a barrister, but gave it up to enter the Art School, where he won the Paris Scholarship for painting. In Paris he studied at the Jullian Academy, and exhibited at the Salon; painted portraits, and did some decorative drawings. Since he has lived in England he has done a good deal of illustrating, but the pictures for the "Arabian Nights" represent his most ambitious work.

Messrs. Hutchinson have just issued Mr. Charles Garvice's new novel, "The Gold in the Gutter." Though some of the personages of the story move in the political world, and a few occupy prominent places therein, the novel is by no means a political one, as the term is understood. The hero is a young Radical M.P., whose political life is interwoven with love and adventure to an extent which should prove interesting, and the heroine is a young girl of the people—the people for whose benefit he is valiantly striving.

Immediately after the publication of this novel, Mr. Garvice will start on his fourth Lecture-Recital Tour through the North of England and Scotland. The Recital is entitled, "Some Humorists, Grave and Gay."

Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton will publish, early in the spring of 1908, a novel by Mr. Garvice, entitled "The Crooked Way." Fresh ground has been broken in this story, which is perhaps more dramatic than his usual work.

Mr. Garvice lives in a remote moorland district in North Devon, owns several farms, is President of the Landowners' and Farmers' Association, and runs his own home-farm of fifty acres. In a recent letter

Mr. Garvice writes: "We are so remote as to be nine miles from the railway station; many of the village folk have never seen a railway train; we are exactly 149 years behind the rest of the world. For some time past I have been worried by the desire to write a book, a sort of country book, which should give an account, not only of my farming experiences, but of the life one leads in a spot so far from the madding crowd. We have all sorts of queer legends and customs in Devonshire; we view things from an extraordinary standpoint; little comic farces, pathetic dramas, and cabinet tragedies are, more or less unwillingly, performed by the people around one."

"I am going to try and tackle this book; it shall be useful, because I will show how a man, who started without knowing anything about it, has made a farm of fifty acres pay, and pay well; but I shall do it in such an artful way that, as Joey Ladle might have said, the reader will unconsciously take in the information 'through the pores.' I do not propose to waste time by dilating on the beauties of the county; everybody knows Devonshire, or should know it; but I shall set down any little incident, any piquant characteristic, that has occurred to, or been presented by, the dear good folk around me; and though I shall endeavour to keep my own personality out of it, I shall not refrain from setting down the blunders by which I have learned to grope my way to agricultural success."

This ought, as Mr. Garvice says, to be a very useful book. "I don't think it can fail to be amusing, because the reader must either laugh or cry at some of my mistakes, and he is not likely to do the latter. The book will be illustrated by photographs—a great many of them—and will be sold at six shillings; it really ought to be sixty, for it certainly will cost me more trouble than ten novels. The title of this masterpiece will be 'A Farm in Creamland.' In addition to the vast sum of money I shall obtain by writing this book, I am expecting a large addition to my income in consequence of the rise in value of my Devonshire farms; because after reading 'A Farm in Creamland,' everybody will want to rush down here and buy land, or rent it."

Mr. Louis Tracy, whose novels enjoy an enormous popularity in the United States, where they are issued by that very enterprising publisher, Mr. E. J. Clode, has written a new book which will be published immediately under the title "The Red Year."

Madame Blaze de Bury, the author of that popular novel, "The Storm of London," will have a new story for this autumn, published by Messrs. F. V. White and Co., entitled "Phantom Figures."

Photo John Burton & Sons, Leicester. **A new portrait of Mr. E. Phillips Oppenheim.**

Mr. E. Phillips Oppenheim, who recently returned from America, where his novels have a great sale, has two novels ready for early publication with Messrs. Ward, Lock and Co. "The Missioner" will appear in the spring of next year.

The fascination of writing verse seems to attack many novelists of repute. Mr. Meredith, of course, wrote poetry before he published any prose work,

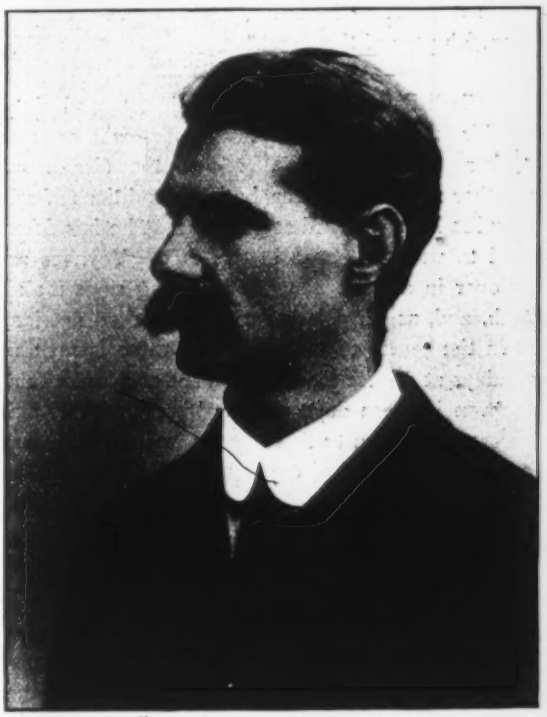

Photo Wayland. **Mr. Shan F. Bullock.**

Whose very able novel, "Richard Thorne," is reviewed on p. 52.

Miss Eva Lathbury.
Author of "Mr. Meyer's Pupil," a first novel which has aroused much interest.
Photo Steward & Co., Buxton.

but Mr. Thomas Hardy did not try his hand in the former medium until comparatively recently. "Wessex Poems" appeared in 1898, and three years later "Poems of the Past and Present" were issued; while of the much discussed drama, "The Dynasts," only the first two parts have yet seen the light. Mr. Zangwill wooed success with a book of verse, "Blind Children," which did not detract from, if it did not add to, his reputation; and now it is announced that Mr. William Clark Russell has written a volume of ballads, entitled "A Turnpike Sailor: Rhymes of the Road."

Mr. Clark Russell, who has only just turned sixty, made his reputation in the youth of men who are now middle-aged with "The Wreck of the *Grosvenor*," and other stories of the sea, but the conditions of seafaring life have changed so greatly that he has determined to write no more in this field. Voyages are now over in a week that not so long since took a month, and, as Mr. Clark Russell remarked not long ago in the course of conversation, "there is no time nowadays at sea for the development of a love affair." Yet, even in these days of record-breaking, one may do worse than turn to these books, written by a man who had had practical experience of the sea in his early days.

With the exception of the metropolis, there is no place in England so interesting in the annals of the eighteenth century as Bath, which Savage Landor declared was "the only place habitable after Florence," and which has inspired an exquisite ballad from the pen of Mr. Swinburne. Thither at that period repaired all the notabilities, political, social, and literary, as well as a vast throng of adventurers. A picture of the city in Beau Nash's time has been drawn by Mr. Lewis Melville, and his book, "Bath under Beau Nash," will appear next month.

It will interest Dickensians, who could not afford to subscribe to the expensive National edition of their master's works, to learn that they will nevertheless be able to obtain the Christmas numbers of "All the Year Round," for Messrs. Chapman and Hall announce a cheap edition of these publications, with the name of each author attached to each chapter. Lovers of Dickens will also welcome Mr. Philip's Dickens Dictionary, in which will be arranged alphabetically the characters and places of Dickens's books. It may not supply a "long-felt want," but it will be a handy book of reference.

The serious interest taken in this country in European literature, with the exception of such giants as Dante, Goethe, Heine, Balzac, Molière, and, perhaps, half a score more, is infinitesimal, that is, if it may be gauged accurately by the few books and essays written by Englishmen on foreign authors. This contrasts most unfavourably with the attention paid to English literature abroad, and especially in Austria and Germany. In the latter lands the three-penny Reclam edition—the pioneer of all cheap issues—had made English literature not only accessible but familiar, and not merely the fiction, but the poetry, drama, and even the essays, so that the general reading public of the German-speaking countries can discuss our literature with a sound basis of knowledge derived from admirable translations. Within the last decade the enterprising Vienna publishing house of Braumüller has issued, not a volume, but a *library* of works treating of English authors. It is natural that in such a collection there should be books on Shakespeare, but it is more surprising to note the inclusion of volumes on Vanbrugh, Congreve, John Lydgate, Crabbe, Heywood, and Sir Thomas Wyatt. Still more astonishing it is to see a work on the almost forgotten satirist, "Peter Pindar." This last mentioned treatise is from the pen of Dr. Theodor Reitterer, who shows a close acquaintance, not merely with the literature of the period, but also with even the obscurest details of the persons and events with which Wolcot dealt. It would be an excellent piece of work for an English historian and critic: it is wonderful for an Austrian professor. How many Englishmen could, for instance, write interestingly and with knowledge of the revolutionary poet, Herwegh?

The postponement of the complete edition of the works of Oscar Wilde is a great disappointment to the many admirers of the literary productions of that author, for his essays and miscellaneous writings are to all intents and purposes inaccessible. "Intentions," a brilliant book, might well be reprinted at a reasonable price, for it should then command a very con-

siderable sale. We may be grateful, however, that Messrs. French have published the plays in eighteen-penny volumes—a fact that is not so widely known as it might be. Another book on Wilde is now announced by Mr. Werner Laurie. It has been written by Mr. L. C. Ingleby, and, it is said, throws much new light on the man in relation to his work.

It is only a decade since Mr. Max Beerbohm startled the world with his "Works" in one slim tome, and was then regarded as a young man of singular promise, but in the meantime, with the exception of the little volume quaintly entitled "More," he has done little or nothing to justify the select band of admirers that gathered around him when he first trumpeted his own fame. There was to appear a novel—indeed, well-authenticated report announced its completion—but it has not yet seen the light, and it probably will never be published. It seems as if Mr. Beerbohm at the age of thirty-five has retired from the profession of letters, and has returned to his first love, caricature. A third volume of his drawings, to be called "A Book of Caricatures," will shortly be issued. These are reproductions of the sketches recently exhibited at the Carfax Gallery.

It is interesting to note that Messrs. Methuen are about to issue the first complete English edition of Dumas' "Celebrated Crimes," and that the first volume, "The Crimes of the Borgias and Others," will appear at once. The series will contain introductions by Mr. R. S. Garnett, who has already given evidence of his profound acquaintance with the French romantic school in his valuable appendices to the papers he discovered by Thackeray on those writers, which were collected by Mr. Garnett in "The New Sketch Book."

It is rather curious that the most popular living writers of hunting fiction should be ladies. Miss Somerville's delightful "Irish R.M." is known to every lover of sport, but there is another author who, as Mr. Jorrocks would have said, gives us the "real prime stuff, the concentrated essence of hunting"—Mrs. Conyers, whose new sporting novel, "The Strayings of Sandy," is steadily making its way through edition after edition. Mrs. Conyers wrote her first novel, "The Thorn Bit," in the year of the war. It was issued by Messrs. Hutchinson, and met with only a moderate success, although it was most heartily welcomed by the reviewers. Then came "The Boy, Some Horses, and a Girl," a series of sporting sketches, published some three years ago by Mr. Edwin Arnold, which is now in its eleventh edition, and selling as well as ever. Mrs. Conyers is herself an ardent sportswoman, and in the season hunts three or four days a week in the county she describes so graphically in her stories.

Mr. R. S. Hichens has just completed his novel, "A Spirit in Prison," which is a sequel to "The Call of the Blood." It will not, however, be issued in book form until the autumn of 1908. It appears that "Barbary Sheep," which has recently been published in America, is not a full-length novel, but a short book in the vein of "The Garden of Allah." It will not be published in this country.

It is a good idea to issue an illustrated edition of Mr. Justin McCarthy's "History of Our Own Times," for the book has a very distinct value for those who wish to acquire a rudimentary outline of men and affairs during the reign of the late Queen, and the record of the later years is especially interesting as coming from the pen of one who took an active part in the making of the history of the period. It is a moot-point whether a novel gains anything by having illustrations, but there is no question of the value of illustrations in an historical work. It is to be hoped that in the present instance there will be besides portraits a plentiful supply of cartoons and caricatures.

Can it be that there will come a revival of interest in Mrs. Oliphant's novels? Recently Mr. Lewis Melville wrote in "Victorian Novelists" enthusiastically of her best work, and now Dr. Robertson Nicoll is "introducing" "Salem Chapel" for "Everyman's Library." Mrs. Oliphant's novels have fallen out of

Dorothea Conyers.

Author of "The Strayings of Sandy," one of the best sporting stories of many years. From a portrait of Mrs. Conyers on her favourite horse Blackie, painted this summer by Miss Florence Fraser.

favour of late, probably because she was so prolific that without a guide the reader feared to make a selection; but "Salem Chapel," "Miss Marjoribanks," and a few other stories have very great merit, and fully deserve the honour of being reprinted.

Mr. Alfred Ollivant is one of those authors of whom one hears too seldom. His first book, "Owd Bob," hardly came to its own in this country, but in the United States it achieved, under the title "Bob, Son of Battle," a well-merited success. "Danny," which followed, was an unequal book, but one which lingers in the memory if only for the poignant description in the early chapters of the grim old Laird and his child wife, and of "Danny" as he "lay at the foot of the white bed—a sea grey patch with lion-eyes; and clutched covetously beneath his chin a silver slipper." It is a wonder that the million dog lovers in this country have not done justice to Mr. Ollivant, for Bob and Danny are the finest dogs in recent literature, and well deserve a book apiece. Now Mr. Ollivant has written what he calls his first real book, his first serious novel. It took a year to write, and those who have read "Redcoat Captain" speak of it as one of the most unusual and remarkable productions of many years. "It is not," writes Mr. Ollivant, "a *roman à clef;* it has no political or personal significance whatever. It tries to deal with the things that endure, not with perishable things. It has been spoken of as an apologue. It is too human to be called a fairy story. Moreover, it does not deal with a dream world really. The world is ours—but not seen with our eyes. The eyes are those of a laughing father-giant who sees us as little children. He sees all things in the light of love, and smiles as he sees."

Mr. Ollivant will follow "Redcoat Captain" with a romance of Nelson, which he hopes to have ready for publication next autumn.

The Memoirs of Prince Urnsoff, formerly Governor of Cischenoff, which have created such a sensation in Russia and Germany, will shortly be issued in an English translation. It will be recalled that Prince Urnsoff mysteriously disappeared a short time since, and there was considerable speculation at the time as to whether he had been arrested as the result of the revelations made by him regarding the complicity of the Russian authorities in the organisation of the pogroms.

In Sully Prudhomme, France has lost, according to M. François Coppée, her only poet. Prudhomme, who in his early days knew the uncongenial office stool and the penurious garret, was awarded the Nobel prize in 1901. He belonged to the older and more orthodox French school of poetry, to the time before the symbolists and decadents came to confound conventions. "He was the minstrel of critical intellectualism," in the words of a writer in the *Times*, and made his special appeal to "engineers, philosophers, chemists, mathematicians, and philologists."

The British Museum Reading-Room, we understand, is going to fulfil its promise to its votaries (who are heartily sick of their interim temple) by reopening in November. The new scheme of colouring is not an ambitious one like the gilt and pomme-vert of the Salle de Lecture of the Bibliothèque Nationale; but it is applied so much more skilfully in the new dome than in the old that it seems to increase its height by thirty feet, and almost entirely does away with that squat appearance which was generally considered a deformity.

This effect is produced by treating the zone of windows which surround the camera to a design of their own, each window having for a legend the name of a great writer. A different scheme of decoration, in which lightness is made the chief aim, is applied to the cap of the dome above the lights, and produces a very airy and agreeable effect.

Dr. Sidney Lee, a new and revised edition of whose student's "Life of Shakespeare" at half a crown has just appeared, has completed his series of articles for *Scribner* in connection with the Jameston tercentenary, and contemplates working up the material for a book to be published simultaneously in England and America under some such title as "The Call of the West."

One of the most delicate delineations of the dreamhood of children that has appeared of late, with a good deal of the eerie quality of De la Motte Fouqué in the background, is contained in "The Forest Playfellow," a story that appeals with equal force to children and to grown-ups, by Miss E. K. Sanders, which (with a delightful frontispiece of Hampshire forest by William Hyde) will be published early in October.

We have also to welcome from Messrs. Constable this month a new novel, entitled "Valerie Upton," from Miss Sidgwick, a transcript of English and American life of an interest comparatively normal when considered in relation with the psychological and rarefied atmosphere of "The Shadow of Life," excellent piece of work though that very remarkable story was.

Mr. G. S. Street's exquisitely finished silver point studies of "The Ghosts of Piccadilly," and Mrs. Fuller Maitland's lightly laid trellis of thought and sentiment, entitled "More Pages from the Book of Bertha Hardacre," are also expected in October.

We notice in the September number of the *Mercure de France* the commencement of a translation by Henri Davray of Mr. Hewlett's "Ippolita sur les Collines."

A new critical work is shortly to appear on "The Claims of French Poetry," dealing with the kind of appeal that characteristic poets of France, such as Racine, La Fontaine, Chénier, and Hugo, are likely to make to students of English Poetry, and more incidentally with the Pléiade, the Parnasse, and the sonnets of Heredia, from the pen of Mr. John C. Bailey, whose critical introduction to the works of Cowper attracted so much favourable notice.

We are glad to note that a collection of Cowper's Letters in the "World's Classics" is to be prefaced by a contribution from Mr. E. V. Lucas. The divine chit-chat of Cowper as an everyday correspondent has a peculiar levity in the best sense to which no one to-day, perhaps, has so much affinity as Mr. Lucas with his own inimitable light touch. An undoubted treat for those who prefer the company of the lightest and topmost boughs of the "Arbor Scientiæ" will be the appearance of Mr. Lucas's own book on "The Gentlest Art," a choice of the neatest and brightest epistles on record "from King David to Dr. Grimstone" (in "Vice Versâ").

Few living writers have advanced more rapidly in the public favour than Morice Gerard, whose new novel, "Rose of Blenheim," has just been issued. "Rose of Blenheim" is the third volume of a trilogy, the earlier volumes of which are "Adventures of an Equerry" and "Check to the King." These studies in the life of the great Duke of Marlborough have already attracted much attention, and in "Rose of Blenheim" Marlborough is pictured harassed by his friends, hampered by his allies, and traduced by his enemies, yet triumphing by the splendour of his genius.

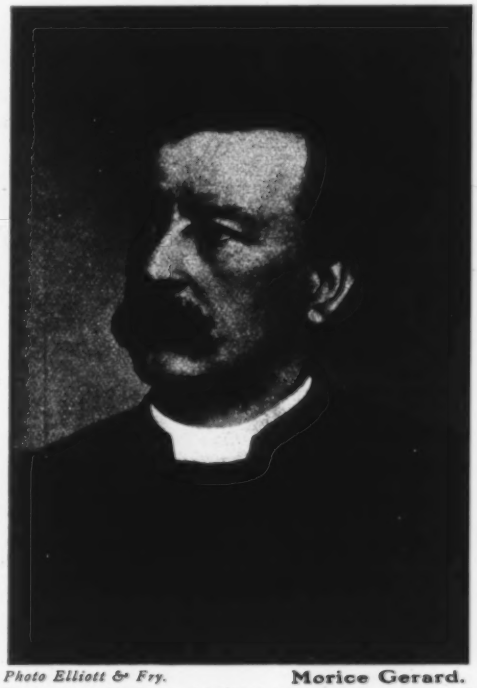

Photo Elliott & Fry. **Morice Gerard.**
The author of "Rose of Blenheim," a fine historical novel dealing with the life of the Duke of Marlborough.

We are glad to note among this autumn's books the promise of the third volume of Mr. Oman's "Peninsular War." The second volume had just reached the point upon the eve of Bussaco, at which the narrative interest in Wellington's great campaign is just beginning to expand and develop, and much will depend upon the treatment of Masséna's advance and the lines of Torres Vedras.

An excellent number of the *Atlantic Monthly* (September) contains, besides two literary articles of first-rate importance—one on Shelley by Arthur Symons, the other on Fenimore Cooper by Brander Matthews—an exceedingly amusing article on international obtuseness, entitled "The Anglo-American School of Polite Unlearning," by the most humorous of present-day essayists in America, Samuel McChord Crothers, author of "The Gentle Reader."

Elizabeth Robins has written a new novel, entitled "Under the Southern Cross," the romance of a girl's sea-trip from San Francisco to New York by way of Panama.

Professor Robert Kennedy Duncan, author of "The New Knowledge," one of the most popular scientific books published for many years, has written a new work, entitled "The Chemistry of Commerce," which Messrs. Harper and Bros. will issue in a short time. In this new work he describes for the lay reader the most recent discoveries in industrial chemistry.

Gertrude Atherton has just completed the manuscript of a new Californian novel, entitled "Ancestors."

Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton announce an important and authoritative Life of Thomas A. Edison by F. A. Jones, who has been given a great deal of help by the inventor himself in the compilation of the book. Mr. Edison is to contribute an Introduction to a book of electricity for boys which Messrs. Harper will publish this autumn.

Two interesting pamphlets likely to be of interest to readers of THE BOOKMAN are first, Mr. A. E. Thiselton's new instalment of "Notulae Criticae," dealing at some length with the secret history which many of the acutest critics have divined to be hid behind the mask of Shakespeare's "Troilus and Cressida"; and the second is the very admirable "Brief Bibliography of British History," which has been drawn up by the Historical Association (Leaflet No. 5) for the use of History Teachers.

An interesting literary manual has just been published in France dealing with the period 1800-1850, and preserving intact the verdicts and impressions of half a century ago, for it is a posthumous work by the

once-famous Breton writer, Emile Souvestre, and is entitled "Causeries Littéraires sur le XIXme Siècle," edited by L. Dugas, and published by Paulin. The original manuscript consists of a course of lectures dealing magisterially with Lamennais, Cousin, Guizot, Thierry, Villemain, Courier, Lamartine, De Vigny, and Sainte Beuve, the delivery of which was anticipated by Souvestre's premature death in 1854.

The fine, and indeed splendid, production of "Attila" has been an interesting event in a month very dull otherwise. It occasioned a great deal of talk about the "literary" play which was more complimentary to Mr. Binyon the poet than to Mr. Binyon the playwright (not for the first time), or, for that matter, to the English stage. If we were to call "Attila" an "artistic" play, as, with Mr. Charles Ricketts and Sir Charles Villiers Stanford assisting, one might very well do, no misconception would arise. Speak of it as "literary," on the other hand, and you might almost as well say that it is no play at all. It looks as if it may lie with Mr. Binyon to kill this fit-me-down prejudice, which, like the other about journalism and literature, is justified only when the facts happen to bear it out. They do not in the case of "Attila." The book is discussed elsewhere in this number, but it shows on the face of it the author's determination that the play is the thing. After Mr. Binyon's success it is possible to admire the literary quality of a poetic drama without fear of damning it as a play with misdirected praise.

Dr. John Duncan.

From a new edition of "Colloquia Peripatetica," issued by Messrs. Oliphant, Anderson and Ferrier.

It is another question—there is none about Mr. Ricketts' share, however—whether complete justice is done in the representation, excellent as that is, to the beauty of the piece. Ildico, with her subtly warring elements, is admittedly difficult, but the author's aids are not always accepted. Her jealousy of Honorio is shown to be a fine jealousy of her womanliness, inspiring her patriotism when she realises the truth through Attila's acceptance of the ring. Here is an intimate study requiring the utmost delicacy of interpretation, and it is possible, of course, that it is more suited for literary treatment than for the stage, where it is essential that some one compelling spring of action shall emerge. Such at least we do find in Attila. Through all his mixed motives, lust of woman, lust of conquest among them, the Barbarian shows in conflict with Civilisation. That is the meaning of the grip which Rome has upon his imagination; and its effect upon him—whipped up by the Burgundian's "but Rome lives on"—making him desire permanence for himself in a line of kings, is an intelligible and consistent and ennobling motive which Mr. Asche does not miss. But it might perhaps be interpreted with a less rolling eye.

To the bookman there are few dramatic treats to equal a skilful representation of Sheridan's masterpiece. London is now enjoying what the provinces for so many years have accounted one of the theatrical events of the year—the appearance of Mr. Edward Compton in the character of Charles Surface. Mr. Compton's enthusiasm for the classical comedies of Goldsmith and Sheridan is reflected in his skilful and cultured interpretation of them. No period of our literature has ever awakened and attracted to itself so hearty a devotion as the eighteenth century. You can feel the enthusiasm pulsing in the merest footnote of a Birkbeck Hill or Austin Dobson. And you can detect it in the voice of Edward Compton, who now for so many years has gladdened all our land, from Aberdeen to London, with the sunshine of Goldsmith's humour and the splendour of Sheridan's wit. Not to have seen Mr. Compton as "Charles Surface," or "Davy Garrick," or "Tony Lumpkin" is to have missed a memorable joy and to have lost a delightful introduction to the fascinations of the eighteenth century.

A notable club-man of the older generation has passed away in the person of Mr. Alexander Innes Shand. For close on thirty years he was a contributor to "Maga," and only a few days before his death appeared his last of many contributions to the *Westminster Gazette*.

For the illustrations appearing in this number we have to express our indebtedness to many artists and authors and publishers. To Mr. John Murray we owe reproductions from Sir Lionel Cust's "Notes on the Authentic Portraits of Mary, Queen of Scots"; to Messrs. Dickinsons we are obliged for pictures from Mr. J. J. Foster's books, "The Stuarts" and "Concerning the True Portraits of Mary, Queen of

Scots"; to the Duke of Devonshire and Messrs. MacLehose we owe the privilege of reproducing illustrations from Mr. Andrew Lang's "Portraits and Jewels of Mary Stuart." The Rev. W. Odom has kindly allowed us to use two illustrations from his "Mary, Queen of Scots: Her Friends and Foes." Messrs. Hutchinson have allowed us the use of two pictures from Mr. T. F. Henderson's volume on "Mary, Queen of Scots," and Messrs. Longmans an illustration from Mr. Andrew Lang's "The Mystery of Mary Stuart." Two colour plates we owe to the courtesy of Sir James Linton, R.I. One is reproduced by the kind permission of Mr. W. H. Lever, M.P., and both are taken from that remarkably fine piece of bookmaking, "Mary, Queen of Scots," by Walter Wood, with illustrations in colour by Sir James Linton, R.I., and James Orrock, R.I., edited by Mr. W. Shaw Sparrow.

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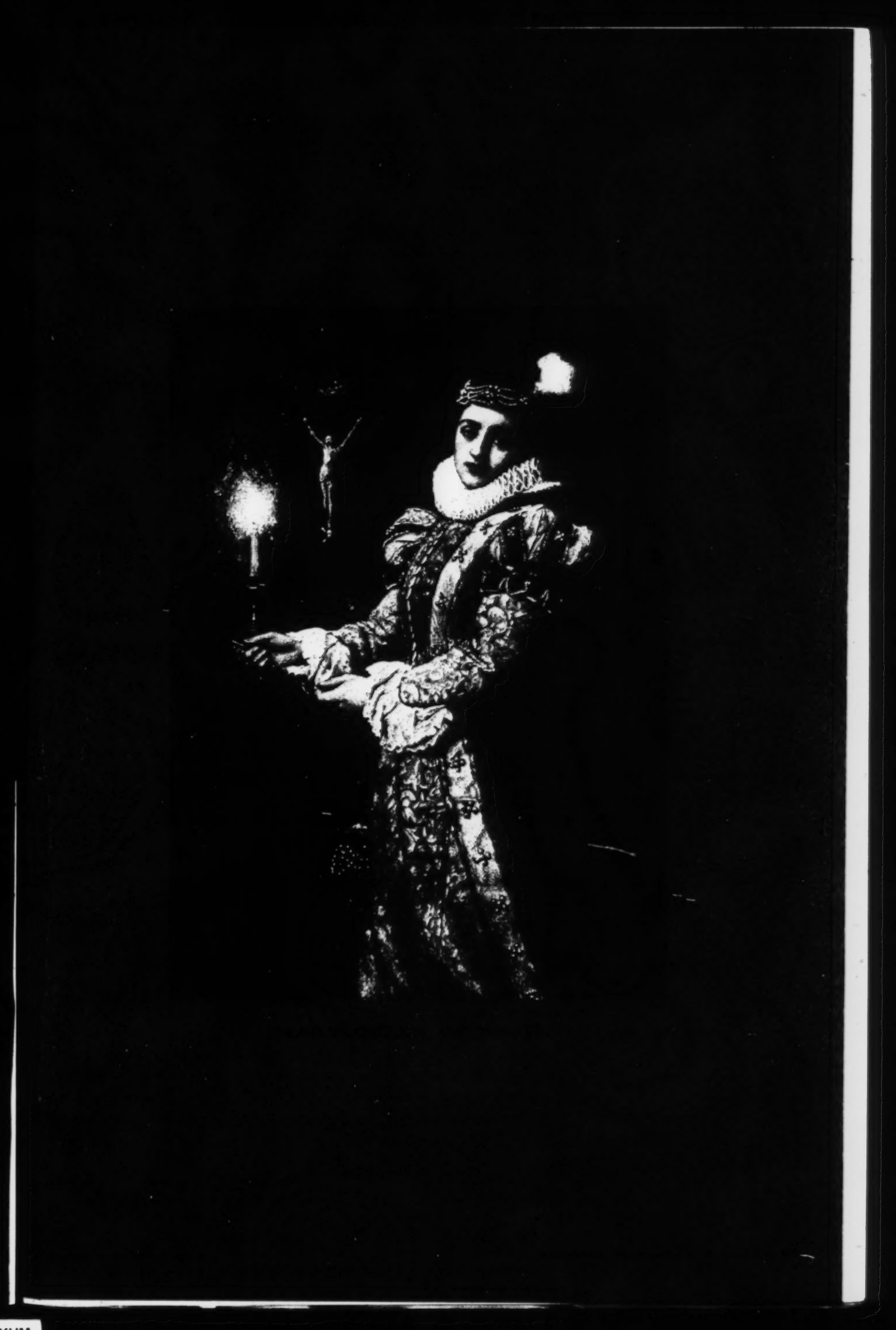


THE READER.

MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

I.

THE QUESTION OF THE QUEEN'S GUILT.

By Sir Herbert Maxwell, Bart.

Mary Queen of Scots.
From the bust in the Louvre.
(Reproduced from "Notes on the Authentic Portraits of Mary Queen of Scots," by kind permission of Mr. John Murray.)

"More books have been written about Mary Stuart than of all the queens of the world put together; but, so greatly do they vary in their representations of her character, that at first it seems scarcely credible how any person could be so differently described. The outline is, indeed, the same, but having been coloured from different points of view, the features become angelic or demoniacal according to the disposition of lights and shades."

So wrote Agnes Strickland half a century ago, and the French historian Dargaud, engaged simultaneously upon a memoir of Mary, described his theme as "the eternal enigma of history." Since that time how many busy brains have been striving to solve the conundrum, what masses of State papers and other documents have been exhumed and scrutinised, what a crowd of historians, essayists, and novelists have pried into every cranny, pored over every scrap of evidence, and loaded our bookshelves with a weight of literature which it would require another half-century to digest! With sanguine ardour, such as inspired mediæval alchemists in their hunt for the philosopher's stone, scores of acute intelligences have wrought incessantly, and are still working, to find a rent in the veil which hides no prize comparable in value to the transmutation of metals or the universal panacea, but merely the truth about a woman's reputation. A woman, too, who has been dead these three hundred years, and whose misdeeds, whatsoever their number or degree, might surely be deemed expiated by her death on the scaffold, after imprisonment during nearly half her lifetime.

What is the charm that attracts intellects of all nations to the memory of this princess, commanding a sympathy which is withheld from young Henry Darnley, whom many believe to have been her victim? Truly it must be said of her, though in a different sense than of another, Πᾶσα γῆ ταφός, the whole world her tomb.

To what extent and in what direction has the world's judgment of Queen Mary been modified by this *mitraille* of criticism? The world—the "getting and spending" world—never gives the matter a thought.

> "Alas! the great world goes its way,
> And takes its truth from each new day;
> They do not quit, nor can retain,
> Far less consider it again.

But the little world—the world of students that ponders and perhaps proses—recurs continually to this problem, honestly looking for light thereon, holding judgment in suspense. Outside that little world there is a larger one—minds of the type of the late Mark Napier or James Antony Froude—passionate adherents to one side or other in controversy, eagerly seizing upon everything that supports their own views and, deliberately or unconsciously, slurring the rest. Upon these last, recent research can have had little effect; but upon the others—those capable of and practising ἐποχή, suspension of judgment, and anxious to arrive at certainty in this matter—the sad conviction must be growing that the Queen's case is becoming less hopeful. She is not here to be cross-examined. It may be that she might, by a plain answer, let clear light in upon passages darkened by party spite and sectarian bitterness. But those who would fain preserve her memory as a gracious and grievously traduced princess have most reason to deplore the chivalrous zeal with which John Hosack espoused her cause, and, taking up the gauntlet flung down with such brutal violence by Froude, open floodgates through which a torrent of controversy has been pouring ever since. Well might those who most warmly welcomed Hosack's essay have exclaimed, had they foreseen the trend of that controversy—

Μή κινεῖ Καμαρίνην, ἀκίνητον γὰρ ἀμείνον.

Blackwood's Magazine for last July contained an article by Mr. Andrew Lang whereof the title—"New Light on Mary Queen of Scots"—promised to carry us a little further into the mystery, or at least a little further out of the mist. The article itself is important enough, directing attention to a collection of correspondence and other papers written in Queen Mary's reign which have been lying in the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh, for about eighty years; but Mr. Lang does little more than whet our curiosity.

"Circumstances," says he, "have hitherto prevented me from studying the mass of important papers of Mary's period in that collection; they seem to have been overlooked by historians."

The "new light," derived from his perusal of a few of these letters, falls not so much on Queen Mary as upon Queen Elizabeth and her policy, upon John Knox and the effect of matrimony upon his manners, upon Thomas Randolph and his generous indignation at "the crafty subtlety and devilish device," to quote his own words, by which Mary was driven into temptation. The light falls strongly upon Elizabeth as the engineer of that temptation, inasmuch as it reveals the cold-blooded device whereby she thwarted Mary's betrothal to Leicester, and threw the handsome fool Darnley in her path at the moment when Mary's pride had been most grievously outraged by Elizabeth's indecent familiarity with Leicester in public. "Most men are persuaded," wrote Randolph to Leicester, "that in the

sending of him [Darnley] there is other meaning than was shown."

No doubt there was, and the more clearly it is brought out that "Elizabeth, her favourite and her advisers, after trying Mary's temper unsuccessfully for two years, exasperated her by insult, and, in sending Darnley, deliberately lured her to her doom," the fuller will be the palliation for any degree of subsequent guilt that can be proved against Mary. But, after all, it is not upon these preliminary events—prologue to the dark tragedy of Kirk-o'-Field—that "new light" is most wanted. It is upon the authenticity of the Casket Letters that the verdict must hinge, and those who are most eager to ascertain the naked truth should not delay to examine the papers in the Advocates' Library, whence Mr. Lang has made these tantalising extracts. It is not only the Queen's accusers who should desire most earnestly that this be done; her most devoted defenders should press for it fearlessly; for in truth the case against Mary cannot well be darker than recent research has left it, and the "new light" to be hoped for is such as may reveal the Casket Letters as forgeries. It is in these damning documents that proof of the Queen's foreknowledge of her husband's murder is plain, supposing them to be genuine and untampered with; not in her admittedly scandalous behaviour immediately after the crime,* nor in her marriage three months later with him who was known to have devised it.† Until, therefore, the authenticity of these letters can be disproved, the Queen's defence must be considered by all impartial minds to have broken down, and the tender considerations which restrained Sir Walter Scott from writing her life remain as cogent as ever.

Returning to Mr. Lang's article in *Blackwood*, he declares his opinion that "the life of Mary Queen of Scots remains to be written. The task can only be achieved by a person of genius, and no person of genius, of either sex, has attempted the adventure." Well, genius is a thing not easily to be defined; but whether it consist, as some will have it, in the art of taking infinite pains, or, as others deem, in a grasp of events and insight into character akin to inspiration, or in a combination of both, some of us will be well satisfied to accept guidance from writers with humbler attributes. In this matter of Mary Stuart, where so much is left to intuition, a mere man must lie under certain disability in analysing the motives and conduct of a woman long dead. We blunder pretty freely, Heaven knows, in attempting to interpret the thoughts and actions of living women, far more grievously than women do in understanding the working of a man's mind. If these things happen in the green tree, what shall be done in the dry?

Now, from George Buchanan's day to the present time, nearly all Queen Mary's biographers have been men. On the spur of the moment, I can remember only one important exception, to wit Agnes Strickland, a writer whose great qualities have been overlooked, it seems to me, amid the ruck of scribes. She devoted four of the eight volumes of her "Queens of Scotland" to the life of Mary, dealing in a fearless and masterly manner with the evidence collected by conscientious plodding, and told her story in singularly vigorous and excellent English. It is true that she followed Labanoff, Tytler, Whitaker, Goodall, and others in strenuous repudiation of the Casket Letters, chiefly on the ground that, among hundreds of letters unquestionably written by Queen Mary, "not one bears the slightest analogy either in style, sentiment or diction with the eight suspicious documents she is alleged to have written"; against which it is open to anybody to urge that the letters of a married woman to her paramour do not usually bear much resemblance to her ordinary correspondence. Miss Strickland grounded her defence of Queen Mary chiefly on the impossibility of any woman, surrounded as she was by spies, plotted against by secret foes and confronted by open ones, having the power to commit the misdeeds imputed to her without leaving the clearest proof of her guilt. Especially would this be so with one of Mary's high spirit, which often carried her over the verge of recklessness. Here, again, we are brought up suddenly by the Casket Letters. If these be proved genuine, no further proof is required, and it is round that "if" that all controversy must be focussed. Everything turns on the question of Mary's foreknowledge of Bothwell's intention to make away with the King. Let that be established against Mary Stuart, and Miss Strickland herself has pronounced her doom. Accepting, perhaps with too little reserve, Adam Blackwood's account of the Queen's renewed unfriendliness with Darnley in the summer of

From a rare engraving in the Bodleian Library.

Mary Queen of Scots and Darnley.

* Darnley was murdered on the morning of Monday, 10th February, 1566-7. On Tuesday, the 11th, the Queen provided a bridal feast at Holyrood for her bedchamber woman, Margaret Cawood; on Friday, the 14th, Darnley was buried by night in Holyrood, and on Sunday, 16th, Mary went to Seton, where she was joined by Bothwell before the 26th.

† None of Mary's most strenuous advocates have denied that Bothwell's guilt was matter of common knowledge. "The evidence against him," wrote Father Stevenson himself, "was so abundant and so conclusive that his guilt was unquestionable from the night of the murder." (Nau's *History*, p. clii.)

A Group of Miniatures.

1. MARY STUART. From a miniature in the Uffizi Gallery, by kind permission of Mr. John Murray.
2. BOTHWELL. From a miniature in the possession of the Hon. Mrs. Boyle, by the courtesy of Messrs. Dickinsons.
3. MARY STUART. From the miniature by Janet, in the possession of the King.
4. MARY STUART. From a miniature in the possession of the King.
5. MARY STUART. From a miniature in the Museo Nazionale at Florence, by kind permission of Mr. John Murray.

1566, because of his threat to have Moray, Mary's half-brother, assassinated, Miss Strickland comments thus upon her action in warning Moray of his danger:

"If Moray had been assassinated by her husband's [Darnley's] procurement, she, having foreknowledge of the purpose meditated, could neither have been absolved by God or man of a share in the guilt." ("Queens of Scotland," iv. 355.)

Although unable to share Miss Strickland's confidence in the baselessness of the gravest charge against Queen Mary, I cannot refrain from quoting one other passage in which she dwells upon a point unnoticed elsewhere—a point which would obtain no recognition in a criminal court, but which deserves notice when adduced by one woman in defence of another.

"With the notorious exceptions of Queen Elizabeth, Catherine de Medici and the Countess of Shrewsbury, Mary had no female enemies. No female witnesses from her household came forward to bear testimony against her, when it was out of her power to purchase secrecy if they had been cognisant of her guilt. None of the ladies of her court, whether of the reformed religion or the old faith—not even Lady Bothwell herself—lifted up her voice to impute blame to her. Mary was attended by noble Scotch gentlewomen in the days of her royal splendour; they clave to her in adversity, through good report and evil report; they shared her prisons, they waited upon her on the scaffold, and forsook not her mangled remains till they had seen them consigned to a long-denied tomb. Are such friendships usual among the wicked? Is the companionship of virtuous women acceptable to the dissolute—or that of the dissolute to the virtuous?"

Alas! the poverty of the defence shows in every line of this most naïve reasoning. So long as the testimony of the Casket Letters remains unshaken, the most that can be done for Queen Mary's memory is to bear in mind the maze of intrigue and violence in which, while still a girl, her lot was cast. The saying, *Autre temps, autres mœurs*, is worn threadbare, yet it must be given due weight in pronouncing sentence upon Mary Stuart. In the sixteenth century the scaffold was a recognised instrument of party—the readiest means of silencing a political opponent. With scores of examples before their eyes of the judicial sacrifice of innocent persons, men were slow to surrender the right of private judgment, and often took the law into their own hands for the removal of individuals obnoxious to their own interests. If Queen Mary, as her accusers allege, had foreknowledge of Darnley's doom, not the degree of her guilt, but its turpitude, is affected by the moral standard of the time. Bothwell, a masterful and cultivated intellect, appeared to Mary, a child of the Renaissance, radiant among the crowd of rude and often illiterate Scottish courtiers, and won her heart. Loving him passionately, she might easily be persuaded to regard Darnley, who had earned her contempt and resentment, as a danger to the State. Darnley was one of Riccio's murderers: he had plotted for the murder of Moray, and had affronted his beautiful Queen by gross intemperance and vulgar infidelity. Deep down in every heart, be it disciplined less or more by civilised jurisprudence, there lurks a secret allegiance to the *Lex talionis*. It was this, and the Queen's love for himself, that Bothwell found powerful levers to gain her reluctant consent to his project.

Bad and unspeakably base we must all pronounce it; but is our own moral code perfect? In one respect it still is riven by the notable flaw which puzzled Alfred de Musset.

> "Philosophes du jour, je vous arrête ici;
> O sages demi-dieux, expliquez moi ceci:
> On ne volerait pas, à coup sûr, une obole
> A son voisin; pourtant, quand on peut, on lui vole
> Sa femme."

No reduplication of blacks will make a single white,

From the painting by Robert Herdman, R.S.A.

At Sea—Farewell to France.

nor is the abomination of any particular crime mitigated by its prevalence. Still, *on apprend à hurler avec les loups:* in judging individuals account must be made of the influence of example, environment, and contemporary public opinion. In the twentieth century it is reckoned a gross outrage if a gentleman appears in the drawing-room drunk after dinner. In the eighteenth century it was accounted a venial, almost a normal, circumstance. Let me conclude this little essay by citing a curious document which is preserved in the charter chest of a neighbour of mine in the country. It is a "band" executed by John, fifth Earl of Cassilis, Lord Treasurer of Scotland, for the murder of Mure of Auchendrain, who had taken side with a hostile sept of the Earl's clan Kennedy. Mure himself had taken several lives, and the document, dated fifteen years after Queen Mary's execution, is an apt illustration of the supremacy of *lex talionis* in Scotland down to the eve of the Union of the Crowns.

WE, Johnne erle of Cassillis lord Kennedy, bindis and oblissis ws that howsovnne [so soon as] our broder Hew Kennedy of Brounstoun, with his complices, taikis the laird of Auchindraneis lyf that we sall maik guid and thankfull payment to him and thaim of the sowme of tuelff hundreth merkis yeirly togidder with corne to sex horsis, ay and quhill [so long as] we ressave thame in houshald with our self, beginning the first payment immediatlie efter their committing of the said deid.

ATTOUR, howsovnne [In addition, so soon as] we ressave thame in houshald, we sall pay to the twa serving gentillmen the feis [fees] yeirlie as our awin houshald seruandis, and heirto we obliss [oblige] ws vpone our honour. Subscryvit with our hand at Maybole, the ferd [third] day of september 1602.

JOHNE ERLE OF CASSILLIS.

QUEEN MARY IN ART.

II.

BY ANDREW LANG.

"Many drew swords and died; where'er I came,
I brought calamity,"

SAYS the earliest Queen of Romance, Helen of Troy, in "The Dream of Fair Women." We know not what shape of beauty Helen wore, in the imagination of her poet. Homer never describes her; he leaves a magical impression of her charm, her grace, her kindness, but uses only the epic commonplaces of description which are applied to all the daughters of the gods.

Like Helen of Troy, Mary Stuart brought calamity where'er she came. Even in her infancy, like Helen, she was the occasion of wars, England and France and Scotland suffering and warring for the right to possess her, from the days of her unconscious babyhood, till, as a child, she fled to France from the savage English wooing. From her fourteenth year upwards her beauty, and still more her fascination; her delicate pale tint; her eyes—which seem to have puzzled painters by their varying hues, from grey hazel to golden brown—her exquisite neck and hands, are the theme of courtly poets. But poets and courtiers like Ronsard and Brantome may be suspected of flattery; certainly a lady so high in place as the Queen of Scotland and France, the possible Queen of England, was apt to be credited with charms whether she possessed them or not. But that Mary was truly beautiful is the common report of friends and foes. Even John Knox does not deny "a pleasing face" to this "gentlewoman," and the English ambassador, Randolph, describes her as a paragon—one of the women for whom peoples have fought and perished—in a private letter to Sir Henry Sidney. Possibly Sir James Melville, her ambassador to England, came nearest to the truth when he said that "Our Queen is very lovesome," very winsome. Mary's beauty did not depend, it is evident, on perfection of feature, but in her tall, slim, graceful figure; her exquisite tint, her fair hands, and her variety of winning expression. She was a creature of moods, and all moods became her; she was a Queen without any power, except the power of her own fascinations. In Scotland she was never allowed a sufficient bodyguard before the murder of Riccio. Any fanatic might, and many did, insult her on the tenderest points, in matters of her belief and private life. She was obliged to win men by a deliberate and sorely tried patience and submission; by tears and by smiles; her arms, of necessity,

MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS AS THE WIDOW OF FRANÇIS II.

From a painting by Clouet in the Wallace Gallery.

THE NIGHT OF RICCIO'S MURDER.
From the painting by E. M. Ward, R.A.

THE END AT FOTHERINGAY.
From the painting by Robert Herdman, R.S.A.

were those of coquetry and of appeal to sentiment and to affection. Her natural frankness and eagerness and high spirit gained the good-will of many; even the dour populace of Edinburgh blessed that bonny face as she rode, in her happier days, to open Parliament; even their fury is said to have been mollified by her tears, and bare bosom, and dishevelled tresses, when she was their prisoner after the surrender at Carberry Hill. When she was a captive, her captors could not trust each other; she won Ruthven as easily as she won George Douglas in the Castle of Lochleven. She had "something divine" in her, said Elizabeth, meaning something dæmoniac; her native generosity and loyalty endeared her to her servants; her indomitable fire and courage wrung applause even from Knox: she was the very genius of fascination.

A woman cannot sway the hearts both of men and women, as Mary swayed them, without some share of physical beauty; but it is a commonplace of experience that, in her portraits, this beauty is sadly to seek. Everyone is disappointed in her likenesses, for the simple reason that the painters to whom she sat could not render charm and witchery of expression. Their method was, as students know, to design a stiff and uncompromising drawing, in coloured crayons—a kind of map of the face—and to paint a portrait in oils, in the absence of the sitter. The costume, the jewels, the method of dressing the hair, they drew with wooden precision; they left out the life and spirit of the face. Had Lisnardo, or Titian, or any of the great Italians painted Mary, we should understand her powers over the hearts of friends and foes; but we have to invent them when we look at her actual portraits.

It is by no means certain that we have more than one portrait in oil which does the slightest measure of justice to the Queen of Scots, and the history of that portrait, even the name of the artist, are unknown. Probably no portrait in oil is from the life; at most the least unsatisfactory are painted from sketches in crayons. We do not know the sources of the miniatures, which may often be copies from copies of copies.

It is necessary to enumerate the likenesses which come nearest to the authentic.

In Scotland (1561-1567), it is certain that Mary could find no native painter of the slightest merit. If ever her likeness was done in Scotland, it must have been by a foreign artist, such as Jehan de Court, who appears in one of her Household Lists as in receipt of a considerable salary. Ten years later he held the position of Court painter to Henri III. of France, but unhappily we scarcely know a single work which can be assigned to him with perfect certainty. One portrait of Mary and Darnley, now in the collection of the Duke of Devonshire at Hardwick Hall, must have been executed, or the original sketch of it must have been designed, in Scotland, about 1565. But the piece is known to have been heavily repainted, and the Jewish-looking Mary, with dark eyebrows, aquiline nose, and hard, fierce expression, is much older-looking than the Queen was at the time; and, certainly, is not now a passable likeness. The truly authentic portraits of Mary were done in her ninth year, and again in her early wedded days, in France, before 1561. We have lost all trace of a group in which she, Darnley, and Riccio were painted together about 1565, and only know that the Cardinal Guise disliked the presence of the ill-fated "little Italian."

At the age of nine, in a drawing by Clouet, Mary appears as a girl with an innocent expression. The lines of the face are long, and the straight long nose of all of her genuine likenesses is already remarkable. Another drawing of the Queen at the time of her first marriage shows a pensive girl, with a brow too lofty for modern taste, thick brown hair, a pretty mouth, heavy eyelids, a finely modelled chin, narrow brown eyes—on the whole a pretty girl, though no great beauty. In a miniature of the same period, she wears the white costume with pearls, which most became her, and a *toque* or soft hat, and has an *espiégle* expression, an arch gaiety. This little portrait is probably related to an oil painting, in which she carries a riding switch; the piece is a copy by Mytens given by James VI. to the ancestor of the Earl of Haddington. I have not seen it, and do not know that it has been exhibited. It is not, of course, contemporary, as is the miniature at the Hague; it may be, like that miniature, a copy of a lost portrait in oil. Another piece of the same date is a profile in a coloured wax medallion, in the Museum of Breslau. This work, reproduced in my "Portraits and Jewels of

From the painting by Eyre Crowe, A.R.A. **Mary Stuart, 1587.**

Darnley as a Young Man.
(Reproduced from J. J. Foster's "The Stuarts," by kind permission of Messrs. Dickinsons, Bond Street, W.)

Mary Stuart," is in excellent preservation, and shows a decidedly pretty, serious young girl: the length of the face is notable. The Queen wears an ornament of lions' heads in gold, *repoussé*, which is not catalogued in her lists of jewels. The miniature at Windsor is also of the date of her marriage, and here the expression is rather *rusée*, and far from agreeable, the mouth is drooping, and if the piece was that sent to Elizabeth, it was not calculated to arouse her jealousy. Indeed, there are portraits of Elizabeth much more handsome than most of Mary's which have reached us. "Lovesome" is not

David Riccio,
Who was assassinated March 9, 1566, at Holyrood.

the word for the Windsor likeness, nor for two portraits in oil of the same family; one of them, much restored, is in the South Kensington Museum. The features are good, but the style is wooden and lifeless.

To Mary's early married days I attribute the portrait which I venture to think best represents her in youth. This is in oil, on canvas, and is the property of the Earl of Leven and Melville, by whose grandfather it was purchased; where he found it is unknown. For some reason Sir George Scharf thought little of this work, which he mentions, I believe, in his manuscript notes. Following Sir George, Mr. Lionel Cust did not criticise it in his "Notes on Authentic Portraits of Mary Stuart," and public attention was first drawn to it by Mr. Foster in his fine volume on likenesses of the Queen. Here he gives an excellent photogravure of the picture, which he was tempted to attribute to Jehan de Court. Mary is represented in a very rich Court dress of red, covered with jewels, and wears a vast *touret*, a framework round the head and shoulders, set with large pear-shaped pearls, alternating with clusters of three round pearls. Her expression is arch and winning: "I am glad that I have not a son, a page in that lady's Court," says a French nobleman, to whom I sent a photogravure. This likeness entirely satisfies me as a representation of the Queen in her brief year of happiness. On seeing it, in Mr. Foster's book, I began to search for the jewels in Queen Mary's published catalogues. I think that I recognised the *touret* of pearls, which, strangely, is imperfect in the portrait; some of the large pearls are absent, though we see the clamps to which they were to be attached. It is impossible to guess why, if Mary chose to be painted in this royal piece of dress before it was completed, the artist was so conscientious as not to fill up the empty spaces. As catalogued, the alternate clusters of three round pearls are not described, but there is another instance of a similar omission. Quite definite is the description in a list of 1554 of a bosom ornament of two large pearls, one above the other, alternating with large table rubies and with a large table diamond in the centre. This ornament is styled a *carcan*, or necklet, in the catalogue of 1559, but M. Bapst has proved, in his work on the Crown Jewels of France, that these great ornaments could be used either for tiaras, bodice jewels, or necklets, like modern jewels of price. The seams of the dress in front are covered with ornaments in small pearls and table rubies, *cottoueres*, which are also recorded in the Queen's inventories, and among the medallions hanging from her neck is one in black enamel with her monogram in gold, a double M.A. The crayon portraits of the period, and the portraits in oil, show that the jewels of kings and ladies were designed with painful precision and minuteness. I cannot doubt that the jewels in the Leven portrait were studied from the actual ornaments described in Mary's inventories. They would be well known to the Court, and the artist would not draw them from his fancy, while, even if he did, he could not casually hit on coincidences with objects which the Queen certainly possessed in 1559. Monsieur Dimier objects that the *coiffure* is not known to him before the time of Mary's English captivity; I admit

the weight of his opinion, but on the other hand, in her captivity she did not possess these jewels, and was no longer plump, merry, young, and clad in gay garments; nor can one guess why, in her captivity, such an anachronistic likeness should be painted, or how the jewels could be recovered. The Leven portrait, in which the features and colouring are certainly correct, must be, if not an original, a copy of an original of Mary at her best. Nothing like it is known, but amateurs should acquire, if possible, reproductions of this admirable work. Mr. Foster very kindly presented me with a water-colour drawing of it, by which I was enabled to identify the jewels, before I saw the original. The eyes are of a greyish brown, and the eyebrows are faintly pencilled; as in life: many portraits blacken and thicken the eyebrows, thus altering the character of the face.

From the portrait by Oudry. **Mary Stuart in Captivity at Sheffield.**

(Reproduced from Andrew Lang's "Portraits and Jewels of Mary Stuart," by the courtesy of His Grace the Duke of Devonshire and Messrs. James Maclehose and Sons.)

A beautiful but enigmatic miniature, not capable of reproduction, is that of the Duke of Portland. This is a symphony in white; the sitter wears a curious shovel bonnet shaped sunshade, and white silk, and ermine coat, covered with a kind of veil of lawn. In her hand is a book of devotion, bound in white vellum. She is propped up by a pillow, and while I regarded her as a convalescent sitting in the open air, Father Polen thinks that she is in bed, perhaps when recovering from her severe illness at Jedburgh, in 1567, when she so nearly made an edifying end. The French nobleman already referred to consulted ladies, who voted for the open air as against the bed-chamber; but the question is open. If the Queen was at Jedburgh, the artist was probably Jehan de Court, who was then in her suite. But we know no miniatures by this artist. I should have mentioned my guess that the Leven portrait may conceivably be from the brush of an amateur, Henry Kiligrew, the English diplomatist, who was at the French Court in 1559, and is reported to have been "a Holbein for oils," and the favoured but faithless wooer of one of the Queen's Maries, Mary Fleming, who, on his marriage to a Miss Cooke, wedded the famous Maitland of Lethington. In gold letters, above the Duke of Portland's miniature, are the words *Virtutis Amore*. I observed that the letters form the anagram, "Marie Stouart," and Stuart is occasionally spelled "Stouart" in the French of the period. As a rule Mary's anagrams are more correctly formed: in this case we have a superfluous i, and a superfluous u (v being equivalent to u). Yet the coincidence seems to me too close for chance work: the reader must form his own opinion. The lady in royal ermine is certainly not one of the Valois princesses of the period. The features are Mary's, but the face has not the length of hers, and the eyes are of no shade of brown, but of grey.

A version of this miniature in oil, life size, has been discovered, and was for some weeks to be seen in the rooms of the Burlington Fine Arts Club. In art it was greatly inferior to the Portland miniature; the eyebrows were more heavily marked, and the mouth was strangely distorted, but the due length was given to the face. Apparently this picture was a copy, with alterations, made in the time of Charles I., by a hand slenderly skilled. The history of these works is unknown; but the miniature was marked as that of Mary Stuart, early in the eighteenth

Fotheringay Church and Castle Mound.

(Reproduced from "Mary Stuart, Queen of Scots, Her Friends and Foes," by kind permission of the author, the Rev. W. Odom.)

century, by the second of the Harley Earls of Oxford.

With the well-known drawing by Clouet of Mary in white mourning, as Dowager of France—a piece in which the expression is heavy and somewhat sinister, the eyes being sly and sidelong—I have now named all the portraits previous to the captivity which I can regard as authentic, or as good early copies of something authentic. We have the innocent child, the young girl, thoughtful or gay, and, in the Leven portrait, the fascinating young Queen, dear to poets, and fatuously worshipped by Chastelard. But these portraits do not render the tall, willowy figure, and only the Portland miniature gives the beautiful hands. The Hardwicke portrait, a failure as far as figure and retouched face goes, shows the hand of the original artist, in the exquisite design of a large symbolical enamelled jewel, with human figures, which I have not found in the lists of the Queen's possessions. Jehan de Court was very careful in his rendering of jewels, and to him we probably owe the Hardwicke picture, in which Darnley's is certainly a good likeness of a man reputed to have a lady's face, though his portraits belie his claim to good looks. The artists, in fact, usually failed when they had to cope with beauty; and some may even fail to find it in the Leven likeness of Mary. After the captivity we have a set of miniatures dated 1572, representing a dark, handsome Mary, with all the insignia of Queen of England, and with emblems of devotion. These miniatures are on ivory, and must therefore be dated a century after her time, or more. I conceive them to be copies of a lost original of 1572, done for Catholics and Jacobites of the early eighteenth century. They have usually been ignored, and my opinion is merely a hypothesis, for the portraits are certainly a late imitation of the style of Hilliard and his contemporaries. A puzzle is the magnificent, melancholy portrait of Mary, Queen and Captive, which belongs to the Earl of Morton, and was probably done for one of his family, Mary's most faithful servant—since he organised her escape from Loch Leven Castle—George Douglas. The Queen, in mourning, has no religious emblems, and wears the august, melancholy air of Charles I. facing his judges, in a portrait by Bower. The painter of the Morton portrait is unknown. Another, similar, signed "P. Oudry," is manifestly by Pierre Oudry, no painter, but her embroiderer. Here is melancholy without charm and dignity: if it is the original of the Morton portrait, that is a translation by a great and sympathetic artist. What relation these portraits, with their variants, such as the Duke of Portland's, and another in the National Gallery of Portraits, bear to a picture for which Mary certainly sat in 1578, is matter of conjecture. In all, Mary is a mournful figure, wasted by the life of prison and by many maladies. The Morton portrait is much the most true to her features as given in the authentic likenesses of her youth, and does not hook her nose, like the Oudry set of likenesses.

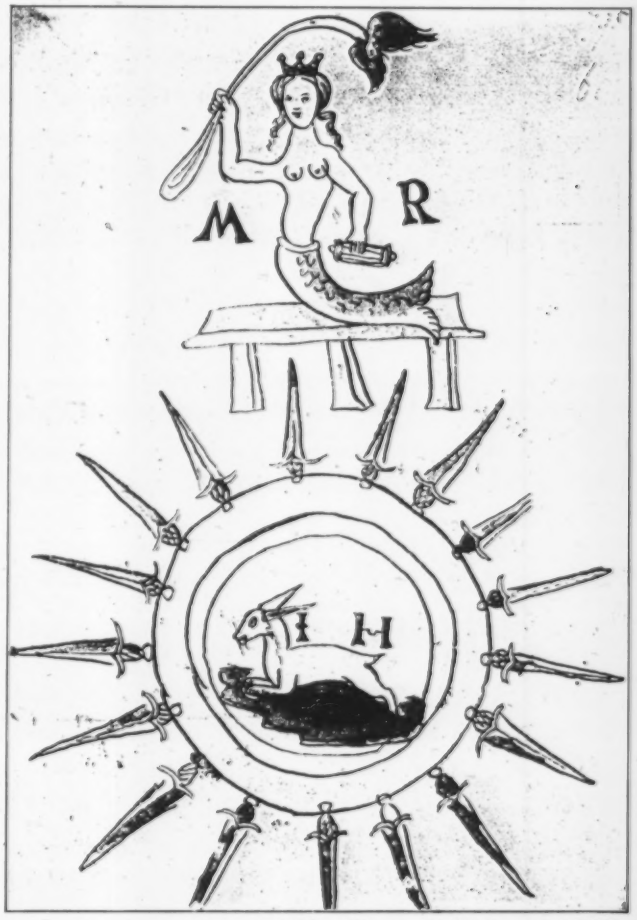
Sheffield Manor House in 1829.

(Reproduced from "Mary Stuart, Queen of Scots, Her Friends and Foes," by kind permission of the author, the Rev. W. Odom.)

Omitting a miniature very dubiously attributed to Hilliard, the last authentic miniature, Lady Milford's, shows the Queen about 1584, with the double chin, and flat, full face which she wore, according to an eye-witness, at the time of her execution. Probably the Blairs College and the other posthumous memorial portraits, with the scene of her execution, are derived from Lady Milford's miniature, or from another by the same unknown artist.

The false portraits are countless, many of them derived from a miniature which the Duke of Hamilton of the Union had repainted and made as beautiful as possible. Not having seen a specimen of this type now in America, an heirloom of the loyal house of Seaton, I am unable to speak of it with certainty; but a photograph of it appears to me to resemble Mary much more closely than do the numerous copies of the embellished Hamilton type. The graceful Ailsa portrait I have not seen; very late copies, good and bad, are common in country houses, often with a legend attached to them. One of the most puzzling likenesses represents Mary wearing a great piece of jewellery, which she certainly possessed; but I incline to think that the face was repainted in the eighteenth century. The portrait is on old panel, as is a picture which may be genuine, but, if so, is perhaps by a Scottish artist: it is in the collection of Mr. Newton Robinson. Features and colour are correct, and so is the costume, but the painter was not rich in accomplishment.

There are probably other portraits, in Italy, Spain, and France, which have escaped the search of critics. Some of the false portraits appear to have a remote authentic original behind them, and time may bring it to light. Remote from books, I have been obliged to write this brief sketch of a large and obscure subject from memory, which must pass as an excuse for any inaccuracies that may have escaped my notice. In my opinion, we must form our idea of the girlish Mary from the crayon drawings; of the young wedded Mary from the Leven portrait; of the captive Queen from the Morton portrait (*not* from copies of a late drawing after it); and of the doomed Mary from Lady Milford's miniature.



The Placard of March, 1567, showing Mary as a Mermaid.

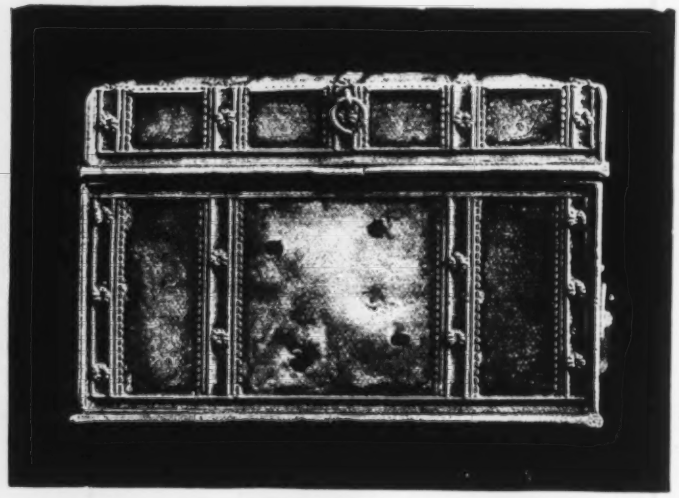
(Reproduced from Andrew Lang's "The Mystery of Mary Stuart," by kind permission of Messrs. Longmans, Green and Co.)

THE FASCINATION OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

III.

By Martin Hume.

"I ASSURE your Majesty it is as goodly a child as I have seen of her age," wrote grave Sir Ralph Sadlier, to whom Mary of Guise had exhibited in unclad baby-loveliness her daughter, the four months old Queen of Scots; and from that day until forty-three years later, when on the gloomy morn in the hall at Fotheringay the lawn coif fell from the poor severed head, and showed the close-cropped grey hair, "as of three score and ten," Mary Stuart never ceased to exercise her fascination over masculine humanity. It has puzzled three centuries of enquirers to discover in what her powerful charm consisted. That in her youth, at least, she was very beautiful may be accepted without question, and her fair skin and shining yellow hair would naturally appeal strongly to the darker visaged Southerners by whom she was surrounded in the Valois Court. It is true that the lays of Ronsard and of Chastelard may be touched with the courtier-like extravagance of praise which it was the fashion of the time to lavish upon royal ladies, and some of the adulation of Mary's beauty by the poets was doubtless inspired as much by habit and self-interest as by admiration. But Brantome wrote after Mary's death, though he had known her well from her youth; and when he called her "the most beautiful princess then in the world," and said that at fifteen "her loveliness was such as to dim the sun at noonday, so great was her personal beauty," we are forced to the conviction that she really was in her girlhood extremely handsome of feature. Testimony of this is so abundant and so various, from her relatives, as well as from diplomatists and courtiers, English, Scotch, and French, that it cannot be ignored.



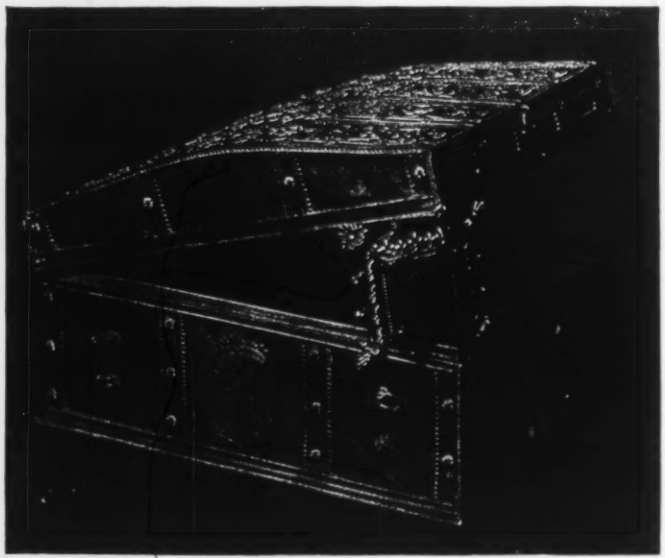
The Casket, showing place whence the lock has been "stricken up."

The so-called Hamilton Casket, possibly the actual Historical Casket which contained Mary's letters.

And yet it is impossible that her facial attractions can have been the principal cause of her fascination. Brantome was an ardent admirer of feminine loveliness generally, and he praised Elizabeth of France, her sister Margaret and other princesses, as highly as he did Mary Stuart; yet none of these exercised the charm which was the peculiarity of the Queen of Scots.

A study of Mary's best authenticated portraits, moreover, does not tend to convince one that her beauty can ever have been of the supreme compelling kind which enslaves the hearts of men at sight. The undoubted sketch by Janet, executed in 1561, when Mary was a young widow of nineteen, at the very time that the French poets were raving most about her beauty, presents a pleasant, comely-looking lady, with somewhat narrow slit eyes and an over-long pointed nose, whilst the Morton portrait presents generally the same peculiarities. Neither of these faces can be regarded as specially perfect, though they both suggest in the peculiar side-glancing, half-closed eyes a fascination independent of the actual form of the features. A comparison of these and other portraits painted by French artists or under French influence with those executed subsequently in Scotland, and now frequently met with in the great Scottish houses, suggests that the elongated nose and narrow eyes attributed to Mary by the former may, to some extent, have been a more or less unconscious approximation of the subject by the artist to the Valois type, which, hideous as it was, had been established as a standard of beauty by the French Court painters. The Scottish portraits, such as those at Wemyss, at Culzean, and at Hawthornden, present a type quite free from the unlovely Valois attributes with which the French artists have endowed the Queen. She is represented with regular features, soft rounded contours, a fine broad brow, pensive eyes, a pretty feminine mouth, and a somewhat weak chin. But though in these portraits she appears as a decidedly attractive young woman of quite an ordinary type, the face gives no hint whatever of the supreme fascination that Mary Stuart must necessarily have possessed.

In what, then, did this fascination consist? Perhaps we may be able to risk a guess as to what it was by discovering what it was powerless to effect. In the first place, it could not keep men faithful to her. Almost every man she trusted in her life betrayed her. Lethington, Murray, Morton, Darnley, Bothwell, Norfolk, Nau, Ballard, Morgan, even her uncle the Cardinal and her Valois brother-in-law: these and a dozen others, who at various times were attached to her by the closest ties, were all ready to sacrifice her for their own ends when the pinch came. No man who came into the circle of attraction that surrounded Elizabeth ever dared to sacrifice her, or ceased, when once the flame had attracted him, to buzz and flutter round it, much as he might get singed in return for his idolatry. It may therefore be assumed that the charm of Mary Stuart was not of a compelling, magnetic, or spiritual kind that holds men tight as in a bond of steel, and sends them, if it needs, to cheerful martyrdom. Whatever the fascination was, it could not subject men permanently, but could only temporarily win them by appeal and submission. Mary, indeed, throughout her life was never able to turn the powers of men to her ends for long together, and invariably fell into the place of a great motive power controlled by others. Thus, so long as she was in France, and to some extent afterwards, she was simply an instrument of the house of Guise, who drove her into enmity with Elizabeth. Coming to Scotland, as she did, determined to forward Catholicism to the extent of her power, she became almost at once a mere weapon, the possession of which enabled Murray to persecute Catholics, until the Catholics made use of her to persecute Murray and the Pro-



Photos John Chalmers. **The Casket, showing the lock and key.**

(Reproduced from Andrew Lang's "The Mystery of Mary Stuart," by kind permission of Messrs. Longmans, Green and Co.)

testants. In England during her long imprisonment she occupied the same position. Westmoreland, Northumberland, and the northern lords knew that, with Mary free and in their hands, their chances of success in their rebellion would be immensely improved, and their plan aimed first of all at liberating her.

The enemies of Elizabeth, at home and abroad, worked through Mary, not out of pity for her sufferings alone or out of a desire to do justice to her, for the Spanish Ambassador was quite shocked at her suggestion that she should leave her prison and go to France when she had a chance of doing so, but because she was the most powerful instrument with which they might crush Elizabeth and her regime. Thus, Elizabeth was to be stabbed by Guisan assassins, poisoned by men in the pay of Alba, or done to death by misguided emissaries of the Jesuits, always in Mary's name, but never for her benefit, as is seen clearly by the intrigue by which she was cajoled by Spanish agents to hand over her rights and disinherit her own son to constitute Philip of Spain heir of her rights to the crown of England.

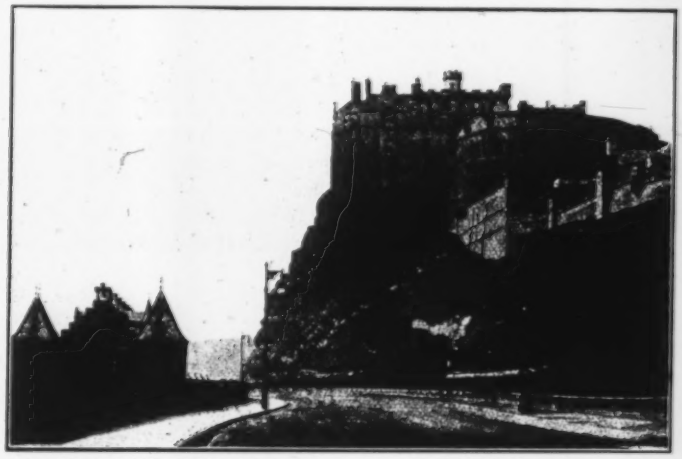


Photo A. A. Inglis. **Edinburgh Castle.**

Mary, indeed, never worked for her own hand, even when she appeared to be acting independently, but always, consciously or unconsciously, primarily in the interests of others. Clever as she undoubtedly was, the influence she wielded could therefore not have been that of strong mentality, bending other minds to her service by sheer force, as was the case with her mother-in-law, Catharine de Medici, and to some extent with Elizabeth. If supreme facial beauty, strong spiritual influence, and powerful intellect were none of them the secrets of Mary Stuart's charm, the area of enquiry is narrowed down to a comparatively few elements, and an examination of the recorded impressions produced by her personality upon those who knew her should aid us in divining the source of her attraction. When her first husband died, Throckmorton, Elizabeth's Ambassador in France, not, it may be supposed, over favourable to Mary, writes for the first time of her in terms of tender compassion: "Everyone will forget the death of the King except the young Queen, his widow, who being no less noble-minded than beautiful and graceful in appearance, the thoughts of widowhood at so early an age, and the loss of a consort who so dearly loved her . . . so affect her that she will not receive any consolation, but, brooding over her disasters, with constant tears and passionate and doleful lamentations, she universally inspires pity."

Mary herself in her poems always strikes the plaintive note, claiming pity for her sorrows. The pathetic beauty who appeals to the compassion of men in trouble and distress, wields the most powerful weapon in the feminine armoury, for pity is ever akin to love. Mary Stuart had troubles enough, in all conscience; but it will be seen that it was only in her distress that she exercised her greatest fascination. For instance, when she sailed from France to Scotland, her poem, so much praised and often quoted, "Adieu, Plaisant Pays de France," strikes the tearful sentiment which the author found her most alluring pose; whilst the French writers who accompanied her on the voyage, especially Brantome, instinctively present in their descriptions the touching side of the picture, where the Queen, her eyes filled with tears, reclines on the rail of her galley, bidding a sad good-bye to the land she loved so well. Tears were ever Mary's weapon in extremity, and with them and her appealing femininity she won the hearts of most men. When stern, rude John Knox stood before her and insulted the faith in which she had been reared, her last resource was a flood of tears, powerless though they were in this instance to soften the dour Calvinist. Tears, again, were her refuge when the citizens of Perth outraged good taste by vilifying her religion at her entry; and it was always in distress, as she knew, that Mary Stuart was interesting. When the lovesick Chastelard dared to compromise the Queen by his outrage, the condemnation of the offender was hardly less severe than the blame thrown upon Mary for the familiarity she had previously allowed him to assume towards her. He had begun by writing a pathetic Italian sonnet to her on her widowhood, hinting at his desire to supply the love she had lost. The Queen loved the sorrowful pose, and languishingly allowed the foolish poet to prattle consolation to her in prose and

Photo A. A. Inglis. **Holyrood Palace.**

Loch Leven Castle.

(Reproduced from T. F. Henderson's "Mary, Queen of Scots," by kind permission of Messrs. Hutchinson and Co.)

verse. She certainly meant nothing by it. The man was a mere lapdog, who might be dismissed when she was tired of his maundering; but Chastelard, enraptured by glances of sorrow that seemed to beg for solace, forgot himself, and Mary had to bear the blame.

Even Randolph, Elizabeth's envoy, who was certainly no friend to Mary, and was a most unsentimental person, who had no good word for her when she was merry, is moved to sympathy in her distress. When Mary somewhat overstepped regal proprieties at Stirling in 1565, tramping up and down the street "like a burgess wife," asking passers-by for money for their feast, and when in Edinburgh soon afterwards she made merry in man's attire, there was nothing but sneers, or worse, for her from Randolph; whilst to John Knox her dancing looked to his jaundiced eyes "more like to the bordell than to the comeliness of honest women." But even Randolph melted into kindness for her sorrow when he had to tell her of the overthrow of the Guises in 1562, and the improbability of the wished-for meeting between Elizabeth and her. "The news made the tears fall from her cheeks, which she coloured not so well but that some, though far off, perceived them. Then she departed to her cabinet, where she wept a good space"; and, for a wonder, Randolph says nothing ill-natured about her sorrows, as he usually did about everything else that concerned her.

The wistful appeal of a woman in distress is perhaps the greatest incentive to a man's love; and Mary must have endowed it with an additional passionate suggestion which moved the senses; but such an appeal, different from that made by spiritual or mental power, only lasts until the distress is banished by the response. The distress gone, the power disappears; and the briefness of Mary Stuart's hold over the men she influenced proves that some such transient fascination as here described must have been that which she exercised. She was not naturally sad, and the records of her life in Scotland are full of the merrymakings, the feasts and the joyous pranks that enlivened the Scottish Court during the first three years of Mary's reign. She found nothing but gravity, she said, in Scotland, "which repugned altogether to her nature, for she was brought up in joyusitie, so termed she her dancing and other things thereto belonging." Her joy, such as it was, never gained her friends, for Knox thundered his denunciations of all gaiety, Murray sourly sneered at French frivolity, and the very people whom Mary feasted whispered that it was all done with evil intent. "Nothing was left undone that might either fill their bellies, feed their eyes, or content their minds, yet it passeth the wit of man to think what devilish devices were suspected. Some feared that while they piped and danced their enemies would land and cut their throats . . . and that no good was intended to the Protestants nor amity to be kept with England."

Mary's strength lay in her sorrow. Bothwell, kept at arm's-length when she was happy, was conquered, and in turn victorious, when tribulation gave to Mary the irresistible appeal of tearful eyes. George Douglas was won to treachery by the Queen's distress at Lochleven; and in his case, as in others, the pity in his heart was turned to ardent love by the glance of Mary's tearful eyes. To every man who came within her influence this appeal was made, and usually with success. But, from the nature of the influence, its reign over men was short, and Mary had not the power to impress people with her sincerity, which might have kept them. The Scottish nobles and politicians of her time were, for the most part, brutal, faithless, and unscrupulous, and so long only as the transient feeling of sympathy lasted, and they could use the power it gave them over the Queen for their own interests, were they faithful to her. The same phenomena are seen during the long captivity in England. One group after the other, each with ulterior ends, was moved to indignant pity at Mary's appeals, at her sufferings and persecution. One after the other they plotted and strove, whilst under the influence, to free her from her thraldom, and use her for their ends, France, Spain, Elizabeth, Cecil, Alba, Norfolk, the Scottish nobles, the English Catholics, and the Jesuits in turn. But plaintiveness, whilst it wins, cannot hold; and though the hearts of men flared up at the tale of Mary's sorrow, they all failed her or sold her when the tears had had time to dry. Shrewsbury was

led by passing pity to temper the rigours of her imprisonment, until his jealous wife discovered the cause of his mercy, and a tearproof gaoler was found. Nau and Curll professed themselves ready to die for her whilst her sad eyes rested upon them, but a mere threat of torture drove away their devotion, and they told their sorry story glibly that condemned their mistress. Morgan, the Bishop of Ross, Bailly, Charles Paget, and a dozen others did the same; and Mary Stuart goes down to history as the veritable Queen of Tears, more and oftener betrayed than any sovereign that has lived. If her fascination had been that of personal beauty she would have held those she won, at least whilst her beauty lasted; if it had been mental or magnetic power, she would have dominated instead of being subdued; but, being plaintive in appeal and sensual in suggestion, its influence lasted only as long as the pity endured and the passion was unassuaged.

THE OLD LIBRARY.

By Arthur Ransome.

THE breaking up of an old library is sadder than the death of an ancient family. In the latter case but one or two lone, childless folk pass to their graves; in the former a thousand friends are sundered at a blow; the thing they stood for is destroyed not by gentle decay but by a catastrophe, as if it were a mosaic shattered by a careless hammer, and they the tiny coloured stones once lovingly patterned in their places. There is something terrible in such an accident, for libraries are sacred monuments of life; their destruction is as unnatural as the violation of a chronicle.

Not far away from the cottage where I write there is an old stone house in a stately, deep-grown garden. The family who lived in it quarrelled among themselves and separated, so that the house and all its furniture came into the market. A sale was held, but no one bought the house, and the library remained until at last it was let go for a few pounds to a bookseller from the neighbouring country town. I asked permission from my friends to look through the books for my own entertainment before the bookseller should carry them away.

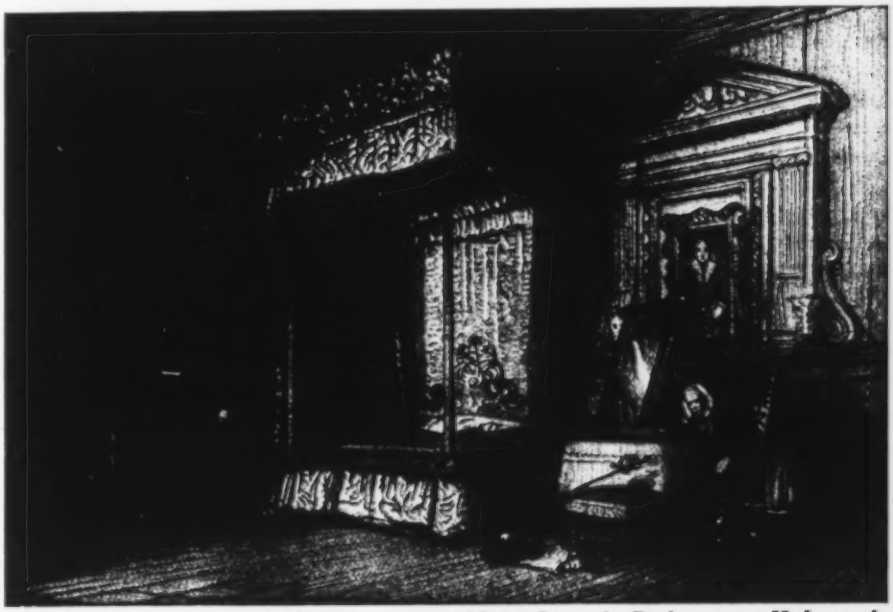
The house, white and pitiful, with desolate empty windows, stood behind iron gates, already a little rusty in the hinges. A short drive through close trees led to the square porch, and at the side, between two yews, was a narrow path leading to the tangled disorder of the garden. There were beds of flowers, arranged in figures of eight, now so overgrown with blue lupins, and hollyhocks, and careless red roses, sweet williams, and snapdragons, that the paths could scarcely be traced. There were straight walks round the garden, and high yew hedges, as opaque as walls. A sundial stood on a little eminence, and underneath it, at the foot of the mound, a cave had been hollowed, with stone seats all round it, where you might sit and read in the warm weather, and look out on the tangled flower beds. Beyond the yew hedges was a larger garden more broadly planned. There was a pond in it, with an old boat half under water that reminded me grimly of Morris's poem :—

> "The draggled swans most eagerly eat
> The green weeds trailing in the moat!
> Inside the rotting leaky boat
> You see a dead man's stiffen'd feet."

And then I thought of old summer-times here, when the huge walnut tree, whose branches overhung the water, was but a sapling, and when some scholarly old gentleman sat in the boat drifting under the shadows of the banks, reading a volume of *The Spectator*, and thinking of when he was in town.

The place seemed made for books and readers, and when I walked noisily through the empty house, past the large, panelled rooms with floors for the dancing of quadrilles, and then upstairs along the creaking passages, I smiled incredulously at the bullet-holes in the attic doors, and the rusty man-trap hanging from a beam.

The old library was on the ground floor. Somehow,



Mary Stuart's Bedroom at Holyrood.

(Reproduced from T. F. Henderson's "Mary, Queen of Scots," by kind permission of Messrs. Hutchinson and Co.)

in going round the dismantled rooms, I had counted on finding the library as it had always been, with the high bookcases round the walls, and the deep chair by the window, with the reading-desk before it. I opened the door, and for very shame almost shut it again. The chair had gone, and the desk; the old shelves had been stripped roughly from the wall, leaving gaunt nails here and there sticking in the plaster. The books, the care of half a dozen generations, lay loosely heaped about the floor in a mess of ashes from a raked-out fire. Huge folios in rough calf, once found soft by the fingers of scholars; octavos, finely bound and tooled, duodecimos, and a flood of others lay together in squalid confusion. I like my friends well enough, but could have cursed them then, when I heard one of them, who had come in behind me, suggest that "really there was nothing but lumber, and would I not rather come up to their new house and help her feed the chickens in the patent incubator?"

I was left alone with the books, and (Of what account was one small impertinence in such wholesale injury?) sat down upon a pile of folios. I began taking book after book from the nearest heaps. They were mostly sermons, as is usual; our descendants will not think us as pious as we find our ancestors. But presently, pushing the sermons aside, and opening one of a number of smaller books, a phrase seemed familiar; it was in the second volume of "Clarissa Harlowe." The set was complete, and on the flyleaf of the first volume was written: "For my little wife." No more, no less; it was like a single splash of colour in a grey sketch, giving life to the whole. Perhaps they read "Clarissa" together in the evenings—I wonder how long it took them.

Next I came upon a stubby brown volume of *The Guardian*, with slips of paper left between many pages, and one, where it opened, at the end of the Publisher's Preface. The publisher has just given a list of his eminent contributors—Pope, Gay, Budgell, and the others. He finishes up with:—

"There are some Discourses of a less pleasing Nature which relate to the Divisions amongst Us, and such (lest any of these gentlemen should suffer from unjust Suspicion) I must impute to the right Author of them, who is one Mr. Steele, of Langunnor, in the County of Carmarthen, in South Wales."

Some old north-country squire had enjoyed that little joke.

Close by were half a dozen fat little "Court Kalendars," dated about 1765, giving lists of the sitting members of Parliament, the dates of the London Fairs, and full information about the Parks—evidently bought on the squire's visits to town, and carried back in the coach with him to give gossip to his wife; or, perhaps, she went too, and brought them back to play the town madam with her north-country friends. It was easy to see the ladies of the other old houses in the valley (They would remember the Scots coming down in the '45) calling, in their jolting carriages, to ask how she did and what were London fashions.

This lady was very fond of stirring novels: there were half a dozen or more extravagant tales about Unfortunate Noblemen, Noble Robbers, Fair Nuns, and their kind, such stories as would make the little cave under the sundial a delicious torture chamber of the imagination.

Her daughter's taste was more austere. She had a set of Cicero, dated 1780, when she would be sixteen or seventeen, and it seems that by 1790 she had grown a pretty bluestocking. In an Aristophanes of hers there is a slip of paper dated in May of that year: "Consult Mr. Vegden for the meaning of sentence four on page 173." Mr. Vegden was the bachelor parson of the parish. Can you not see him growing stout, walking round the prim garden with her, quoting from Hebrew to keep up his prestige? I have seen a miniature of her done the following year. A delicate, clearly-cut face, a careful turn of the mouth, and unwavering blue eyes. She married Parson Vegden in the end, and made a copy with her own hand of the New Testament in Greek.

Her brother was a proper countryman. "The Complete Farrier," "The Gentleman's Guide to the Horse," farming books, and Somebody's "Husbandry" were lying about the floor, and held his name, written in a big hand, still schoolboyish when he was over thirty. I fancy he must have been privily a little glad when his sister married the parson. There is something in the miniature that makes me sure she could not bear the smell of dogs, something in the line of those eyebrows that suggests a little habitual contempt—very likely for this younger brother. And yet he was good to her: the Aristophanes is inscribed to her in his writing—but I am sure she chose it herself.

I went on picking through the family history as I turned the ill-treated volumes. It was impossible to keep from reading a page or two from time to time. No true bookman can help doing this, even if he is but dusting the books in his own shelves. He takes a volume in his hand, and it is many chances to one that the friendly touch of it will persuade the skimming of a page or two for old sake's sake. And often the first two pages are the subtle point of the wedge, and the book will have itself read clean through before submitting again to the book-case.* The little, close-printed, human pages of a "Tatler" kept me half an hour or so. Then there was Doctor Buchan's monstrous book of household medicine. I had to look through that to see if by some happy chance it were the delightful pirated edition that De Quincey quotes as advising the reader "to be particularly careful never to take above five-and-twenty *ounces* of laudanum at once." "The Turkish Spy," worthy of its name, held me a little longer, before, searching again among the dusty piles, I came on other volumes that threw a pretty light on the old owners of the library.

Under some sermons were two small brown leather books that might have contained prayers; on opening them I found a pleasantly printed "Sentimental Journey," with, written on the flyleaf,

"To my wife. Our Wedding Day. Nov. 7, 1802."

The giver of this book was a cousin of the little blue-

* The only way to avoid this pleasant waste of time is, not to dust your books at all—for you would never let another do it.

stocking, and a later owner of the library. He must have been a rare sort of fellow to choose the book as a wedding gift for his wife; and she must have been the right kind of woman, for the volume was well thumbed. I was already very contented with the couple of them, when a small booklet in faded green put itself modestly in the way of my feet as I turned to get a better light on the pages of the Sterne. It was a Guide to Paris, with a map, dated 1800. How many cities of Paris there have been since then! I opened the map over my knees. Of course the Sterne-loving couple had taken it with them on their wedding trip. There was a big cross marking the hotel where they stayed, and they had traced in ink all the travels they had made about the town. It was possible to follow all their little expeditions, and to picture them piously inking them in together in the evenings, these two, by themselves in Paris, who were afterwards to live in the quiet old house in the north country.

And even the map had been sold with the rest of the books. The thought made my heart ache and my eyes moisten. Lying on the floor around me were the records of a century and a half of country reading. There were the books the sportsman had conned over when his horse fell sick, the classics his sister had loved, her mother's novels, her father's magazines, and now this small keepsake that must have meant so much to that other couple who grew old here, and loved Yorick in their youth, and went a sentimental journey together. There they lay, with the worn Dickens, the tattered Thackerays, the black-bound sermons, disowned, about to be dispersed. I seemed to see first one and then another of the old owners of the library taking down books from the full shelves; there was the lady with the steadfast eyes, holding a Tacitus; that little black-clothed gentleman must have been Mr. Vegden; there was the sportsman brother dirtying the floor with stable boots as he blundered in for a volume on farriery; there, grey-haired, was their father, a glass of port on the small table beside him, smiling at the solemn humours of *The Guardian*.

The dream cleared away and left only the desolate torn wall-paper, the gaunt nails, and the dusty volumes scattered on the floor. Outside it was growing dusk in the shadow of the huge yew trees by the window, and presently, in the silence of the empty house, I heard the voice of a child, singing lustily, to keep up his courage, as he came along the deserted passages to summon me to tea.

After the painting by J. Opie, R.A.

Execution of Mary Queen of Scots.

THE FLESHLY SCHOOL OF FICTION.

A PROTEST AGAINST THE DEGRADATION OF THE MODERN NOVEL.

TWELVE books are lying on my table—some by famous authors and of literary excellence, others by the current novelist, man or woman, whose leaves to-day are and to-morrow shall be cast into the oven. But all have a family resemblance; they belong to the tribe now increasing at a rate without example, of shameless and shameful fiction. They are attempts at naturalising among English readers the horrible French thing known by a name as ill-savoured, not to be printed here, but with which Parisian shop-windows blaze, and scorch the eyes of them that pass by, in photograph, sketch, and yellow book-binding. One subject, to the destruction of pure human literature and noble art, gives the key, dominates the music, dims the vision, stains the fancy, corrupts the soul; for this is the vast modern Morgue where dead creatures lie exposed, the mire of their suicide clinging to them. Once they were clean and wholesome; now they have become portion and parcel of the putrescence on which they fed. These things are true to the letter. Dissolution has set in, provoked by the agents of death which cannot thrive except where Heaven's sweet air is shut out and darkness holds rule. Yesterday, Paris almost alone spread the plague. To-day it rages in London. Fashionable publishers keep it in stock; newspapers advertise it in spicy paragraphs; women's clubs and afternoon teas reek with its odours; is it not time to ask whether we want this tainted literature among us, and if not, how we shall get rid of it?

"Why get rid of it?" says one who affects to be a nature-student. "Is it not taken from life? What more do we seek in modern or any other print?" And

the woman who cannot exist without morphia of the mind whispers, "Is it not passion, drunkenness, ecstasy?" The publisher, a new Sir Pandarus of Troy, smilingly adds, "Take my experience. When the trade meets in counsel, and we display our wares, one question falls from shrewd business men the moment novels are laid out. 'Is the tale a bit risky?' says Bibliopola. 'No? then put me down for a dozen copies.' Or 'yes? I will subscribe for twelve score.' Deepen the Parisian taint, the demand increases accordingly." That this had long been the rule in French story-telling, a simple sum in arithmetic applied to Zola's editions will prove. First, being of the brutal type, quite unashamed, he beat all others out of the market. Second, if we leave aside "Le Débâcle," which made appeal to the nation's memory of Sedan, there is perfect equivalence between the degree of outrage on decency and the number of copies sold. Neither great art nor humanitarian motive counts for anything in the welcome given to such literature of the kennel. Not "Humanity" but "la Bête Humaine" decides what reward its purveyor shall carry off. Now the same arithmetic is heard in London and provincial book-buying. Realists of both sexes, publishers and libraries, conspire to one end. The mart of pleasure exchanges its vice, acted or portrayed, for hard cash. Infamous stories have been made a speculation in commerce. The suicide of the novel pays.

For it is nothing else, and so we refute our sham realists, mad about one kind of reality which to them is the only world—carrion that smells to heaven. Dress it daintily, ye Frenchified cooks; serve it in your sauce of smooth phrases; give it the finest names ye can invent; but is there any disguising the foul thing? So far from it that your own taste, subdued to what it works in, before long scorns all less piquant mixtures; and the naked satyr is chef to your cuisine. Without figure of speech, here in my twelve specimens I note the *sforzando-crescendo* which invades what was literature and rudely sweeps out landscape, ideas, humour, wit, playfulness, to make room for cynicism more and more openly shown. Of course there is cruelty also, "lust hard by hate." And blasphemy, which finds in the Bible matter for verbal sacrilege. And mockery of marriage, because instinct has no law. And women that hunt their prey down, themselves furiously driven. And men—if men they can be termed—all nerves and temper, incapable of doing any profitable task, neurotic, curiously effeminate, possessed like the Gadarene swine, hurrying towards the steep. In the whole range not a single hero. The tremendous devilry of a Don Juan is too strong for these flaccid, decadent, or merely animal types. They are not diabolic, not supermen but inframen; it is the woman that triumphs here—and what a woman!

Do we deny the facts, then? Why should we? Facts are of all kinds, but literature chooses, interprets, humanises; and according to its choice so will be its greatness, or the reverse. You, madam, may seize on the ignominious details of a royal massacre in Belgrade, transpose them to the courtesan key, fill your stage with bric-à-brac from the demi-monde, and protest that you mean no sensual record of passion; but who will believe you? It is the sensual record that explains the multiplied editions. Or you, sir, may exhibit in English costume a Madame de Warens attempting the rôle of Mentor to a gentleman-Rousseau. Your style is elegant; your heroine, let me be frank, is unspeakable. You have argued in a less revolting story that the man of letters who yields himself to base instincts is lost, if he cannot pull up in time. It was Balzac's opinion, and he knew. But the scenes of domestic and deliberate vice which you would have us admire—well, is there in the eighteenth century a figure more odious than Madame de Warens? Let me offer you a piece of Scripture commented on by Ruskin, "If the Lord be God, follow Him; but if Baal, then follow him. You would fain be respectful to Baal, keep smooth with Belial, dine with Moloch, sup, with golden spoon of sufficient length, with Beelzebub; and kiss the Master to bid Him good-night." Virtuous vice—the Rousseau gospel—is like the French Republican sentiment which tenderly spares its criminals the sight of the guillotine, and quite forgets how they came to deserve it. Poor monsters, could they conquer impulse?

There is another opening for the naturalist, who makes of an Eastern Counties village his puppet show, resolved to outdo Zola's rustics and fling away reticence. Swift in his depraved moods, when his genius had left him, would probably have written or snarled and sniggered, and played the reforming ape, in this fashion. What does Yahoo literature mean by drowning us in filth? "But is the picture false?" cries its painter. Yes, for it is out of proportion. The village sins; the village is coarse; the village can be shockingly inhuman. Magistrates, clergy, police know that well. But they do not intensify evil by posting up crude illustrations of it on the village dead walls. Wise men tacitly agree that some things ought not to be spoken of in public; if Yahoos there must be, let darkness cover them. Or shall we abolish decency lest the French call us hypocrites? This book is perhaps the ugliest in recent fiction. Yet it pleads for the joy of life!

No one will suppose that these unflattering pictures of themselves are studied by villagers. The price forbids it. They have been painted for the upper classes which, when the fit takes them, like to roll in the mud; *s'encanailler* the copious slang of the Boulevards terms that deplorable craze. It is a word to sum up my twelve authors, even the most delicate-seeming, the epicures of tone and tint, who would sacrifice the Decalogue to round a period. Yet, harrowing as the Village seen by Asmodeus may be, a certain fashionable woman (unmarried on her title-page) contrives to render almost equal to it in unpleasantness the London society she "knows so well." Her men are bad enough; but her great ladies go beyond anything hitherto described in English prose or rhyme. They delight to plunge where no sounding-line of manners or morals can follow them. The female smoking-room, with its licence of talk, its rivalries, intrigues, reckless unbeliefs and anarchisms, what man would have dared to put it before the world, calmly, unblushingly, as this cultivated, polyglot, widely travelled woman has done? Is it a sermon or a

challenge to the girl just left school that she should leap the fence as soon as possible? In any case the air is deadly, and it would need some adjectives from Les Halles, vigorously pronounced, to express its true character.

I pass by others worse written, scarcely more detestable on that account, and light upon reminiscences of an egoist by himself, which for intense absorption in his own person will not easily be matched. Impressions, moments, passive surrender to influences, so long as they are neither Christian nor ethical, but always for the Ego's delectation; thus do we get a lively sensuous present, a past agreeable to memory. Nothing heavenly behind the veil; and not much of a veil in other respects. It is as if the soul, which might have looked through these artist-eyes, had been struck dead long ago. And the art falls to sheer *gaminerie*, graceful tumbling, tricks on the tight-rope, a journal slighter than Goncourt's, but as elaborately trivial. The attraction is that which lurks for some in memoirs of a waiting-woman, time of Louis Quinze. Not a particle otherwise, except in brief touches that here and there glimpse the landscape for us. But people will not buy these sketches of an unsentimental journey to rave about the landscape.

A last author whom it is sad to find in such company, who knows his Paris, and judges it, brings us to the point we were making towards. He grants that no sophistry will shake the house built on a rock which serious old Puritans have dwelt in, the light-tower of ethics, of religion, reared above the waves to do battle with tempests. But the city of pleasure on the Seine haunts him; and seriously, note-book in hand, he goes round it, his brave but rather stupid English explorer, to whom he serves as guide, meeting the usual adventures. They are but an episode for the young man's enlightenment; he passes in and out of them, as if he were crossing the stage. And his biographer muses—undoubtedly in the national character a strain lofty and severe denies to the Briton that sense of amusement in law-breaking which has created Paris with all its illusions. For the men who have made Imperial England, he concludes, there is a nobler mystery than sex. We will phrase it another way. Love may be an instinct, a passion, or an ideal. If no more than instinct, it is base; if only passion, evanescent; if an ideal, the star of Dante which leads up to highest Heaven. Heroic love is divine. But in these fevers and attachments without law, where does the heroism appear?

So little of the human is there, despite pretence and loud talk, in such relations by themselves that, were it not for the idea of something forbidden to which we are constantly drawn, even by the impressionist, they would be profoundly uninteresting. Man is a living soul, not a bundle of impulses. He has a wider outlook than the animal seeking his mate. He rises to philosophies; he alone, of all beings known to us, can lapse into crime. These authors whom I cite to the bar of public opinion, know, as surely as the Puritan whom they despise, that to fall deliberately below the highest and to plead for brute instinct against law, is criminal. They cater to "la Bête Humaine," in the hope of sharing his spoils. But once for all it must be said, the great stories that shine in literature have kept their place by the faith, hope, justice, purity, strength of conviction shadowed forth in them. No supreme book preaches moral anarchy. The alternative to be decided by readers—chiefly women—who make the fortune of English fiction, is whether we shall continue the splendidly wise and tender-hearted tradition of Scott, Dickens, Thackeray, or fall upon the garbage spread out in the sun by imitators of the erotic, absinthe-drenched, nerve-racked decadents who swarm about Paris cafés. Do we choose the latter? Then our novel is doomed. It will be a thing illicit and unmentionable, to be shunned by the self-respecting; a bad habit which lowers vitality, clouds the brain, and clamours for increase of poison till nothing remains but an appetite, *le soif de la mort*. Literature will have sunk to pathology; and the physician may be compelled to treat the modern story as if it were a shameful disease.

"It will be generally agreed that the dangers which threaten to lower the standard of judgment in literature and taste are on the increase." So runs a declaration recently put forth above the names of eminent writers, publishers, professors, and artists, who tell us that the "authority of the best literary tradition" is undermined; that the permanent demands of intellect are sacrificed to the ephemeral; that popular taste is the sole measure of good and bad in our present writing. These are symptoms of death. How to arrest them? We must put aside all fantastic and disordered imagination, though boasting itself to be realism. Our books and our lives must be set to the music of a majestic temperance. Our art must aim at wisdom, and every instinct be subject to the law that we recognise throughout all worlds, whereby things are established on a scale of values never to be altered, however fools rage and foam. The true classics are everlasting because they own that law. Decadence begins in conduct as in art when it is wantonly broken. If our literature declines on these lower levels, it will be indeed a misfortune, but chiefly because when the prophet has become merely a profligate, heroic England will have seen its best days. Therefore I enter my protest against the degradation of the novel.

A Man of Letters.

THE RIDE OF PHAËTHON.

By Alfred Noyes.

I.

Forth, from the portals, flow the four immortal steeds
Tossing the splendour of their manes,
While the dazzled Phaëthon reels o'er the flashing golden wheels
Grasping the four-fold reins.

II.

Ah, beneath the burning hooves how the darkness cowers down
As the great steeds mount and soar;
How the twilight springs away from the wheels like spray
And the night like a battle-broken host is driven before.

III.

And swifter now, ah swift, as the eight great shoulders lift
And leap up the rolling sky,
And the steeds in whitest glory ramp and trample on the night
And the quivering haunches thrust, they mount and fly.

IV.

Ah, the beauty of their scorn! How the blood-red nostrils burn,
Breathing out the dawn and the day;
How the long cloud ranks foam in fury from their flanks
And the heavens for their hooves make way.

V.

And higher now and higher, thro' a sea of cloudy fire
The chariot sways and swings,
And the heart of Phaëthon leaps, as up the radiant steeps
They surge, and drunk with triumph, he lifts his head and sings.

VI.

He sings, he sways and reels o'er the flashing golden wheels,
For he sees far, far below,
The little dwindling earth and the land that gave him birth
And the Northlands white with snow.

VII.

And he shakes the maddened reins o'er the gleaming seas and plains
And the chariot swings and sways,
Swifter, swifter he would fly than the Master of the sky,
The Lord of the sunbeams and bays.

VIII.

And each high immortal steed that had never known the need
Of Apollo's lash or goad,
Tossed the cataract of its mane o'er its quivering croup again
And ramped on the sun-bright road.

IX.

Beautiful, insolent, fierce,
For an instant, a whirlwind of radiance,
Tossing their manes,
Rampant over the dazzled universe
They struggled, while Phaëthon, Phaëthon, tugged at the reins.

X.

Then, like a torrent, a tempest of splendour, a hurricane rapture of wrath and derision
Down they galloped, a great white thunder of glory, down the terrible sky;
Till earth with her rivers and seas and meadows broadened and filled up the field of their vision
And mountains leapt from the plains to meet them, and all the forests and fields drew nigh.

XI.

All the bracken and grass of the mountains flamed and the valleys of corn were wasted,
All the blossoming forests of Africa withered and shrivelled beneath their flight;
Then, then first, those ambrosial Edens of old by the wheels of the Sun were blasted,
Leaving a dread Sahara, lonely, burnt and blackened to greet the night.

XII.

Upward they swerved and swooped once more, the great white steeds, outstretched at a gallop,
The round earth dwindled beneath their flight, the mighty chariot swayed and swung
Under the feet of the charioteer, it swung and swayed as a storm-swept shallop
Tosses and leaps in the seas, and Phaëthon, cowering, close to the sides of it clung.

XIII.

For now to the stars, to the stars, they surged, and the earth was a dwindling gleam thereunder,
Yea, now to the home of the Father of gods and he rose in the wrath that none can quell,
Beholding the mortal charioteer, and the rolling heavens were rent with his thunder
And Phaëthon, smitten, reeled from the chariot! Backward and out of it, headlong, he fell.

XIV.

Down, down, down, down from the glittering heights of the firmament hurled
Like a falling star, in a circle of fire, down the sheer abysm of doom,
Down to the hiss and the heave of the seas far out on the ultimate verge of the world,
That leapt with a roar to meet him, he fell and they covered him o'er with their glorious gloom,
Covered him deep with their rolling gloom,
Their depths of pitiful gloom.

A NOVELIST'S ATTACK ON THE MEDICAL PROFESSION.*

[*Maarten Maartens' novel, "The New Religion," has aroused much interest on account of its strong criticism of the medical profession. The following article from the pen of a well-known London specialist criticises the critic.*—Ed.]

THIS book is written "For those who are sick. For those who believe they are sick. For those who wish to live longer than other people. For nobody else."

We doubt if it will add to the comfort of those who are sick or of those who believe themselves to be so. It is questionable whether any will attain their desire for longevity by reading it.

The author is, however, too modest in supposing that it will have attractions "for nobody else." It attempts to show that all medical science is quackery, and that all its votaries are rogues or fools. Such views will appeal to a large class, who, having once been ill, are well again and find themselves confronted with a doctor's bill which they do not wish to pay. The story is slight, and Mr. Maartens' views are chiefly expounded by his characters.

Lucia Lomas, a beautiful, amiable, and religious girl, is the daughter of Mrs. Blandrey, who has buried two husbands and divorced a third—Lucia's father—"out of pique." "If you are not as strong as I, Lucia," she tells her daughter, "that's your father's fault. His health is bad and he comes of a decadent, introspective family."

His sister, Miss Monck, is a wealthy valetudinarian who cultivates flowers and tames butterflies. She says to Lucia, "I should advise you to consult a doctor, had I not myself consulted seventy in the last forty-two years. They can't cure you, but there is one thing they can do for you. They can reassure you about the horrible things you haven't got."

This is the nearest approach to a compliment to the medical profession which Mr. Maartens—doubtless from

* "The New Religion." By Maarten Maartens. 6s. (Methuen.)

inadvertence—allows himself to pay. After all, doctors can't be expected to cure people of horrible things they haven't got. At the same time, if they can reassure their patients that they have not got them, it is, as Hans Andersen said, "something."

Mrs. Blandrey's views are thus expressed:—"The doctors! An immense international association for trading on the loss of religious faith by the modern well-to-do! Hygiene's my creed; care of your body: tubs and porridge and a first-rate hair and skin man."

Later on, in spite of her creed, she becomes panic-stricken lest she should contract tuberculosis, is convinced that she is dying of a tumour in the breast, which, however, is "dispersed" by an old woman who cures corns in Berlin.

Lucia marries at the age of nineteen a rich and simple-minded banker aged fifty; not because she loves him, but because her mother tells her to marry him lest she should become a "cranky, dowdy spinster, like her poor, foolish, ridiculous Aunt Monck."

The marriage is a happy one; but two years after, Lucia has a nervous breakdown, in consequence of "neglect after scarlet fever, of general hygienic neglect during the years of development."

Dr. Rook, the family medical attendant, a good old man who wages a fruitless crusade against patent pills, calls in a gynecologist, Sir Martin Nupp, whose introduction gives the author an opportunity of telling his readers that the custom of giving and taking commission is universal in the medical profession. The misstatement, which is several times repeated in the book, is mischievous, because if believed by the public, it will naturally prevent general practitioners from suggesting consultation in case of need.

Sir Martin Nupp finds the case out of his line, and says, "Send for Dr. Nathaniel Russett, the great nerve specialist. The greatest living."

Russett has attained his professional eminence by writing a book on "How to Dine Well and Keep Healthy," a treatise on "Nerve and Nerves," "a charming little book on Tintoret," and a pamphlet on "Motor Clothes."

He is a rogue and impostor and knows it, but has the greatest difficulty in keeping the fact to himself. "When a man is such a gigantic humbug as I am," he tells his wife, "he must confess somewhere where nobody can hear him, or he'll go confessing where they can."

When not engaged in more nefarious pursuits, he concocts new sauces over his library fire.

He thus expounds the "New Religion." "'Tis the New Religion," he cried. "The old medication with its incidental draughts and bolus is forgotten; hygiene is a persistent occupation in the medicine of the future! The coming age is going to live for and think of its body."

"Operations," he says, "have been the financial success of the last twenty-five years, but they're getting played out. Experience has taught the public that the thyroid gland and the appendix are not as superfluous as was declared by the surgeons who wanted to make fortunes by removing them. People have fled from these ruinous and disastrous cuttings and carvings to homœopathy, faith-healing, and rubbish of that kind."

We never heard of a surgeon who made a fortune by removing thyroid glands. But we know—though Mr. Maartens and most of his readers will not know—that the discovery of the functions of the thyroid gland is one of the most remarkable as well as most valuable to mankind which has been made in the past twenty years. Hundreds and hundreds of children and adults have been restored from a condition of the most degraded type of idiocy and imbecility in consequence of this discovery, which, however, was not due to the acumen of the public. As regards the appendix, the number of lives saved by its removal may fairly be set against the occasional fortunes made by those who have removed it.

Russett runs a sanatorium where "non-medicinal pills" and injections of aqua distillata are given, and bogus operations, for which the doctor charges thirty guineas, are performed. His ambition is to see his son Jack head of this institution.

Jack is aged twenty-six. He has been to Harrow and Cambridge, and has also "walked the hospitals" (we thank Mr. Maartens for the delightful old-world phrase) for no less than three years. Therefore "he was almost superfluously perfected as a doctor in the usual theoretic way."

Jack, with singular magnanimity, or else from an elementary acquaintance with the law on vivisection, "resolutely but unwisely had refused to cut up for his own gradual instruction, healthy brutes"; and this in spite of the example of a friend who, "going to make a specialty of revolver wounds, used to lock himself up in a barn with a dozen of mongrel curs, and empty a couple of revolvers right and left into the flying, shrieking animals. Afterwards he lengthily cured some of them; these did for another time."

What were the police and the S.P.C.A. about?

Jack is an amiable young man, and also conscientious. It is therefore not clear why he should pose as "Dr." Brass, "the most eminent surgeon of the day," and visit in this guise a lad in a country cottage who has met with an accident. But he does so, and advises amputation of both legs, on the ground that they are going to mortify. However, they do not mortify and the boy recovers. It is Jack who is mortified, and his father is so much annoyed that he turns the lad's parents out of their cottage. They are not, however, desirable tenants. The father is a religious maniac who receives surgeons with a shot-gun; the mother is, in hospital parlance, an "hysterical drunk."

The incident seems to be introduced in order to show up the gross ignorance of surgeons, and to emphasise the popular belief that the surgeon is happier "using the knife than in trying to save the limb."

To continue the story. Lucia is pronounced by Russett père to be suffering from "Functional Neurasthenia," and sentenced to a year's treatment at Dr. Vouvray's Sanatorium in the Vaudois Alps. Her devoted husband takes her there. Her mother deserts her. When she arrives she has lost the use of her legs.

Vouvray is a "small man with the rugged head of a lion, touzled, chapfallen, with grey, grim, magnanimous eyes."

His sanatorium is a palace; his charges are heavy, but he makes no profit himself. He is an honest, enthusiastic crank, who believes that all disease would

MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.
After the so-called Fraser-Tytler portrait.

MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.
After a painting by Zucchero.

MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS SIGNING HER ABDICATION IN LOCH LEVEN CASTLE.
After the painting by Sir William Allan, R.A.

JOHN KNOX PREACHING BEFORE MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS IN ST. ANDREWS.
From a painting by Sir David Wilkie, R.A.

vanish if men lived like monkeys, unclothed, feeding on nuts and climbing trees.

He does not condemn Lucia to this treatment, but imposes "Silence for the first fortnight. Not a word but the inevitable. Repose. Dark Room. Diet. No meat," which is singularly inappropriate, considering that he regards her as suffering from "spinal disease."

His treatment of her husband is no less inconsistent with his diagnosis. He finds that Lomas is suffering from "Arterio sclerosis" (which for the benefit of Mr. Maartens' lay readers may be translated as "brittleness of the blood vessels"), but nevertheless compels him to strain his arteries to the utmost by dragging a toboggan uphill for an hour at a time. The result is hæmorrhage, as might be expected. Although—accepting the facts as stated—this contingency is wildly improbable, Vouvray attributes the hæmorrhage to pulmonary tuberculosis, packs the man off at once as a dangerously infectious person to Mentone, where he dies in a few weeks in a manner unfamiliar in medical experience.

Lucia goes with him. She has by this time recovered the use of her legs. Whether the author has forgotten that she ever lost it, or refrains out of delicacy from alluding again to the fact, and whether the recovery depends on the treatment or on the visit of a raving maniac to her bedroom at night, remain unexplained.

Jack, who has fallen in love with Lucia, does his best to frustrate the treatment of her husband by a Polish quack, but fails.

Then Lucia's father appears. He is an eccentric person, who has not written a letter for twenty years, and who leaves the management of his monetary affairs to an agent, who, not unnaturally, robs him of all he has. He suffers from "Angina pectoris," and smokes fifty cigarettes a day. He has bought at great price from an Arab a certain cure for his complaint, in the shape of a magic powder. But his supply has run short, and he and Lucia go off in a yacht to visit a magician at Tetuan, in order to obtain more. The skipper of the yacht wears an energy-belt, and works slowly through all the patent cures advertised in *Harper's Magazine;* Lucia's maid carries a Homœopathic Vade Mecum, and doses all on board with "pinhead pills"; and the aforesaid boy, whose legs ought to have mortified but did not, treats them with texts from Holy Writ.

After many disappointments they run the magician to earth, and are indulged in a kind of Egyptian Hall entertainment. In the end, Monck has to content himself with choosing between two packets, one of which is "Life, and one Death."

On their arrival home, Monck has another attack. Jack, who is present, is only acquainted with the fatal form of angina pectoris, and he does not know what to do for that. He does not dare to give the magic powder lest Monck should have chosen the wrong one. So he nobly takes a dose himself, in spite of temptation to try it on the dog, finds it harmless, and after making love to Lucia, goes off to save Monck's life with it.

He has previously had a scene with his father, in which he forces that eminent nerve specialist to confess his many frauds and swindles, and the sanatorium is handed over to him, "not for vain-glory, but to succour the sick," presumably with the aid of the Arab's panacea and the assistance of the fat old German corncurer and her little green pot of ointment.

The humorous absurdities in the book are apparent enough, and, provided that it is not taken seriously, it will not do much harm. The writer seems to believe that all medical men, or at least all who have attained any eminence in their profession, are but cynical impostors. The motto on the title-page is "When a soothsayer meets another soothsayer, he grins." What happens, does Mr. Maartens suppose, when medical men, their wives and children fall ill? If a doctor gets appendicitis, does he simply grin and bear it, or apply to faith-healers? If he injures a limb, does he call in a bone-setter? He does nothing of the kind. He seeks the aid of his professional brethren, which he could not do were all alike convinced of each other's ignorance and incapacity.

No one would contend that cranks and faddists and even unprincipled charlatans do not exist in the medical profession. But none of these is "an eminent specialist" in the eyes of his brethren, although the public may regard him as such.

Mr. Maartens would deprive those who are sick, of all faith in medicine and surgery, but he gives them nothing in its place. He rails at the folly of mankind in seeking health. Yet so long as mankind exists, it will continue to desire to feel well and live long. If a man feels ill, he is easily convinced that something serious is the matter with him, and will fly to any source which promises relief.

One cannot blame the public for its ignorance on medical matters. Such ignorance is shared alike by the highly cultured and intellectual and by the illiterate poor.

To each of them medical science is shrouded in mystery and savours of occultism. Hence it is that many ailments and symptoms attributed by the sufferer to a named disease, yet really the result of fear, worry, and anxiety, vanish when treatment suggests dark magic.

Imaginary complaints by far outnumber real. They obscure and aggravate the symptoms of every organic disease. Every medical man must face the problem, how to sift the genuine from the false; and, having done so, how to treat the latter, which are often more embarrassing than the former. His success depends entirely on his personal influence, which may be consciously or unconsciously exerted. Imaginary ailments are only cured by imaginary means. Faith is the spark which kindles healing influences, and faith may be inspired by anything which seems mysterious. Cures which would be accounted miraculous at the shrine of any saint or quack are daily performed at all our hospitals, but are never blazed abroad. The blind are made to see, the dumb to speak, the lame to walk. The patients attribute their recovery to drugs and electricity. The physician knows better. Often, we admit, he fails because his treatment lacks in novelty, or ceases to be sufficiently impressive. Then he must evolve new schemes, or see his patients drift elsewhere.

So long as the world goes on people will continue to imagine themselves ill if bored, and to make themselves ill if well. They will commit every kind of indiscretion, indulge in every kind of emotional excitement, eat and drink too much, or live on all that is unwholesome, until they are reduced to a condition of nervous and physical exhaustion, or become martyrs to dyspepsia.

They resent any form of treatment which seems based on common sense because it implies a want of it in themselves. Hence "rest cures" "on scientific prin-

ciples " have to be devised for those who will not take it otherwise; elaborate diet cures for those who eat and drink too much; special forms of exercise for those who take none; spa treatment for those who would submit to no hygienic restraint unless assured of the curative effects of the waters and the fashionable nature of the " health resort."

Medical science is not to blame because the majority of mankind are ignorant, credulous, and superstitious—ignorant of its limitations as well as of its powers.

The influence of the mind over the functions of the body is all-powerful; and when misdirected, we can only strive to divert it into different channels by suggestion. Even " non-medicinal pills " may have their uses.

We cannot replace a damaged heart or other organ, we cannot reconstruct the minute anatomy of the brain and spinal cord when once destroyed. But often the damage is not so extensive as it seems, and often its effects may be counteracted and compensation made by judicious treatment based on knowledge, though not by jugglery.

The difficulty of diagnosing functional from organic disease is always great. Yet enormous strides are daily being made in modern methods of investigation. It is not too much to say that many a disease which once was necessarily fatal because unrecognised until too late, is now detected early and treated with success.

Lives which in former days would have been sacrificed are daily saved by the physician's prompt diagnosis and the surgeon's knife.

Never was the saying more true than it is in present days, " Qui bene diagnoscit bene curat."

"THE BOOKMAN" PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

OCTOBER, 1907.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and the address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 15th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton, Warwick Square, E.C.

I.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.

II.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW NOVELS is offered for the six most beautiful metaphors each contained in a line of Tennyson's.

III.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for a list of the Twenty Best Love Stories in English, the prize to be awarded to the list coinciding most closely with the results of the competitors' votes.

IV.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR SEPTEMBER.

I.—THE PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best quotation from English verse has been gained by Miss H. BULLA, 87, Wellesley Avenue, Belfast.

THE HELPMATE. BY MAY SINCLAIR.
"And she became a bore intense
Unto her love-sick boy."
—*W. S. Gilbert.*

Other good quotations submitted were :—

SHAKESPEARE'S SWEETHEART. BY S. H. STERLING.
"The figure thou here see'st. Tut!
Was it for gentle Shakespeare put?"
—*Browning.*
(BERNARD MOORE, 41, Glenwood Road, Catford, S.E.)

THE LAST MIRACLE. BY M. P. SHIEL.
"Accept a miracle, instead of wit."
—*Young.*
(VIVIAN FORD, 14, Woodland Road, Bristol, and MRS. CALVERT, 264, St. Clowes Street, Manchester.)

THE GHOST. BY ARNOLD BENNETT.
"Mislike me not for my complexion."
—Merchant of Venice, II., 1.
(Miss H. MOSELEY, Vanbrugh Hill, Greenwich.)

THE HILL OF DREAMS. BY H. VACHELL.
"Turn up on your right hand at the next turning, but, at the next turning of all, on your left; many, at the very next turning, turn of no hand, but turn down indirectly."
—Merchant of Venice, II., 2, 41.
(Miss K. BUCKPITT, 38, Mount Pleasant Road, Hastings.)

"T..O-AND-A-HALF BRACE OF POETRY."—A REVIEW.
"Their failings, flaws, an' wants
Are a' seen thro'."
—*Burns.*
(A. R. CRIPPS, Parkstone, Dorset.)

THE BEETLE. BY R. MARSH.
"Of ancient family.
Though small in size, of feature dark,
Thy ancestor was in Noah's ark."
—*Carlyle.*
(E. K. BAXTER, 85, Kingsmead Road, Streatham Hill, S.W.)

A DULL GIRL'S DESTINY. BY MRS. REYNOLDS.
"Die, and endow a college or a cat."
—*Pope.*
(MISS ROBINSON, Glengall, Romford.)

II.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best six book titles chosen from Shakespeare, Wordsworth, and Browning has been gained by Miss E. J. NOTCUTT, High School, Ipswich.

Life's Zig-zags.
Flashes Struck from Midnight. } *Browning.*
Ports and Happy Havens.
A Circle in the Water. } *Shakespeare.*
By Freedom Shaped.
The Living Now. } *Wordsworth.*

Excellent lists were submitted by M. R. Calder, Arbroath; Elizabeth Arthur, Totnes; Vivian Ford, Bristol; M. E. Hirst, Ruswarp; C. A. Ford, Hampstead; D. E. Douglas, Brixton.

III.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW NOVELS for the best eight lines on Swift after the manner of his own pseudo-Latin verse has been awarded to Mrs. LESLIE, The Manse, Eddlestone, N.B., for the following mosaic of French words :—

A Mongol mine / Among all men
Ouf oui thé peine / Of witty pen
Houx sa tire ôte / Who satire wrote
Ouf gré test note, / Of greatest note,
A dine oui dime / A Dean we deem
Toux bis sous prime, / To be supreme,
Nord châle oui çi / Nor shall we see
Sceau gré tasse hie. / So great as he.

IV.—A PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO THE BOOKMAN has been gained by Miss C. HEDLEY, 2, Cecil Road, Clifton, Bristol, and H. PAGET HUDDY, 24, Nelson Road, Stroud Green, N.

Mary
Queen of Scots

PORTRAIT OF MARY STUART AS A CHILD.

From the collection of the Duc d'Aumale.

By permission of Messrs. Goupil and Co.

Photo Hanfstaengl.

MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

From the painting by an unknown Artist in the collection of the Duke of Devonshire.

MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.
After the portrait in the collection of Prince Alexandre Labanoff de Rostoff at St. Petersburg.

MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.
From the painting by Oudry in the National Portrait Gallery.

MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.
From a painting at Versailles.

MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.
After the Morton portrait.

MARY ESCAPING FROM LOCH LEVEN CASTLE.
From the painting by T. Danby at the Bethnal Green Museum.

MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS LANDING AT LEITH.
After a painting by Sir William Allan, R.A.

SURRENDER OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.
After a painting by A. Chisholm.

New Books.

THE LYRICAL BALLADS.*

The reappearance of Mr. Hutchinson's excellent edition of the "Lyrical Ballads" and certain added matter, within a decade, shows that there is a public, if no very large or eager one, for the best literary food well served and dished up. It was a good idea to add "Peter Bell," "The Three Graves," etc., as originally composed about the same time and under the same influences; nor would some of us have been sorry if Mr. Hutchinson had added the first part of "Christabel," "Kubla Khan," and other proceeds of the same extraordinary vintage. The longer one studies the work of at least some writers, the more important does its synchronism appear; and this synchronism is constantly obscured by the arrangements of editions, especially of Collected Works. What a light, for instance, it is to remember that at one time—that of his Eastern trip—Thackeray was writing, in intermixed instalments, the half burlesque "Papers of a Fat Contributor," the brilliant pictures of "Cornhill to Cairo," the pure comedy of "Mrs. Perkins's Ball," and the almost grim satire of "Barry Lyndon"! With poets, of course, you do not get so much contrast; but you get additional illumination on the prevailing mood and temper.

We do not observe any material addition in this reprint, and Mr. Hutchinson only speaks of "revision and verification," so not much need be said on that score, especially as the editor has a good repute for care and trouble in such matters. One could indeed have wished that the revision had extended to the notice of Southey's review of the "Ballads." No doubt that review is very far from being one of Southey's claims to respect. Taken without regard to the circumstances it proves him not a good critic at the moment; taken with regard to them it proves him not a good friend. One cannot indeed go as far as a person of distinction who once vehemently laid it down to the present writer that it was the duty of a critic to praise his friends' work. But Wordsworth, on this very occasion, was quite right in saying that if Southey could not praise he should have held his tongue. The absolutely golden rule, the counsel of perfection, in reviewing is, no doubt, "Never review a friend's book that you cannot praise, *or an un-friend's that you feel obliged to blame*," and the reviewer who has observed that need not be much afraid of his colleague Minos when he stands before him. But, short of this, Wordsworth's position is a sound one; and the only argument that is sometimes brought, indeed that has ever been brought against it—the "sacred duty of speaking out the truth," etc.—is all bosh.

But these things being granted, why should Mr. Hutchinson lay so much stress on assumed grudges on Southey's part against Coleridge? And, above all, why say that "no doubt" he had got sight of the proof sheets and prepared his slating beforehand? If there is any evidence of this, "no doubt" is not in place. If there is none, it is surely an unfair imputation. The fact is that Southey's worst good qualities, his vicious virtues, of righteousness-overmuch, and almost Miltonic self-confidence, most likely *did* make him think it his duty to express what was, however wrongly, honestly his opinion. One has known long ago that to expect justice to Southey, especially from professed Wordsworthians or Coleridgians, is vain. It serves him right enough in a way, perhaps, because of the vice-virtues just admitted; but it is a pity.

It may, however, be worth while to consider for a little, on the text of this acceptable volume, exactly *what* it was which made people blind to the merits of the "Lyrical Ballads," and especially of what Mr. Hutchinson justly calls Coleridge's "magnificent" "Ancient Mariner." For it was not only Southey who failed to see them; and Mr. Hutchinson himself, within half a dozen lines from those in which he talks of Southey "suffering the gusts of malice and bitterness to obscure his judgment," remarks on the "unanimous" tone of disparagement. Even Wrangham, who welcomed the volume generally, found "many faults" in company with the Ancient One's "many excellencies," thought the intermediate part too long (would it were as long as Glover's "Leonidas"!), and discovered a "confusion of images that deprived it of all effect from not being intelligible." Another (*not* Southey), though he recognised "poetical touches of an exquisite kind," denounced it as "the strangest cock-and-bull story ever seen on paper," and as a "rhapsody of unintelligible wildness and incoherence." People talked about "rude numbers" and so on. In fact (and it is a fact which deserves to be dwelt upon in face of Mr. Hutchinson's extreme severity to Southey, though it is well known) Wordsworth himself was rather harder on the poem than anybody else, though he used moderate language. In the second edition he was good enough to inform the world that it "had great defects"; that "the principal person has no distinct character," with many other drawbacks; that "many people had been displeased with it," and that the metre, though well managed, "is unfit for long poems." Now, what did all this mean?

It must be remembered, in the first place, that, like many of Tennyson's early lines, the "Ancient Mariner," or "Ancyent Marinere," by no means appears to us to-day in the shape in which it originally came up for judgment. There was much more of ostentatious and not too skilful archaism than that of the first title—"ne" for "nor," "cauld" for "cold," "nere" for "near," "yeven" for "given," and dozens more. There were grotesque passages and lines which have now been cleared away. In fact, while second versions in poetry are by no means often improvements, it is almost impossible to find one which is such an improvement as this, save perhaps in the parallel Tennysonian instances glanced at above.

Still, nobody who knows what he is talking about would maintain that the poem, if it had appeared as it appears to-day, would have had a much more favourable reception. The world was simply not yet worthy of it; and it is still one of the great miracles of poetic history that Coleridge himself should have produced it and its companions. For his earlier work, like that of Southey and of Wordsworth himself, is still under most, if not all, of the eighteenth century conventions which prevented the readers of the "Lyrical Ballads" from appreciating that book. Southey himself broke away from those conventions—in so far as he ever did break away—by a great expansion of the old range of subject and by rhymeless and irregular form; Wordsworth broke away from them, or tried to do so, by his celebrated "poetic diction" theory and practice; but each retained a good deal. Coleridge, in the "Ancient Mariner" and "Christabel," and "Kubla Khan"—under the influence of Sara, and Dorothy, and Hartley, and Wordsworth himself, for persons; under the influence of place, scenery, air, and the rest, which makes the West Country a sort of Earthly Paradise at one apex of our Purgatory of an island; under the influence, most of all, of the mysterious Spirit of Poetry—broke loose altogether, cut the connection with the recognised forms, schemes, "colours," as the rhetoricians used to say, of earlier verse. The extraordinary ignorance of the wealth of English vocabulary which prevailed could not be better shown than by the fact of a man like Wrangham pronouncing "swound" and "weft" to be "nonsensical." People must have disliked the metre even more than the language. It is true that for more than thirty years men had been trying imitate ballads. But they had almost always done it in hymn "common-measures" of the most jogtrot kind, wooden, nerveless, and nearly as much cut to pattern as the Popian couplet itself. Coleridge not merely adopted, as he did in "Christabel," the full principle of anapæstic substitution in the individual line, but he used to the fullest extent the license of extending the stanza to five or six lines. Whereby he risked those "uncertain numbers" and rhymes which the eighteenth century disliked more than anything else, and the dislike for which was not got over till far into the nineteenth—if then. But there was more than rhyme and diction and rhythm to frighten or disgust them; there was the whole conception, execution, and spirit of the poem. They had admitted the supernatural to some extent. But it must be either the conventional-supernatural of the stories in the "Essays" from the "Vision of Mirza" downwards; or the extravagant German-supernatural (really Walpolian) of

* "Lyrical Ballads." By W. Wordsworth and S. T. Coleridge. 1798. Edited by Thomas Hutchinson. Second edition. (Duckworth and Co.)

Lewis, which was not in very good odour; or the grotesque-supernatural of Southey. The *real* supernatural—the "suspension" or rather abrogation "of disbelief"—they were not prepared for, and did not understand. Mrs. Barbauld, nothing of a fool and something of a poetess, thought the Mariner "improbable," and told Coleridge so; to which he very properly replied that it certainly was. "The latitude," too, was "rather uncertain," like that of Prague in a later and charming song. The thing was epic in a way, and had a moral, which was all right, though at that time rather above their heads. But the hero was indefinite, and, as Wordsworth most properly and characteristically explained, "did not act, but was acted upon," which was shocking for a hero. There was an episode; that, too, was right; but the episode of Death and Life-in-Death, even yet rather troublesome to the matter-of-fact, was something that they could make nothing of. Indeed, the whole thing was—*to them*—written *boustrophedon*—from right to left, when they had been accustomed to read from left to right. How could they like it at once? But though they did not like it, though they recalcitrated against it, the same influences that had prompted Coleridge to write it were working on them in less or more degree. For Chatterton, had he lived, would have been nearly fifty, and Blake was actually turned of forty years, and Shelley was six and Keats was three years old. And so the evening and the morning were the new day.

GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

"Feast of St. Nicholas."

(Reproduced from Everard's "A History of the Royal and Ancient Golf Club," by kind permission of Messrs. Wm. Blackwood and Sons.)

An early Dutch representation of golf club and ball.

THE ROYAL AND ANCIENT.*

"It is generally held," remarks Mr. Everard, in jocular vein (p. 42), "that the next best thing to playing golf is reading about it." The truth of this proposition might well be contested. Much—a great deal too much—is written about golf at the present day. The judicious reader of the periodical press is wise enough to skip everything written about education, but he will be scarcely less wise if he omits three-quarters of the stuff that is written about "the ancient and healthful exercise of the golf," as the earliest minute of the Club rightly terms it. Happily Mr. Everard's book does not fall under the category of work to be skipped. It fills a niche hitherto vacant, and while its primary interest must be for those who belong to the institution whose history it contains (and their number is now considerable), a very material balance of interest remains for all who are genuinely concerned in the game. No golf club should be without its copy of this handsome volume.

In dealing with the "origins" of golf, Mr. Everard has wisely availed himself of Mr. Cunningham's researches, the result of which was originally communicated to the world through *Harper's Magazine*. The upshot of that investigation was to demonstrate the Dutch origin of the pastime. But, alas! the "kolf" in Holland, even in its indoor form, seems to be more than obolescent, though, curiously enough, it survives in certain current idioms of the Low Dutch: witness the proverb meaning literally "to place the ball on the tee," in other words, "to venture on a fresh stroke." We may compare Saunders Fairford's use of the metaphor in a slightly different sense: "All that is managed for ye like a tee'd ball." After this introductory chapter, Mr. Everard recapitulates shortly what is known as to golf on "the links of Sanctandrois" from the earliest times, beginning with a deed by which the town granted to Archbishop Hamilton, in 1552, the right to make a species of rabbit warren on the north part of the links, under reservation of the right of the community to play at golf, football, shooting, and all other manner of pastime as ever they please. So beginning, we descend, through James Melville's Diary and the Marquis of Montrose, to the year 1754, in which the Club was originally constituted, chiefly, be it admitted with shame, for

* "A History of the Royal and Ancient Golf Club, St. Andrews, from 1754-1900." By H. S. C. Everard. 21s. net. (Wm. Blackwood and Sons.)

the purpose of holding "competitions" on a plan which only the ingenuity and industry of Mr. Everard could have unravelled. It is then that we first come in contact with the "Rules of golf," and not the least valuable feature of the work is the light it throws upon the gradual evolution of the existing code. There were twenty-two holes in the round of that day, the superfluous four, it seems, having been situated between the home hole and the burn hole, and between the burn hole and the corner of the dyke. They were abolished, apparently, in 1764, while the institution of two holes on each green—one for the outward course and one for the inward—was delayed until the middle of the nineteenth century. It may be noted that, *inter alia*, Mr. Everard supplies a tolerably full account of the great Dempster case a hundred years ago, which vindicated the right of the inhabitants of St. Andrews and others to play golf on the links. Only we wish he would not call the pursuers the "plaintiffs."

It is pretty generally known that the present Royal and Ancient Golf Club is a combination of the old Club, which acquired the right to use the word "Royal" in 1834, and the Union Club, which was founded in 1835, and which erected the existing building in its original shape in 1853. The only fault which we have been able to pick in Mr. Everard's narrative is that he does not make the history of the relations of the two bodies sufficiently clear. Why the complete amalgamation of the Clubs was postponed until 1877 is not quite evident. Fortunately the amalgamation *was* complete when it came, though the present generation must always envy the lot of those who, having compounded their subscription to the Union Parlour about 1850 for something like 7s. 6d., found themselves latterly in possession of a first-rate club with no annual subscription to pay at all.

In discussing the performances of the medal-winners of the past Mr. Everard is too cautious to attempt to weigh the achievements of to-day in the balance with those of yesterday. For our own part we should be disposed to be more temerarious, keeping in view that the whins have practically ceased to exist, that the course consequently must be at least twice as broad as it was sixty years since, and that very much more money is expended on the upkeep of the green. We believe that George Glennie's 88 in 1855 "represents," as the racing people say, something like 76 at the present time. Even within the last fifteen years the links have become perceptibly less difficult. But for the hazards, which nature has disposed with an unerring instinct—the Principal's Nose, Walkinshaw, Sutherland, Strath—the course would be ludicrously easy. A topped drive or approach proves often to be "as good as a better." Yet it is at these very bunkers that your "slashing" driver growls. They lie in wait for him unseen, ready to catch a ball the least bit off the line; and the long driver who has been trapped is always full of his grievance. Little does he realise that a round of the links forty years ago to a lusty puller or slicer would have meant the loss of eighteen—or at least sixteen—good balls and holes. The weapons with which the game is played have been undoubtedly improved; but the player who systematically fulfils Allan Robertson's ideal, "three aff my short-spune" (the language is probably unintelligible to the present generation) will still win most of his matches.

What will ultimately become of St. Andrews as the "Mecca of golf" (vide the North British Railway Company's advertisements) it is difficult to conjecture. At present it is a place which every wise man will flee in summer, and there are few periods of the year in which it is possible to get your round in comfort and without the preliminaries implied in a starting-box. That the links became the property of the town instead of the Club is much to be regretted, for while the Club would have been loyally conservative of the ancient rights of the burgh, the tripper alone would have been suppressed and snubbed. As it is, the aim of the municipality appears to be to convert St. Andrews into a rival of Blackpool, with pierrots and other abominations. We have no suggestions to make on the vexed question of tariffs. All that we feel capable of doing is to express unfeigned and unstinted admiration of the recuperative powers of the old course.

That the Club will hold its own as the legislative authority for all true golfers we cannot doubt. In an age of infidelity it has been faithful upon the whole. True, it has recognised two handicap competitions—a sad piece of backsliding—but it ignores "Bogey," which may be accounted to it for righteousness. An Athanasius is sorely needed. The average English club is saturated with the spirit of pothunting. As for Scotland, with the exception of half a dozen of the best clubs —"and I'm no vara sure about all of them"—the prospect is dismal. At Carnoustie they have a Visitors' Club, which exists, not for the legitimate purpose of introducing players to one another for matches, but with a view to promoting all sorts of odious competitions—a prize being awarded, if I mistake not, for the best dressed Highlander. Mr. Everard records a quaint saying of the late Mr. Robert Clark's—a sound golfer he, if there ever was one—to the effect that "a man has to be exceptionally sober to get safely away from Carnoustie." A surfeit of pot-hunting should surely produce the condition necessary to enable the departing visitor to reach his destination in safety.

The illustrations to Mr. Everard's volume are both numerous and interesting. The portraits in colour are entirely successful, while the reproductions of old photographic groups have for us a peculiar fascination. The manner in which the volume has been produced reflects the greatest credit upon all concerned. J. H. Millar.

THE LONGLEAT MSS. OF PRIOR.*

There is probably no department of literary activity in which the standard has, during the last fifty years, more changed and (generally speaking) more improved than in the conception of the responsibilities of editorship. To appreciate this one has only to compare such an edition, for example, as Peter Cunningham's version of Johnson's "Lives of the Poets" with the same book as it issued from the study of George Birkbeck Hill. There need be no attempt, let it be said at once, to depreciate the sincerity or the wholeheartedness of Cunningham's work. In all matters of research and of inquiry he worked with tremendous industry; he ransacked documents and pored over parish registers to obtain a date which, like many of Boswell's, when once it was verified, no one would regard. But what Cunningham, labouring under the fashion of his time, could not properly perceive, was the firm line of demarcation which every editor ought to observe between preserving the purity of his text and commenting upon its errors and misstatements. Fifty years ago the original text of a classic was by no means the sacred thing it has now become, and the most conscientious editor had no scruples in correcting a date or adding a phrase, so long as the date was established, or the phrase illuminating. The inevitable result was that many of the English classics became unwarrantably garbled; and much hard work has had to be done since then to restore them to their original form.

Tutored by these examples, the modern editor is a very different sort of person. We do not refer for the moment to those "easy-going paladins" who, profiting by Matthew Arnold's suggestion that an introductory appreciation in the French style might often put the reader into the right mood to enjoy the poetry which follows, restrict their duties entirely to the production of a pyrotechnic and paradoxical essay, and leave the text to the consideration of the printer's reader. Such "editors" are not really editors at all. But take, for example, the work which Mr. A. R. Waller, a typical instance of the most conscientious school of textual editors in the modern fashion—take the work which he has been doing, so unobtrusively and yet so thoroughly, for the Cambridge University Press for the last four or five years. It is impossible to imagine a laborious and tiresome task more honourably performed. Mr. Waller must know that not one in a thousand of those who buy his beautifully-printed "English Classics" will trouble themselves to test the fidelity of his work; he must know that he is toiling almost entirely for the love of literature; and yet, like a true workman, he continues for the work's sake, putting forth faithful and critical texts, founded upon an immense amount of meticulous labour, whose chief reward must lie in the personal sense of work well done. It is this unfailing scrupulousness of Mr. Waller's editorship which will make it a matter of delight to every true lover of literature that he should have been rewarded, in the present instance, with a genuine find. The Longleat MSS. have lain in Wiltshire many years, and no one seems to have troubled about them.

* "Dialogues of the Dead, and Other Works in Prose and Verse." The text edited by A. R. Waller, M.A. Price 4s. 6d. net. (Cambridge: at the University Press.)

Had there been a literary Lord Bath, things might have been different; had there arisen some more importunate editor of Prior, the Bath family might have been stimulated to some show of interest. It has been left to Mr. Waller to obtain permission to photograph, transcribe, and collate all the Longleat MSS., and now at last to print an edition of Prior's prose and poetry which, so far as his English work is concerned, must be regarded as complete and definitive. We congratulate Mr. Waller with all our heart. His good fortune is a fitting reward for years of unremitting and soundly critical industry.

Of course, it is not to be pretended that these newly-printed pieces do anything to alter the general estimate of Prior's genius. They consist of some essays and imaginary conversations (or "Dialogues of the Dead"), of which one at least is brilliant, while two are only not quite dull; and of a variety of occasional verses, political "squibs," ballads, and poetical fragments, all of them in veins already familiar to readers of Prior. Mr. Waller is not a squeamish editor. Prior, as we all know, had a sensual "kink" in his character which was capable of degenerating into something very like filthiness; and Mr. Waller has printed a few scabrous passages which suggest, rather unpleasantly, that side of Prior's life which found satisfaction in the unedifying company of Bessy Cox. We do not question Mr. Waller's judgment; he has done entirely right. Earlier editors of Prior have been too ready to present him in a form suited to the beguiling of a young maid's hour—a distinction which Prior himself would have been among the first to resent.

"Nor to business a drudge, nor to faction a slave,
He strove to make int'rest and freedom agree;
In public employments industrious and grave,
And, alone with his friends, Lord, how merry was he!"

It was so that he wrote his own epitaph, and one feels that he took a peculiar pride in his capacity for jovial licence. Mr. Waller has done entirely right in printing everything he could identify. But Edwin must not give this volume to Angelina as a Christmas present.

Prior, like most sensitive artists, preferred his worst work. He imagined that he was born to be a preacher, and he believed "Solomon on the Vanity of the World" to be his masterpiece. But even by Dr. Johnson's time, these heavy periods were taken at their proper valuation, and "Henry and Emma" is pronounced, in the "Lives of the Poets," to be "a dull and tedious dialogue, which excites neither esteem for the man nor tenderness for the woman." We do not know what Prior's own estimate of the "Dialogues of the Dead" may have been; but most critics will agree that, though it is too much to extend Pope's praise of them to the "Charles and Clenard," which indeed makes weary reading, the "Bray and More" is in Prior's happiest and most wayward mood. It would be difficult to surpass the lively badinage and true criticism of this concluding passage.

Vicar: "Ah, Sir Thomas, 'tis very True what Doctor Burnet says of You, that you mixed too much Gall with your Ink. Egad, with those Maximes of Yours you would raise both Court and Country against You, and if You had as many heads as there are Loops upon your Gowne, You might run a fair risk to have them all cutt off."

Moor: "What then? Many better heads would have been confirmed by my Example, and I should have answered the end for which life was given me."

Vicar: "Admirable Philosophy indeed, in the Practice of which You were beheaded on Tower Hill at Fifty-three, whereas I without it dyed quietly in my bed at Eighty. Since I am afraid your Lordship may grow Angry, which would be a little against Your Stoicism, and since You may be assured that if we were to live again I should never be a Convert to your Doctrine, it is Time we should part."

Moor: "With all my heart, Adieu, Thou poor Spirited Parson with thy Vicarage of Bray."

Vicar: "Thou great Chancellor of England without a head, Adieu."

Of the poems now first printed we think most competent judges will agree in giving first place to the delightfully characteristic verses to which the present editor has given the title of "Jinny the Just." They present a charming picture of a degree of womankind which Prior, whatever his more abandoned predilections, never failed to honour.

"Of such terrible beauty She never cou'd boast,
As with absolute Sway o'er all hearts rules the roast,
When J—— bawls out to the chair for a Toast.

But of good Household Features her Person was made,
Nor by Faction cry'd up, nor of Censure afraid.
And her beauty was rather for Use than Parade.

Her Blood so well mixt and flesh so well Pasted,
That tho' her Youth faded her Comliness lasted,
The blew was wore off, but the Plum was well Tasted.

Less smooth than her Skin and less white than her breast
Was this pollisht Stone beneath which she lyes prest.
Stop, Reader, and Sigh while thou thinkst on the rest.

With a just trim of Virtue her Soul was endu'd,
Not affectedly Pious nor secretly lewd,
She cut even between the Cocquet and the Prude.

Her Will with her Duty so equally stood,
That seldom oppos'd she was commonly good,
And did pritty well, doing just what she wou'd.

Declining all Pow'r she found means to persuade,
Was then most regarded when most she Obey'd,
The Mistress in Truth when she seem'd but the Maid."

This is true Prior, and here, in his more Horatian vein, is an exquisite little bit of balladry:

"Love, I confess I Thought Thee but a Name,
The Painter's fancy and the Poet's Theme,
The Old Wive's Tale, the wishing Virgin's dream.
But if indeed Thou art a God,
Supreme in Goodness and in Pow'r,
Now make it clearly understood,
And I'l repent and I'l adore.
Or use Thy Mercy and withdraw the dart,
Gently! ah! gently from my fester'd heart;
Or strike the weapon thrô my Caelia's breast,
And be Thy Godhead by Thy Pow'r exprest.
For whilst I follow and my Caelia flies,
Whilst I entreat and she denys,
I own my self a harden'd Atheist stil,
And must deny Thy Power, or blame thy Will."

This, indeed, is the mood in which one chooses to remember Prior, and this the gift by which he lives. From the days when he was found reading a well-thumbed Horace behind the vintner's bar in Cannon Row, through all his austere diplomatic duties, in all his more congenial hours of revelry, he was the true descendant of the kindly, philosophic Flaccus, who knew the bitterness of the waters of life, but could be content to drown them in a beaker of good fellowship. "Horace," said Thackeray, "is always in his mind, and his song, and his philosophy, his good sense, his happy, easy tune and melody, his loves, and his Epicureanism, bear a great resemblance to that most delightful and accomplished master."

"Linquenda tellus, et domus, et placens
Uxor: neque harum, quas colis, arborum
Te, praeter invisas cupressos,
Ulla brevem dominum sequetur."

The pageantry of poetry passes, but its "apostolic succession" is secure. As a later Horace of English breed has sung:

"Even the Gods must go;
Only the lofty rhyme
Not countless years o'erthrow,
Not long array of Time."

And in the companionable company of the elect Prior hands on the torch of Horace, and leaves it alight to Mr. Austin Dobson.

ARTHUR WAUGH.

ATTILA.*

Dramatic intention and Arnold's quality of high seriousness are the pre-eminent characteristics of Mr. Binyon's play. The poet who writes a play with no thought of production is really going in fetters where he might have used a freer gait. Mr. Binyon does not commit that folly. There was no essential reason why he should have treated the stories of Penthesilea and Attila differently. But the one he would have read, so he wrote it as an epic. The other he wanted acted, so he made it drama. With a view to the stage, therefore, "Attila" is drawn with firm lines. The subtleties and *nuances*, which make, say, Mr. Yeats's "The Shadowy Waters" beautiful to read with the slow luxury that one uses in reading pure poetry, and hopeless for acting, are purposely wanting here. The psychological delicacies, the finer lights and shades, are left to the players. For an example take the characters of the Roman envoys, the epicureanism of the one, the senescent garrulity of the other. To the reader these traits seem a little coarsely marked; yet were they more finely touched, on the stage they were lost. This is the right Elizabethan way. Miss Lily Brayton, with her wonderful beauty

* "Attila: A Tragedy in Four Acts." By Laurence Binyon. 2s. 6d. net. (Murray.)

and the sure tragedy of her playing, does most justice to the author's idea; and so it is just Ildico's speeches that seem the finest to one reading the book. With memories of Miss Brayton's splendid rendering one finds the full value of passages like this:

"Within these sheltering walls a child,
That from these towers eyed often the vast plains,
The hills, and Danube rushing to the East,
Grew up; and, ere she was a woman, heard
The rumour of the name of Attila
Come rolling like a thunder from afar.
She pictured him most royal; she was born
Of generous free blood; she saw him stride
A demi-god, a god, a destiny,
That plucked up kings like thistles: cities burned
To be his torches; he was born to exceed
All measures of men's thought."

Or again—

"Ah! thither, thither let us speed, my King,
Speed on fast horses: let us drink the wind.
There is no rough fare that shall not be sweet,
No bed not soft, no hardship not delight,
So I am with you."

And in truth the whole ending of the second act is very fine indeed. There are other such notable things, as Attila's

"Rome mocks me, mocks me
with her thousand years,"

or Rorik's speech beginning,

"Then
We rode like wind, we leapt like
rattling hail";

but all these are the refinements of drama, and it is as heard, not as read, that one remembers them.

Withal "Attila" never rises to the great, Greek heights of tragedy, never soars far above the technical effect of its polished verse. On the other hand, one may search in vain for really bad lines. Mr. Binyon is never guilty of those barren excursions into the inane which Mr. Stephen Phillips all too frequently makes; nor has he anywhere achieved anything like the sudden pathos of the ending of "Paolo and Francesca," or those rare, strange single lines ("A woman without pity, beautiful," and the others), that send the imagination winging hotly through some essential and eternal tract of human experience. In Mr. Phillips there glows a fitful and untrustworthy fire of high poetry. Mr. Binyon is limited by the chastity of his muse; but within his limits he is very nearly immaculate.

Photo G. C. Beresford.

Mr. Laurence Binyon, Author of "Attila."

Except for a certain nepotic attitude towards Matthew Arnold, there is no particular reason why Mr. Binyon should be writing here and now. He has no burning message to be delivered on the instant, no special election as the mouthpiece of the Time Spirit. The play is the only thing. A slight point may serve to show how little intention he has outside the letter of his lines. Attila's sword, fraught with destiny as Excalibur or the Wrath of Sigurd—how much more a symbolist would have made of that. There is no modern motive in "Attila," unless it be to portray what the author himself has elsewhere finely called

"a storm of worlds,
Where the deep blood-tides, man and woman, met."

And that, after all, is older than the invasions. Some such idea, however—some thought of making a surer appeal to our sympathies—Mr. Binyon presumably had in his transmutation of the characters of the Hun and of Ildico from what tradition tells of them. The creative temper rarely fails to find something to readjust in history. It is perfectly right: history is, after all, only the artist's raw material. But Mr. Meredith has shown that the more barbaric idea has infinite possibilities for modern poetry. Mr. Binyon's whole play does not contain the tragedy implicit in those two lines from "The Nuptials of Attila":

"Of the Queen no more was told
Than of leaf on Danube rolled."

Ildico's character indeed, in spite of the beauty of its detail and its magnificence at the last, constitutes a fundamental weakness here. The multiplicity of motives which leads to the murder is undoubtedly human, but it destroys the inevitability of the play. We are kept waiting for the catastrophe without being perfectly certain that it is coming. It is not thus that the Greek tragedy moves to its relentless close.

But when one has read the play and seen it acted, one feels an English satisfaction in a definite piece of work done seriously and well. Though no particular hiatus would have been apparent in the scheme of things if it had been left unwritten, yet "Attila" is a genuine achievement of sound craftsmanship that strengthens the position Mr. Binyon has already made himself among the colder artists of his generation.

FRANCIS BICKLEY.

A GADFLY.*

To Mr. Holbrook Jackson, Bernard Shaw (Fabian, playwright, philosopher) is "as clear as day." Perhaps! But fortunately not even Mr. Jackson's exposition quite explains the famous Fabian—*fortunately*, we say, for it is possible that to explain Bernard Shaw would be to explain him away. "G. B. S." has deliberately chosen a chequered personality; he is mountebank and prophet, cynic and philosopher, scientist and charlatan. It is his profession to be a masquerader, and his real face, and figure, are not *meant* to be seen. And yet this biography, if it does not unmask him, does, in some measure, reveal him; it shows that G. B. S. is something more than a "sardonic smile" on the lips of the spirit of the world, and that there is a heart somewhere beneath his cloak, and some sanity and sincerity of purpose beneath the mask of his affectations. No one can read Mr. Jackson's sketch without realising that Bernard Shaw has sense in his sensationalism, method in his madness, and purpose in his perversity, that he has adopted mockery as a means to an end, and that even when he blows his own trumpet most blatantly, he has designs against the walls of some Jericho or other. But realising all this, we also realise that his tactics have been unsuccessful, and that he is, at best, a Rabelais gone wrong. He has certainly attracted attention as he intended to do, and yet to the general public, he is little more than a puzzle competition, and much less than even a minor prophet.

It is impossible to believe that this is the summit of Shaw's ambition, and that he has meant to be merely a puzzle for the British public, and a tit-bit for the paragraphist. He has meant, as Mr. Jackson shows, to be much better things, but, so far, he has failed, and it is not difficult to find the causes of his failure. On the one hand, as we have said, his tactics have been wrong; he has worn the cap and bells too often, in season and out of season; and on the other hand he has failed to recognise the dynamic force of love. He has

* "Bernard Shaw." By Holbrook Jackson. 5s. n. (Grant Richards.)

spoken so many serious words in jest; he has spoken so many jesting words "au sérieux," that he has compelled the public to regard him rather as a puzzle than as a power; and he has tried to move society by the lever of reason, without the fulcrum of the affections. Seeing clearly the humbug and foolishness of bourgeois ambitions, and creeds, and conventions, detecting the illusions and delusions of life with the "lumen siccum" of a clear dispassionate intellect, he yet has laughed when he should have wept, and has ridiculed when he should have pitied. Possessed with a fine passion for the real, with an intrepid intolerance of shams, he has attacked not only the false, but also the ideal. Even when he has been most earnest and most sincere, his lens has been too achromatic: he has lived too much in the white light of reason—"here's the world half blind with intellectual light"—and has forgotten that if love without intellect is only a torso, so intellect without love is only a bust—that life needs "Both head and heart, both active, both complete, and both in earnest."

Mr. Jackson admits Bernard Shaw's apparent "inhuman indifference to all those sentiments about sex, and dignity, which society has grown to look upon as sacred," but he does not seem to perceive that this apparent "inhuman indifference" renders Shaw useless as a leader of men, and makes him rather a gadfly than a guide.

> "It takes a soul
> To move a body: it takes a high-souled man
> To move the masses even to a cleaner stye.
> It takes the ideal to blow a hairbreadth off
> The dust of the actual. Ah, your Fouriers failed,
> Because not poets enough to understand
> That life develops from within."

And Bernard Shaw has failed because "not poet enough." Had he realised that "Beauty is truth, truth beauty," had he realised the dynamic force of the affections, G. B. S. would be a power in life to-day, and not merely a public entertainer, for he has strength, and honesty, and the courage of his convictions. He sees that "the crying need of the nation is not for better morals, cheaper bread, temperance, liberty, culture, redemption of fallen sisters and erring brothers, nor the grace, love and fellowship of the Trinity, but simply for enough money. And the evil to be attacked is not sin, suffering, greed, priestcraft, kingcraft, demagogy, monopoly, ignorance, drink, war, pestilence, nor any other of the scapegoats which reformers sacrifice, but simply poverty." He sees all that, but he does not seem to see that the best way to open the purses of Mrs. Grundy and of Messrs. Pecksniff, Micawber and Co., is neither to tread on their corns, nor to shock their susceptibilities, nor to excoriate the rather thick cuticle of their self-respect; but to show to them the beauty of much better things, such as honesty, and reverence, and charity, and love; and he does not seem to see that flippancy makes a poor scourge.

Nowhere are Bernard Shaw's limitations more typically exemplified than in his play "Man and Superman," so much admired by Mr. Jackson. Whether the play be jest, or earnest, or both, it is equally a revelation of the inadequacy, and flippancy, with which the playwright discusses the great problems of life. He may be right or wrong in his views of the "wooing o't"; we do not forget that in Thrums the question always was "Wha did she *get*"; but even if his views be right, his play is an indelicate burlesque of a delicate situation. Nor is it the case that marriages are made at the instigation of a blind life-force; they are very often made by the open-eyed force of money, and they are occasionally, at least, the result of an emotion called love which plays a larger part in life than Mr. Shaw recognises. Further, if Mr. Shaw had been a serious thinker, scientist, philosopher, he must have been aware that love is becoming less and less a blind instinctive force, and more and more the attraction of definite psychical affinities. In his desire to scourge false sentiment, the playwright forgets how much of the noble, and strenuous, and healthy in life has been founded on the marriage-for-love relationship—forgetting this, and ignoring all that social science has to say on the subject, he makes a whipping-boy and laughing-stock of much that is sacred and beautiful, and treats important and difficult problems in a cheap, vulgar, and shortsighted way.

Shaw's repudiation, says Mr. Jackson, of romantic love is complete. "Lovableness and womanliness are no longer romantic charms to be eagerly sought and cherished by infatuated males; they charm certainly, but by the same means that predatory animals attract their quarry. They are the protective colouring of nature's creative needs, civilised and moralised, so that he who comes within their power can no longer call himself his own. He is henceforth their disillusioned slave and their owner's property." But this is a repudiation not only of *romantic* love, and of *false* sentiment; it is a repudiation of the affection between the sexes which is a potent fact in life, and cannot be abolished by a caricature of its aberrations.

It is surprising that a man so clear-sighted should have such narrow vision; it is surprising that a man who has worked so well, should think so barrenly. But so it is. One must admire with Mr. Jackson his virility, his magnanimity, his courage, and yet one cannot but feel that he is a failure, and that he himself is the greatest of his plays, and—a tragedy.

Whatever view one may take of Shaw, one will find Mr. Jackson's study interesting and illuminating; it is brightly and cleverly written, and though eulogistic it does not indulge in fulsome adulation.

RONALD CAMPBELL MACFIE.

THE JOYS OF A SMALL YACHT.*

For the man with a taste for sea-water, a little leisure, and skill at handling sails, no sport in Britain offers so much wholesome pleasure for the cost involved as cruising in a little yacht. It is desirable, however, to start young, for life in the cramped quarters of a seven-ton centre-board like the *Blue Dragon* of these logs involves experiences that though joyous to youth, are uncomfortable to all but the most hardened enthusiasts over five-and-forty years of age. To the respective ages of the happy spirits who sailed the *Blue Dragon* afar from Oxford round the South of England, and up to the alluring archipelago of the western Scottish isles, where her cruising was done in a succession of seasons, we have no clue, but they were at least young enough to fear no drenchings from the green seas that in tide-rips swept her low freeboard, and they seem to have always carried good humour in their lockers. The owner, Mr. Lynam, never had a paid hand on board his craft; was usually accompanied by two or three friends (sometimes his wife and boy and girl), has often sailed entirely single-handed—even in winter; has sailed in December, January, and April in Scottish waters while the native yachts were snugly housed "on the hard"; and has been in holes and through narrows where probably no yacht has ever been before. Only on one occasion was it necessary to signal for a pilot. Those holiday voyages upon the most enchanting waters that beat about our kingdom were accomplished without accident, must have cost considerably less than vacations of the same period spent in any other way, and, by the evidence of the present happy chronicle, were attended by the most glorious adventure and fun.

The *Blue Dragon*, which was a yawl twenty-five feet long over-all, nine feet beam at her broadest, with a commodious cabin, cost £250 to build on the Thames, a figure which seems excessive for a craft of the kind when one reflects upon the price at which boats of a similar size can be picked up second-hand at any time on the Clyde. But Mr. Lynam had previous experience of Thames-built centre-boards, knew what he wanted, was doubtless willing to pay for his own fancies in structure and equipment, and the affection for his boat displayed from first to last is the true measure of its success and value. He cruised her in Scotland for eleven years; from the Clyde to Stornoway in the summer of 1893; through many Sounds and round many islands at Easter and in the summer of 1894; round the Mull of Galloway and the Isle of Man in the summer of 1895; round the Mull of Cantyre to Oban at Easter, 1896, in the summer of which year he further explored the Western Hebrides. During vacations in 1897, he varied his course among the islands, and in the winter of 1897-8, single-handed, put the *Blue Dragon* in commission at Oban, and dodged about the neighbourhood. a solitary viking, for a fortnight. It is in Mr. Lynam's accounts of his winter cruising we find the most stimulating influence of an exhilarating though unpretentious book. There are rare halcyon winter days on the West coast of Scotland when the air is infinitely more tonic and the scenery is even

* "The Log of the Blue Dragon, 1892-1904." Written by Various Hands, and now revised and set forth by C. C. Lynam, M.A., Owner and Skipper. (A. H. Bullen.)

more impressive than during summer, and it is scarcely creditable to the enthusiasm of Scottish yachtsmen that they hardly ever take advantage of their opportunities at such seasons. Of course, the risks of a wet and stormy winter are not to be run by a big yacht for which a paid crew must be retained, but I have often wondered that owners who handle their own small cutters, and have the sea at their doors, should lay up their yachts for six or seven months in the year. Mr. Lynam in his first Scottish winter cruise experienced plenty of rough weather, but was recompensed otherwise. He never suffered from cold, as his oil-stove kept the cabin temperature quite comfortable; he found all his provisions were to be purchased much cheaper than in the tourist months. "If one is content with short day sails, with snug rig, and with long evenings in the cabin," he says; and "if one has such a hobby as painting or geologizing, even a single-handed winter cruise is very enjoyable. You see more of the scenery, you see more of the natives, you have all the excitement of working the boat, bringing her up to moorings and getting her under weigh, relying on yourself alone. If you did not know the waters fairly well, a companion to help with the charts would, I fancy, be almost indispensable." Mr. Lynam, in short, made it plain that winter cruising on the West coast of Scotland, with a stiff little boat comfortably canvassed, easily reefed, handy, and capable of being rowed, may be practicable and enjoyable. There are few situations on the mainland lochs, in the channels, or among the islands where a lee anchorage for a boat of the size of the *Blue Dragon* may not be reached with comparatively little trouble in rough weather. Mr. Lynam repeated his experience of winter cruising at Christmas, 1899, and 1901, and the Spartan spirit of him is indicated by the fact that he bathed in the sea every morning on these occasions.

I have said the owner of the *Blue Dragon* in his cruising met with no accident, but the yawl herself was on one occasion submerged for twelve hours up to the burgee at the head of Loch Sligachan in Skye, though the circumstances were in no way tragic, as there was no one on board when she filled. It would take more than that to damp the ardour of Mr. Lynam and his friends who between them have made a curiously attractive book (for the yachtsman at all events) despite the occasional thinness of its texture. Photographs, drawings, and excellent maps (sometimes a little defective in the spelling of place names), add to the interest of the work, and a final word of praise is due to the contributors of the light verses which precede each chapter. Neil Munro.

The Goethe and Schiller Statue at Weimar.

Reproduced from the Life of Goethe. By Albert Bielschowsky, Ph.D., by kind permission of Messrs. Putnam's Sons.)

GOETHE, 1788-1815.*

The fascinating story of Goethe's life is here carried forward through a period of twenty-seven years, during which he gave the world "Tasso" and "Iphigenie"; "Wilhelm Meisters Lehrjahre," and "Die Wahlverwandtschaften"; and "Hermann und Dorothea." Those years saw the forming and cementing of his friendship with Schiller, the loosening of the tie between himself and Frau von Stein, and the formation of the tie, destined to be a permanent one, with Christiane Vulpius. It can be well understood that here is matter enough to fill a volume or more. But the interest and attraction must be difficult of discovery for those forced to read it in its dress of clumsy American English. The blemishes noted in our review of the first volume* still linger, and in some cases are unhappily accentuated. With notable exceptions that will readily occur to all, the contemporary American writer has little feeling for style. So Professor Cooper is content with a literal rendering as regards both the turn of the sentences and the vocabulary. He also fails to grasp the elementary fact that metaphorical language which is in keeping with the style in German criticism, is hostile to that of English criticism, and becomes absurd when rendered literally. There is not space for adequate examples, but such expressions and words as "read from all the chancels of the country," "to take the baths," "she had early stolen herself into his heart," "the more lazily the evenings dragged along," "to pay a visit in the entertaining home of the Knebels," "sonnetist," "redaction," "motivate," "philosophistical," "purposive," abound, and cause continual irritation. We enter here a very strong protest against such methods of translation. They defeat their own end, for a reader soon wearies of the turgid English, and is fain to rest content with what he can learn of Goethe from G. H. Lewes.

Let us then dismiss the translation from our minds, and turning to the original, point out one or two of the most interesting parts of the volume.

It might be an excellent thing if the embryo novelist of our day, before attacking the various problems that revolve round the relations between men and women, was compelled to study carefully Goethe's "Wahlverwandtschaften" ("Elective Affinities"). He or she would, we venture to think, be immensely surprised to find how from the first, despite the absence of unpleasant details, and of insistence on things most persons prefer to recognise in their results, our interest is aroused and kept at the highest pitch merely by the soul-experiences of the few characters who appear on the scene.

"We live through a year and a half at a country house. We see four persons, who may almost be called uninteresting, following their daily occupations, talking together, taking walks together, and taking part in music and reading. Nothing extraordinary happens. Visitors come and go, birthdays are celebrated, a house is built. There is no haste, no violence, but slow, organic growth and decay, as in Nature. The results of a period of development sometimes come to light suddenly, it is true, but only for those concerned, never for the reader, who has been very cleverly prepared for them by a number of incidents which at the time seemed to lack purpose."

This is that highest art which conceals art, and the book, in spite of its defects, remains one of Goethe's highest achievements.

It has never been easy to understand why the "Wahlverwandtschaften" should be characterised as immoral. As Bielschowsky says, "never was marriage more gloriously defended than in 'Die Wahlverwandtschaften.'" The fol-

* "The Life of Goethe." By Albert Bielschowsky, Ph.D. Authorised translation from the German by William A. Cooper, A.M., Assistant Professor of German, Stanford University. Three volumes. Volume II., 1788-1815. From the Italian Journey to the Wars of Liberation. Illustrated. 15s. net. (Putnam.)

* Cf. Bookman, March, 1906.

lowing remarks are made by one of the characters, and may safely be taken to express Goethe's sentiments: "Marriage is the foundation of all moral society, the beginning and culmination of all civilisation. It makes the rough man gentle, and the most highly educated man has no better opportunity to prove his nurture. It must be indissoluble. There is no sufficient ground for divorce." The violation of the sanctity of marriage, even in thought, is punished here. It may be that Goethe desired to bring about an improvement in the manner in which the marriage tie was regarded by the upper classes of Germany at that time; the lax conceptions of the romanticists in life and literature were little to his taste.

The volume contains a very interesting account of the establishment of the permanent Weimar theatre. It was erected by the Duke in 1791, and has only just been rebuilt. Goethe was its director for twenty-six years. His difficulties at the start were very great.

> "He had at his disposal only a small, poorly trained company of twenty-two players. With these he had to satisfy the most varied demands. It was expected and necessary that every kind of dramatic composition, tragedy, comedy, farce, grand opera, comic opera, ballet-dancing, should be produced. Yet the stage properties were very meagre. The répertoire had not only to be very varied, but had to be frequently changed to please the small audience. Nevertheless the actors were expected to have learnt their parts well, to act well, to sing well. This would have been easy enough with a company of talented actors and singers. But how could such a company be maintained when the highest salary offered was twenty-four shillings a week?"

Notwithstanding such drawbacks, Goethe gradually raised the Weimar theatre until it equalled or surpassed any other in Germany. It inaugurated a style for serious drama in verse that has ever since been the standard for the artistic and effective production of such plays. Karl Immermann, a contemporary, wrote that through the musical quality in the manner in which the lines were spoken, a rhythmical gracefulness in walk and gesture, and the atmosphere of poetry, the great poet made his theatre an image of his own harmonious soul. The Goethe tradition still rules the Weimar stage, and it is to be hoped that the new theatre lately built on the site of that over which Goethe presided, will continue to be inspired by what was so fine in the old one, while availing itself of modern mechanical inventions.

The account of the relations between Goethe and his fellow-poet, Schiller, is very illuminating. Such a penetrative analysis of the differences in character between the two great men and of the qualities which united them, is scarcely to be found elsewhere. The way in which minds so diverse gradually came together is well demonstrated. Philosophical speculation was Schiller's passion, he was ever striving after the embodiment of his thought, his poetry started from the idea; Goethe derived his philosophy from the contemplation of nature and the world, he endeavoured to give spiritual form to his intuitive perceptions, his poetry started from the picture. Schiller, to give life to his characters who are the product of his thought, must make them engage in vigorous action; Goethe is so absorbed in the representation of what his characters are that he often neglects to show what they do. The criticism might easily be extended, did space permit.

The chapters on "Wilhelm Meister" and "Hermann and Dorothea," and on the two dramas, "Iphigenie" and "Tasso," are as worthy of study as those we have so briefly described, and as we close the book we can only again deplore the circumstances that present a work of such deep interest in so unattractive an English dress.

Elizabeth Lee.

SMOLLETT ABROAD.*

Smollett is so interesting a figure in our literary annals that many people should welcome the issue in the handy form of the World's Classics of one of his least widely-known works. It is true that in a postscript the editor of the volume quotes a "difficult critic" as regretting the "vulgarizing" of a well-hidden treasure of our literature, but that point of view is not likely to be general; it opens up the whole question of cheap literature for one thing, and for another it takes for granted the position that literary treasures can be vulgarized, which if that term be taken, as it so often is, in its invidious rather than its literal sense, some of us are ready to deny. These, however, are other stories. Here we are concerned only with the re-issue in a popular form of an eighteenth century travel-book of interest not only for its accounts of Continental life written by an observant and—it must be said—querulous man, but also because that man was one of the two virile novelists of his period, and stands in our literary history as one of the first men who made literature a profession from which he gained a serviceable livelihood, without being either hack to the booksellers or subservient to a patron. Generations have laughed over "Roderick Random," "Humphry Clinker," and "Peregrine Pickle," while even "Sir Launcelot Greaves" has not been without his admirers, but the letters which the novelist wrote from abroad have remained more or less neglected by the generality of educated readers. Fielding's "Journal of a Voyage to Lisbon" and Sterne's "Sentimental Journey through France and Italy" have been recognised by reprint after reprint—the former was "vulgarized" at the price of threepence some years ago!—but the third of this trio of travelling fiction writers has been less (or more, according to point of view) fortunate in that *his* travel talk has not been generally recognised as a necessary part of his "works."

Mr. Seccombe attributes the temporary eclipse of the fame of Smollett's "Travels" to "the studious depreciation of Sterne and Walpole, and secondly to a refinement of snobbishness on the part of the travelling crowd, who have an uneasy consciousness that to listen to common sense, such as Smollett's, in matters of connoisseurship, is tantamount to confessing oneself a Galilean of the outermost court." The causes seem scarcely sufficient. Sterne's reference to Smelfungus is probably passed over by nine out of every ten readers of the "Sentimental Journey" without any curiosity as to his identity.

With all its vigour, its lucid literary expression, the work falls short of two of the three travel books with which Mr. Seccombe classes it. There is wanting in it something of that spirit of good fellowship which is surely one of the secrets of success in such works. Sterne's little book stands, as it is recognised, alone—it is travel under the glamour of fiction; Fielding's, written as was Smollett's, by an invalid in search of health, is instinct with good spirits. For the present reviewer, however, there is more pleasure in Smollett's "common sense," his aggressive John Bullism, even his complaints, than in the "marmoreal glamour" of Johnson's "Journey to the Western Islands of Scotland." When reading Smollett's outcries against the posting houses, against innkeepers and postillions, his animadversions on the laziness, dirtiness, and dishonesty of the foreigners with whom he came in contact, it is impossible to refrain from smiling. The British traveller abroad to-day hears much of the same thing from many of his travelling compatriots, who can recognise no standard beyond that to which they are accustomed. The Scottish doctor become man of letters was a robust humorist when he wrote his stories, but when, as an invalid, he travelled abroad, it would seem that he left his humour at home. In his descriptions of the country through which he passed, the towns at which he stayed, he gives us much admirable reading; in his accounts of the silk-growing industry and other matters, he is always interesting, but again and again we are reminded that there were some grounds for Sterne's exaggeration, that the sentimentalist indulged in legitimate caricature when he wrote, "The learned Smelfungus travelled from Boulogne to Paris—from Paris to Rome—and so on—but he set out with the spleen and jaundice, and every object he pass'd by was discoloured or distorted. He wrote an account of them, but 'twas nothing but the account of his miserable feelings." With all due deference to Mr. Yorick, Smollett did put something more than his own miserable feelings into his letters, though he certainly allowed the petty unpleasantnesses of his travel too frequently to move his wrath at the time of experiencing them and his pen when recording them. A writer who, ninety years later, followed Smollett's journeying in Italy described his "Travels" as "an unattractive record of annoyances and discomforts, marked by considerable energy of expression, but wearisome from its sameness." Enough, however, of this side of a book which affords us much entertainment, which reveals the attitude of the eighteenth century Briton towards those poor benighted folk who had the misfortune to belong to the Continent. Smollett was a patriot of the good old stamp—one who saw little that was good outside

* "Travels through France and Italy." By Tobias Smollett. With an Introduction by Thomas Seccombe. 1s. net. (Henry Frowde.)

Britain, though not one of those who saw nothing but good in it; a man to whom the *Entente Cordiale* would have been as unthinkable as it would have been to most of his countrymen half a century later. His letters are as valuable for this rendering of the feeling of his time as they are for their accounts of things seen, for the way in which they illustrate conditions of travel which at the best we can but dimly realise.

Mr. Seccombe contributes to the reprint a long and engaging introduction in which he does ample justice to Smollett's Travel Letters, and gives, some readers may think overmuch of, a resumé of the book itself. Still, the Introduction admirably serves the purpose for which such an addendum is written: it puts the reader in the right cue for passing on to the work itself. It is a pity that, in place of the list of works on travels in France and Italy, useful to a few readers, the editor did not provide an index useful to all. The appendix of "unfamiliar words which Smollett helped to domesticate in England" is interesting; but it is not accurate to say that he "practically introduced" the word brasier. Arbuthnot had used the term, and he died thirty years before Smollett's travels began.

WALTER JERROLD.

A BATCH OF HISTORIES.

"The Cambridge Modern History"* pursues the comprehensive pathway designed for it by Lord Acton with a praiseworthy regularity which reflects the utmost credit upon the zeal and industry of its editors. The work is now more than half finished. The present volume (X.) is one of the most detailed, for it embraces the transactions of barely more than twenty-five years (1815-1840). But it is also, as far as we can judge, one of the best; and, as affording a synthetic view of one of the periods least understood in modern history, yet not too near to be out of focus, one of the most valuable. The Cambridge Press has for many years announced with great regularity volumes dealing with the period now under observation from the point of view of the several nationalities—France, from 1815 onwards, Italy 1815-1880, Spain after 1815, Germany 1815-1870, and so on; but with the exception of the excellent volume on Italy by W. J. Stillman, we do not think that any of these monographs have appeared. The chapters dealing with the corresponding themes in the present volume are assigned to a large extent to foreign and other experts, whose work can hardly fail to supersede that of the sectional books dealing with periods of foreign history. This is one of the genuine benefactions of a work like the present, for the short foreign periods have rarely been well done, and have too often been flagrant examples of tutorial joinery hastily put together to symmetrise some series. The present chapters are for the most part by specialists who have a reputation to sustain, and who have, moreover, successfully encountered certain tests of editorial supervision and co-ordination, even though from the nature of the case such tests could only be very partial in their operation.

The chief drawback to the free perusal of these co-operative volumes is not due to the inevitable overlappings and contradictions so much as to the unmistakable monotony of the style. The contributors are not, perhaps, consciously exercised by Quintilian's anxiety as to whether history should be written as a recital or as a proof: but insensibly they fall into a conventional kind of superior manner which resembles more than anything a diplomatic *précis*, and has the air of leaving no loophole either for human error or human partiality. Personality is as far as possible eliminated, and everything is formulated, abstracted, generalised, dressed up in the longest words available, cut up into geometrical sections, desiccated, and pigeon-holed. The two features most interesting, perhaps, from the literary point of view in these chapters are the importance attached to the work of Silvio Pellico in rousing an insurgent spirit in Italy, and the very instructive estimate of the work of De Maistre, Lamennais, and Lacordaire in connection with the Catholic Risorgimento. The simplicity of the "Mie Prigioni" is such a rare and touching thing in literature that one regrets that it is not more often studied and reprinted to-day for its own sake apart entirely from its historical importance. A new translation might well have a place among the innumerable rival series of classical reprints. The failure of Austria to benefit by the reshuffling of cards by the Holy Alliance is explained in a characteristic epigram by Professor Pollard. "Made by the marriage of princes, she was marred by the discord of peoples." A monarchical machine, Austria could never be a nation. The territorial consolidation, in North Italy especially, to which she had sacrificed her German future, was a barren gain because the racial elements in the Austrian dominions were too disjointed for any bureaucratic cement to bind them in a stable edifice. The full extent to which this prophecy may prove true is the secret of the future. The chapter of Mr. Alison Phillips on the Congresses is a solid piece of work, but one is surprised to find no mention of Lord Salisbury's keen and masterly essay on "Lord Castlereagh," which originally appeared in the *Quarterly* of January, 1862, and was reissued with a few notes in 1905. Other important themes for the most part adequately dealt with in this volume are the revolt of Spanish and Portuguese colonies in America, the abortive Polish rebellion, the episode of Mehemet Ali, the reorganisation of Canada, Catholic Emancipation, and the disruption of Belgium and Holland (the occasion of Belgium's humorous choice of the motto, "Union is Strength"). Mr. Clapham's essay on economic change throughout Europe from 1815 onwards is one of the most illuminating and valuable among a great deal of suggestive work that surrounds it. Prussia, Belgium, and France are here seen deliberately setting out to make up leeway and overtake England in the economic race. The special literary chapters are not easy to estimate, nor is it perfectly clear what exact purpose they fulfil. Why should we be treated here to the oft-told story of Goethe and Schiller? Professor Courthope writes impressively about the revolution in romantic fiction which was accomplished by Scott, though his attempt to simplify the pedigree of the novel to a double descent from the *fabliau* and the *roman* seems to be at least open to question. The bibliographical appendixes wax more elaborate as the work proceeds. Each chapter in the Cambridge History indeed contains so much material for study, criticism, and verification that one is well nigh overwhelmed by the thought of a compilation which is plainly destined, when complete, to be one of the most formidable works of historical reference in existence.

Another historical serial of first-rate importance is the seventh volume of Longman's "Political History of England,"* completing the work in a solid block down to 1660, with the exception of the late Tudor volume assigned to Professor Pollard. During the long period from Burke to Gladstone, in which the English constitution was worshipped with a sort of superstitious reverence, and regarded almost as if it were a final birth of time, to be venerated like the Bible and spoken of with bated breath like English Liberty and Parliamentary privilege, the seventeenth century, as the great arena of the struggle in which, after so many and ironic vicissitudes, the growth of personal absolutism was arrested in England, has ever been regarded with exceptional favour and interest by English historians. Apart from Guizot, Carlyle, and Macaulay a long series of gifted historians and biographers have drawn inspiration from the dramatic scenes and picturesque figures of the Great Rebellion; and the most patient, perhaps, of all our historical writers, S. R. Gardiner devoted his whole life to drawing new coverts for the elucidation of the period from 1603 to 1660. This is exactly the period covered by Mr. F. C. Montague in the volume now before us, and the immense debt to Gardiner's researches is necessarily revealed at almost every step. The abundant harvest of modern books dealing with this identical period is scantily represented in Mr. Montague's bibliography, in which we find no mention of Sanford, Noble, Forster, Phillpotts, Bayne, Inderwick, G. M. Trevelyan, of the monographs by Miss Eva Scott on "Rupert" and "Charles in Exile," or, indeed of a host of other modern books that we could name. But in this period it is true that to add to the already existing accumulation of detail ought to be less a matter of solicitude than a vigorous and tactful handling of the piled-up material we already possess. And in this respect Mr. Montague leaves

* "The Cambridge Modern History." Vol. X.—The Restoration. 936 pp. Large 8vo. 16s. (Camb. Univ. Press.)

* "History of England. From the Accession of James I. to the Restoration." By F. C. Montague. 514 pp. 8vo. 7s. 6d. net. (Longmans.)

little to be desired. He possesses a graceful narrative style, and marshalls his facts with ease and charm. The enormous amount of detail which Gardiner has accumulated serves sometimes to blur the outlines and to blunt the angles of the character portraits. We seem, as in real life, to know too much about James, Strafford, or even Buckingham to be able to draw a very trenchant portrait of any one of them. But, on the whole, Mr. Montague comes out of this trying ordeal extremely well. Avoiding brilliant generalisation after the manner of Mr. Trevelyan, and eschewing tableaux and comparisons, he limits himself, in conformity with the general scheme, to a limpid narrative of the political sequence of events. He is not strong in battle pieces, and he falls into line with the strictest whig conventionality in trying to delineate that astute tyrant, Oliver Cromwell, without fear or favour; but in the main he is clear, accurate, and impartial. From a narrative point of view indeed, even if the facts be a little overcrowded, this is second to no volume in this excellent series. Cromwell was often more cruel in his treatment of prisoners than Mr. Montague seems to suggest. He does not give us a very clear or decisive vision of Cromwell's strategic genius. How far was its standard insular? How would the tactics of his armies have compared with that of the best continental armies at the time? The operations at Mardyke and Dunkirk hardly offer us a sufficient ground of comparison. The extent of Cromwell's tolerance in religious matters is judiciously handled. His direct responsibility for the return of the Jews seems to have been slight. Some of the sectaries, such as the Fifth Monarchy Men (whom he specially indulged), were very anxious for it, as they regarded it as an indispensable preliminary to the Millennium. The index is better than that appended to most of these volumes, though there is, for example, no reference to this Jewish episode, which is fully treated on p. 412. We are glad to note the reversion in spelling from the pedantic "Monck" to the good old familiar "General Monk" of the nursery. Fawkes, too, delights us. But must we still have Guido and not Guy? We should like to make a November bonfire of all such whimsies. The volume contains a useful chronological table of contents and three maps of excellent quality.

The fifth volume of "The World's History,"* edited by Dr. H. F. Helmolt, comprises the history of South-Eastern and Eastern Europe, and is mainly concerned with the Turks and other inhabitants of the Balkan Peninsula, the Croats, the Slavs, the Huns, the Magyars, the Gipsies, and the Russians, including the Poles and the Cossacks. The English portion of this work elicited a certain amount of just censure, no less for the errors admitted than for the conspicuously hostile spirit in which the conclusions were drawn. The whole work, it may fairly be said, is conceived in rather a caustic, or at least sardonic, modern spirit; but we have at any rate no patriotic exception to make to anything contained in the present volume. The account of the Osmanlis and Armenians occupying just a hundred pages of the work affords a favourable impression of the general capacity of the scheme. The account of the Gipsies tracing them in their migration from Northern India through Persia and Armenia (Rum), to Crete and Wallachia, extending North-West rapidly under the pressure of the Turks until they reach Basses Pyrenées, Scotland, and America, is full of entertainment. The picture drawn of the national destiny of Russia, in conflict with those two evil geniuses of the Muscovite race, England and Japan, is a decidedly gloomy one. The illustrations, as usual, are very divergent in merit, and somewhat erratic, though two of the coloured plates are extremely well finished. One is glad to perceive some excellent maps. The work, it is understood, is to be completed this year, and when we have the last volumes we shall be in a much better position to assess the practical utility of this vast enterprise as a whole.

A few words of commendation must be spared for two excellent elementary histories that have reached us. The first is a general sketch of the "Outlines of European History"† from Agamemnon to Edward VII., by Professor A. J. Grant, of Leeds, in which the unity of European History is brought out by skilful handling and wide experience in compression and omission. The pictures and bibliographies will be found by teachers to be most useful and suggestive. Another capitally illustrated school-history is a "History of England,"* by Mr. W. S. Robinson, which, like Hassall's "Class Book of English History," owes much to the suggestions of Mr. C. T. Knaus, the indefatigable History master at Bradford Grammar School. The volume is rich in maps and plans, with an adequate index; but experience has convinced us that a good chronological "contents" is much more valuable and economical than an appendix of dates such as that given here, pp. 744-51. Napoleon was fond of maintaining that History was all a clever conspiracy to tell the same lie. But he was not acquainted with our elementary histories. No one can accuse them of being all in a tale. The present volume, for instance, states categorically that King Alfred died in 901, and was buried at Winchester, which is what we used to read in Lingard and Knight. Dr. Hodgkin in the "Political History" says he died, not in November, 901, but in October, 900, while Professor Tout in the Students' Advanced History gives us no option but 899. Both Oman and Gardiner (who calls him Aelfred) say that our national hero lived down to the close of 901, and so says Freeman in the "Dictionary of National Biography"; and most of these writers differ no less pleasantly as to the age of the hero at the time of his death. How often in turning over these pages do we not have to recur to the sagacious conclusion of Disraeli (who was himself "grounded in Goldsmith"), in the never-too-often-read third chapter of "Sybil," to the effect that the history of our country is a complete mystification!

THOMAS SECCOMBE.

* "The World's History: A Survey of Man's Record." Ed. Dr. H. F. Helmolt. Vol. V. 650 pp. 4to. 16s. (Heinemann.)

† Longmans. 1907. 8vo. 3s. 6d.

* "An Illustrated History of England." 763 pp. 8vo. 3s. 6d. (Rivingtons.)

THE REAL BOHEMIA.†

"Bohemia," that vague, uncharted country within our state, has found at last a chronicler of its merry tradition and somewhat extravagant actuality. "I wanted to write a book that would make real on paper the strange, tense, joyful and despairing, hopeful and sordid life that is lived in London by young artists and writers," says Mr. Arthur Ransome in his Introductory Chapter; a noteworthy ambition, and not of the easiest fulfilment. Confidence, of course, is the first condition of success in such an undertaking, and after reading the book I am persuaded that the author possesses this qualification in a supreme degree; for he dashes at his subject with such impetuosity that you watch him as you might have watched Don Quixote riding a-tilt at the windmills; you are inclined to think he will share the Knight's fate; but whether because his luck is greater, or because his apparent recklessness is controlled by better skill and prudence, our adventurer sticks to his saddle; we discern a method in his madness. The fact is, that this style and manner of his, jaunty, impulsive, careless, egotistic, agreeably impertinent and infrequently offensive, is the very gait and humour of the true bohemian. You have his mood and attitude in such complacent, capricious reminiscences as the following; the occasion is the author's arrival in Bohemia, on the tailboard of a van containing his worldly goods:—

"Over the Albert Bridge we moved as leisurely as the old horse chose to walk in the August sun, and then a little way to the left, and up to the King's Road, by way of Cheyne Walk and Bramerton Street, past the very house of Carlyle, and so near Leigh Hunt's old home that I could have changed the time of day with him had his kindly ghost been leaning from a window. And I thought of these men as I sat, placid and drunk with pride, on the tailboard of the van. Pipe after pipe I smoked, and the floating blue clouds hung peacefully in the air behind me, like the rings in the water made by a steady oarsman. Their frequency was the only circumstance that betrayed my nervousness."

The intentional incoherence of the book is delightful; there is such a higgledy-piggledy juxtaposition of irrelevancies as you may find on the writing-table of one of these joyous unpublished poets of Bohemia—a half-smoked pipe scattering its ashes over that precious manuscript, grub of the golden moth of Fame; a tankard, perhaps, sealing the genius of Shakespeare with a liquid circular stamp; ink

† "Bohemia in London." By Arthur Ransome. Illustrations by Fred Taylor. 6s. net. (Chapman and Hall.)

and papers and cigarettes and pens lying down together like the peaceful beasts in the Millennium. But the merit of the book is not altogether the result of conscious effort; its permanent value lies rather in the unconscious revelation of the spirit of true Bohemia, which breathes in every page, *flat ubi vult*, and quite beyond the author's control. It is not alone the manner of life portrayed here that engages our interest, but the attitude of the writer towards it all; and that attitude, we soon discover, is not assumed, is no feat of tight-rope equilibrium, maintained just so long as the eyes of the public are upon him, but is his natural balance.

Bohemia has an unwritten Constitution, which differentiates its citizens from the rest of the world, and the fundamental principle of this I take to be a continual reference to the future as the only reality of temporal existence; the bohemian is compelled by inexorable laws to maintain a bodily existence in the present, but he does so under protest; it is in the future that he *lives*. His great work, of poetry, fiction, philosophy or art, is written or painted there; his publisher's offices are there (not the dim rooms of to-day, where dim men treat genius *de haut en bas*, but a splendid place whose presiding spirit is a glorious, intelligent fellow who sits writing big cheques for you and your brethren). In the same way, the responsibilities of life, its cares, its grave considerations, are shifted from the present into that airy and spacious region; delivered of this load, the bohemian goes on his way rejoicing, a brave, laughing, careless, convivial fellow, the jolliest of boon-companions. This future, then, is a kind of inexhaustible creditor, and within the confines of Bohemia his signature is honoured at sight; by tacit and mutual agreement among the members of the *débonnaire* fraternity, the great book, the great picture, is an accomplished fact, the embryonic genius receives on trust the honours of its majority. To be sure, in time, that debt so gaily incurred must be paid with interest; Mr. Ransome hardly touches on the darker aspects of the picture, and we do not learn from him the fate of the insolvent. Whatever tragedy is evolved—as it must be, even in this light-hearted republic—we must infer for ourselves; the author's object is to give the reader a typical bohemian entertainment, of conviviality and good cheer, discoursing with unflagging animation, whether his subject be merrymaking or the makeshifts to which the penniless resort in order to catch and cook a fugitive dinner; whether he indulge in contemporary gossip or recount the consecrated tradition of Bohemia.

The economy of the book, as I have mentioned, is somewhat riotous; there are personal recollections; *tableaux de genre*, like the "Chelsea Evening" and "In the Studios"; topographical studies of Fleet Street, Soho, and other haunts and holy places of literary and artistic vagabondage; of these last it must be said that the author has succeeded in transferring to his page the peculiar *tang* of the local atmosphere; for instance, I should like to quote from the important chapter on Fleet Street, but I refrain, because the effect of the whole depends largely on the skilful allocation of the parts, on their apparent confusion and real coherence; there is an art here which conceals itself—Mr. Ransome has done nothing better. More quotable are the scenes in Soho: here are two that seem to me admirably graphic:—

"Behind a small counter sits Madame, knitting, smiling to all her acquaintance that come in, and selling neat brown packages of wonderful coffee. Beyond is an inner room, whose walls are covered with cocoanut matting, and decorated with tiny mirrors, and advertisements of special drinks. If you can get a corner seat in that crowded little room, you may be happy for an evening, with a succession of coffees and a dozen cigarettes. Sometimes there will be a few women watching the fun, but more often there will be none but men, mostly French or Italian, who play strange card games, and laugh and curse at each other." . . .

"Close round the corner, opposite the Algerian, is a pretty white café, with a big window of a thousand little leaded panes, through which it is impossible to see. The whole suggestion of the outside is comfort and secluded luxury. And indeed so it is; you go there when you are a success. . . . Its air is very different from the friendly untidiness of the other two places. White cloths are on the tables, a little cut-glass is scattered about, and there are red and white flowers in silver vases. . . . I came here in the pride of my first twenty-guinea cheque, and was introduced with due ceremony to Jeanne downstairs, pretty little Jeanne, who says most mournfully that some one has told her from the lines of her hand that she will not be married till she is two-and-thirty—eleven whole years to wait." . . .

There are many such scenes and lightly-sketched portraits in the book, and there is a continual reference to the great historical background against which the comedy of Bohemia is played to-day—the pages are sprinkled with names that bear with them the lustre of achievement or of personality—of Dr. Johnson, of Steele, of Lamb, of Hazlitt, of a hundred more. Before concluding this appreciation, I must say a word about the illustrations. Mr. Taylor has scattered throughout the book an admirable pictorial comment on the text, which really enhances its value and increases our pleasure in it. His resuscitation of Old Bohemia, with its long-skirted coats, its snuff-boxes, eye-glasses, silk-stockings, and, above all, its exquisite pose and mannerism, is very original and happy, and so is his portrayal of sardonic waiters of Soho and elsewhere.

(Reproduced from "Bohemia in London," by kind permission of Messrs. Chapman and Hall.)

In the Moorish Café.

F. W. Stokoe.

A CLASSIC OF SPORT.*

This book is peculiarly a British product. In some other countries also men may live the busy kind of idle life which St. John describes as his, but in none save ours does the record of it run through nine (or is it ten?) editions, finally reaching the "popular," at two shillings and sixpence net. We need not deceive ourselves that even at this price the "Wild Sports" will prove its popularity by being widely read; but it will be widely bought. This is the honour which is rendered the classic, to be given a recognition by those who have not the privilege of its acquaintance, to be saluted with a general touch o' the cap by right of assured station in the community of books. And it is our peculiar characteristic to rank sports, at any rate the field sports, so highly that their literature is represented in the distinguished company of those whom the world makes a point of taking notice of. Terms like "Old Izaak" and "Waltonian" come easily off the tongues of people who never read a line of "The Compleat Angler," would not recognise the Lea if they found themselves on its banks (nor, for that matter, would Walton himself, now), and, touching natural history, can no more distinguish

* "The Wild Sports and Natural History of the Highlands." By Charles St. John. With the Author's Notes, and a Memoir by the Rev. M. G. Watkins. Popular Edition. 2s. 6d. net. (John Murray.)

rye from barley or an oak from a crab tree, than, Swift surmised, could John Gay, who nevertheless wrote "Rural Sports." These familiarities (abominable though they be) are not to be regarded as an impertinence. They are but he *clichés*, so to say, of the homage which we in this country pay even to sports we may never have practised, and to books upon these sports which, as likely as not, we have never opened. We are all at least, like Franck's correspondents, if not fishers, well-wishers of the game. To such Walton, Scrope, Colquhoun, St. John, stand shiningly for sport with rod and gun, as "Pears" stands for soap no less to the man who has never tried the firm's brand than to him who uses it daily.

There is Dr. Johnson's authority, if any is needed, that it is practicable at once to be a skilful sportsman and a man of letters. Johnson was referring to the author of "The Chase," "distinguished as a poet, a gentleman, and a skilful and useful Justice of the Peace," for whom he entertained, we think, a most uncritical admiration. "A squire, well born and six feet high," was Somerville's own description of himself, in a letter to Allan Ramsay. Now, classics of sport are only to be written by skilful practitioners, otherwise "Rural Sports" should be of their number; yet it might be contended that we owe none of them to the practitioners to whom we should naturally look for them—to professed men of letters with a turn for sport, or six-foot squires and useful Justices of the Peace. Not, however, to become entangled in any such generalisation, we are content to point out how unlikely were the circumstances of St. John to produce the authority on sport and natural history beyond the Grampians. He did not, as did Thomas Tod Stoddart, trace an ancestry to the Borders, where lads take to making verses and busking flies together, nor was he as a boy indentured to wild life in the shadow of Ben Cruichan, like John Colquhoun. He did not win the Newdigate, jump the Cherwell, keep fighting cocks, or turn down a bruiser of renown, or walk from London to Oxford (after dinner, too) in eight hours, all of which were in Christopher North's record; though when he had a day off from the Treasury St. John would ride forty miles out of town, and back again, a fresh horse for every twenty miles, to shoot black game. He relates how in childhood he stalked and trapped the field-mouse and the wheatear in the plains and downs of Wiltshire, and none of his biographers, from Mr. Cosmo Innes to the Rev. Mr. Watkins here, has forgotten to tell us that the boy was taught by an old pensioner to troll for trout and spin for pike in the Arun, and kept a desk full of dormice, guinea-pigs and stag-beetles. There is nothing out of the ordinary in all that. But St. John was one of those happy men (Stoddart was another) who have the courage to place themselves in an odd niche of life when they recognise their fitness to fill it. Or rather, for there is something fated and not deliberate in their acquiescence in its dictates, they yield to a passion which in time brings its own justification as well as success. After two years St. John threw up his clerkship at the Treasury, and turned from any more useful avocation to the investigation of the habits and manners of every kind of living animal. "I am" he said, "one of the unproductive class of the genus Homo, who, having passed a few years amidst the active turmoil of cities, and in places where people do most delight to congregate, have at last settled down to live a busy kind of idle life." His delight in natural history was not less because by habit and repute he was, so he tells us, a being strongly endowed with the organ of destructiveness; nor was it enhanced by any dreams of literary ambition. It was about 1830 that the loan of a shooting-box on the Oykell from his cousin, Lord Bolingbroke, determined the field of his observations, and when fifteen years later, as they were driving home by Altyre woods after a shoot at Dunphail, Mr. Cosmo Innes suggested to him the publication of some chapters of the "irregular kind of journal" which it had been his habit to keep, it was with surprise and reluctance that he acquiesced. He had then, after living in Ross, Inverness, and Nairn, settled down in the "laigh" of Moray, where he found the country and climate and the wild life and sport best suited to his taste. "The Muckle Hart of Benmore" and "Foxhunting in the Highlands," which "the learned critic had deemed it expedient to publish" in the *Quarterly Review*, were quickly followed in 1845 by the "Wild Sports," which incorporates them. Thereafter, until some little time before his death in 1853, St. John kept more regular journals, with an eye to authorship, but his further books, "The Natural History of Moray" and "Deer-Stalking in Sutherland," equally with the better known "Wild Sports," display the just and sincere style which in it reflect his fire as a sportsman and his wide and exact observation as a student of natural history.

Their lasting qualities apart, the works of St. John have a separate value for the sidelights they throw upon the development of the Scottish Highlands. On that subject there is accumulating a considerable material to which, by the way, not the least important contribution will be that from the files of the *Inverness Courier*, which its present editor, Mr. Barron, is being happily inspired to re-issue. The years of Mr. St. John's residence in the Highlands, the twenty years, say, between 1830 and 1850, witnessed a remarkable transformation beyond the Forth and Clyde. Even at the earlier date, that was far from being an unexplored region. On his first pages St. John speaks of the hackneyed beauties of Loch Lomond, where "you find yourself surrounded by spruce Cockneys, in tight-waisted shooting jackets, plaid waistcoats, and (so-called) Glengarry bonnets, all of whom fancy themselves facsimiles of Roderick Dhu, or James Fitz-James." This was a vogue, derived from "The Lady of the Lake," in the first decade of the century, which the author of "The Moor and the Loch" also lamented. There were no railways as yet, or for years to come, but the conditions of communication, which had remained comparatively the same from the date of Johnson's tour to the time when Lord Cockburn as a young man rode circuit, had now been changed by the roads and the coaches running upon them that linked up the outposts on the west and north with the Scottish capital, and beyond that, by way of Liverpool, with London itself. The Caledonian Canal had been opened, and they were burning coals at Glengarry. But Glengarry himself still moved about with his "tail." When about 1830 Lady Harriet Herbert was his guest, and saw his retinue in the Highland dress marching up and down headed by a piper, her remark was, "How beautiful! and all alive!" The chieftain was clearly out of date, but while he lived the old *régime* could not be said to have disappeared entirely. The new, on the other hand, was already well established. Glengarry's own estates showed the advantage fortunate owners derived from the displacement of the population by cattle and sheep; and St. John himself lived into the beginnings of that still later development of Highland sport, whereby sheep in turn made way for deer. It was precisely in the years covered by his observations in "Wild Sports" that the letting of their sporting properties became with the Highland landlord a settled practice, to which the stigma of meanness no longer attached. Very soon with the advent of railways, the "roughing it" elements in Highland sport, as well as the more hospitable, vanished, and it proceeded under the smoother and perhaps more selfish conditions of to-day. The wild life itself changed as well as the methods of the sport it gave, and for this reason, too, St. John's record deserves to survive.

CAPTAIN COOK.*

"He was, to begin with, over six feet high, thin and spare; his head was small; his forehead was broad; his hair was of a dark brown, rolled back and tied behind in the fashion of the time; his nose was long and straight; his nostrils clear and finely cut; his cheekbones were high, a feature which illustrated his Scotch descent; his eyes were brown and small, but well-set, quick and piercing; his eyebrows were large and bushy; his chin was round and full; his mouth firmly set; his face long. It was an austere face, but striking. One thinks, perhaps wrongly, that without having been told whose face this is, in the portrait, we might know it as the face of a man remarkable for patience, resolution, perseverance and indomitable courage. It is a face worthy of the navigator. Such was the appearance of the man; tall, thin, grave, even austere."

Thus the portrait that Sir Walter Besant has left us, which seems to have been almost the best thing in his "Life" of Cook, a narrative more remarkable for the liveliness of its treatment than its exactitude of fact. The Captain had other biographers, among them Dr. Kippis, a contemporary of his subject. Mr. Kitson announces that being once tempted by curiosity to look up one of his (Kippis') references, he found it absolutely incorrect, and discovered by further search that the majority of other writers on the subject seemed to have been content to rely on Kippis for the foundation of their

* "Captain James Cook." By Arthur Kitson. 15s. net. (John Murray.)

work. There was also published in Cook's lifetime a "History" of the First Voyage, by Dr. Hawkesworth. Cook's own opinion of the merits of this work we can get from Boswell, who, having dined at Sir John Pringle's on April the 2nd, 1776, says:—

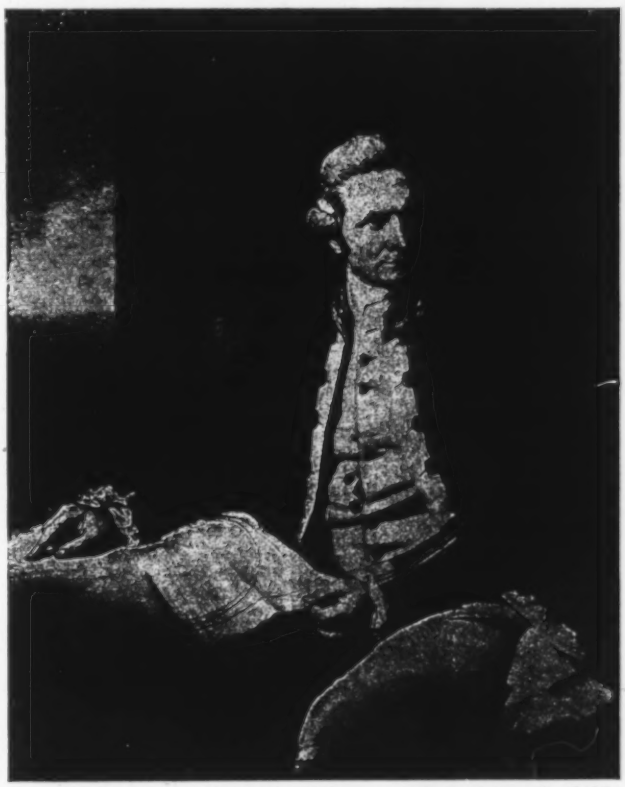
"I gave him [Johnson] an account of a conversation which had passed between me and Captain Cook, the day before, at Sir John Pringle's, and he was much pleased with the conscientious accuracy of that celebrated circumnavigator, who set me right as to many of the exaggerated accounts given by Dr. Hawkesworth of his voyages."

There was a life, too, by Dr. Douglas, who delighted to put long and flowery speeches into the mouth of his hero, who, with all his natural acuteness and fine intelligence, was as incapable of uttering philosophical sentiments in the manner of Cicero and the ancients as he was of making a mistake in his observations.

So Captain Cook has been unfortunate in his biographers, that is until Mr. Kitson took upon himself to write a book which should be free from the errors and "imaginary conversations" gravely recorded by all these worthy doctors. That part of his work dealing with Cook's life in the Royal Navy, prior to the period of the "Voyages," is a monument of patient research.

It was at Marton, in Cleveland, on the 22nd of October, 1725, that James Cook was born. We know little of his parents, who must have been of the working class, though Colman mentions in his "Recollections" having had Cook's father pointed out to him.

"His looks were venerable from his great age, and his deportment was above that which is usually found amongst the lowly inhabitants of a hamlet. How he acquired this air of superiority over his neighbours it is difficult to say, for his origin must have been humble. His eightieth summer had nearly passed away, and only two or three years previously he had learned to read, that he might gratify a parent's pride and love by perusing his son's first voyage round the world."



From the original by N. Dance. **Portrait of Captain James Cook, R.N.**

(Reproduced by permission of Mr. John Murray.)

James Cook worked first with his father as an assistant farm bailiff, and was afterwards placed, on some sort of 'prentice footing, with a small tradesman at Staithes, near Whitby. There is a tale of his having stolen a shilling from the till and run away for fear of the consequences, but there is little evidence to support this story, and such an action, for a man of Cook's renowned probity and uprightness, seems impossible. It may be that there was some difficulty about a shilling, and Mr. Kitson's inquiries make it fairly clear that Cook found a new South Sea shilling in the till, and replaced it by one of his own. His master missed the coin and accused Cook of theft, but apologised when the matter was explained to him. Cook took the incident to heart and induced his father to take him away from Staithes, and send him off to sea. He was apprenticed to Mr. John Walker, a friend of his late employer, who was probably anxious to help the boy whose sensitive feelings he had wounded. Cook spent some years in Whitby merchant vessels, reading hard in his spare time, and when he joined the Royal Navy in 1755, as a plain A.B., his knowledge of navigation and seamanship must have been very thorough. In thirty-seven days from his entry into the service he was appointed master's mate, and in two years he was promoted to master's rank.

The outbreak of war with France in 1759 sent Cook to the St. Lawrence, with the fleet supporting the land operations of General Wolfe, and here his soundings and charts of the intricate passages of the river proved of the utmost use to his superiors, drawing on Cook the attention and approval of his officers, and even of the Admiralty Board at home. From this time his advancement continued rapidly. A "Surveyor to the King," he sailed to Newfoundland, and brought back admirable charts of that region, finding time also to make observations of an eclipse of the sun, valuable by reason of the locality from which they were taken and their signal accuracy. These observations, characterised by the care and exactitude displayed in all similar work by Cook, he handed on his return to Dr. Bevis, a prominent Fellow of the Royal Society, by whom they were embodied in a paper and read before that learned body. It was this incident that really rendered possible Cook's subsequent achievements. In the next year the Society had occasion to seek for a reliable representative to sail to the South Seas and make observations of the Transit of Venus, which was due to occur in June. They remembered Cook, and, after consideration, he was given the post. In 1768 he sailed in the *Endeavour*, and on the voyage, which lasted three years, he was enabled not only to make the valuable astronomical observations that were the main object of his journey, but to explore many of the comparatively unknown coasts and islands of this region. His labours on behalf of science met with the appreciation they merited, and he was given charge of a second exploring party in 1772, undertaken in the *Resolution*, and a third in 1776, on which occasion two ships were chartered, the *Resolution* and the *Adventure*.

The accuracy of Mr. Kitson's details with regard to these three voyages may safely be trusted. He is sometimes unconsciously amusing, as when, speaking of the island of Huaheine, he says, "The flora and fauna were found to be almost identical with those of Otaheite, excepting that the men were rather lighter in colour, and were certainly not so addicted to thieving." At Cook's landing in New Zealand, at Poverty Bay, the natives, on first seeing the ship, thought it was a very large bird, and were particularly struck by the size and beauty of its wings, the sails. When they saw an unfledged young one—a boat—leave its side, filled with human beings of different colours, they thought it was a household of deities. They declared afterwards that they were thrown into consternation by the thunderbolts which the strange visitors used to kill their enemies, and some declared that they felt ill even if a white man looked at them fixedly. A native, Tupia, was induced to join the ship's party, and he proved invaluable as an interpreter. At one stopping place he was instructed to obtain any information which might throw a light on the history of the people, and was told that "some of their ancestors once went off in large canoes and discovered a country to the north-west. The passage took them a month, and only a small number returned: these said they had been to a place where the people eat hogs, using the same word as that used to designate the animal in Otaheite. Tupia asked them if they had any hogs, and they replied no. He then asked if their ancestors brought any back with them,

and again received a negative reply; whereon he told them that their story must be a great lie, for their ancestors could never have been such fools as to come back without some."

Near Cape Grafton the ship went ashore, her situation became very serious, and all hands joined in the work of keeping the pumps going and "fothering" the leak. By the next day it was overcome, and the necessary repairs made, but it had been an anxious time for everyone. Writing of this occurrence, Cook said:—

"In justice to the ship's company, I must say that no men ever behaved better than they have done on this occasion; animated by the behaviour of every Gentleman on board, every man seem'd to have just sense of the Danger we were in, and exerted himself to the very utmost."

Banks, the great naturalist, accompanied Cook with a party on his first voyage, and collections of plants and animals were made whenever possible, the sailors joining in the work. Banks gives an account of a seaman's description of an animal which he had seen. "It was as black as the devil and had wings, indeed I took it for the devil, or I might have catched it, for it crawled away very slowly through the grass." This was afterwards discovered to have been a flying fox. On the second expedition there was some difficulty about the accommodation required by so many scientific "civilians," there was a certain amount of unpleasantness, and Banks withdrew. His place as naturalist was taken by a Dr. Foster, who contrived to make himself excessively disagreeable to everyone on board. With him he took his son, and the two seem to have quarrelled with everybody, from captain to cabin-boy.

"At the very first, the father expressed great dissatisfaction with the accommodation set apart for him, and offered Mr. Cooper the sum of £100 for his cabin, and when this offer was declined, he tried to force the Master, Mr. Gilbert, to give up his, accompanying his request with a threat that, if he refused, he should be reported to the King and turned out of the Navy; in fact, this threat was a favourite one, and very soon became a by-word among the sailors, who, according to Mr. Wales, would use it to each other on every possible occasion."

Mr. Kitson's work has faults, though they are very few. The great catastrophe of his story, the death of Cook, at the zenith of his fame, though still a comparatively young man, represented to the world of science and discovery a very great loss indeed. Yet Mr. Kitson discusses the event very summarily, seems to regard it as of no very great importance, and characterises it only as a "serious affair." This is obviously not the impression intended to be conveyed, but is undoubtedly the impression we get from a reading of the eighteenth chapter. It relieves one to add that the index, appendices, and maps, are all excellent, which it is very necessary that they should be in a work of this description.

ASHLEY GIBSON.

MOLIERE IN FRENCH AND ENGLISH.*

Just as Moliere has enjoyed but small vogue in the English theatre, even free adaptations of his works having been few in our stage history, and his influence only reaching our playgoers through its undoubted effect on our late seventeenth and eighteenth century old comedy writers, so he can never, I suppose, have commanded with our reading public a very wide circulation. His name, indeed, is too much associated in the English mind with the idea of instruction. Our boys and girls at school painfully study one or two of his plays with their French masters, and are taken later on to see M. Coquelin in the "Precieuses Ridicules," the "Bourgeois Gentilhomme," and "Tartufe," that they may reap the benefit of further educational opportunities. Their parents are right in one respect; the great master of comedy and laughter has his instructive side. But his message is not for children, but for their elders; English men and women might learn much from the theatre of Moliere. Hitherto they have suffered somewhat from lack of translations, or at any rate of a handy text. Now that Mr. A. R. Waller has completed his edition of the plays in French and English, and readers can follow them in the original with the English one as it were facing the French text, Moliere should increase his circle of students, and therefore devotees, in this country. Some such influence as that of Moliere is sadly needed to disabuse our theatre-haunting public of its romantic prepossessions, and to correct its sentimental notions of life. True, we have our Bernard Shaw, as we have had our Ibsen, iconoclasts both; but the knife of Ibsen's surgery was too sharp, and the majority of English playgoers cannot reconcile Mr. Shaw's propagandism with his humour. They insist on regarding the author of "Man and Superman" as an irresponsible farceur, just as the conventionalists of the 'nineties looked upon "Ghosts" as the work of a hoary reprobate. Now Moliere has the advantage of a classical reputation, and yet is absolutely unromantic—as that term is generally understood—in his treatment of life. Not from his plays, as from our own modern sentimental drama, could young people gather the mistaken idea that love is the ruling principle of real men's lives, the ever-present element in their thoughts. They would find dramas like "L'Avare," comedies like "Le Malade Imaginaire," turning on very different motives from that of sex feeling. They would discover, too, that even when Moliere makes love his topic, the jealousy of his "Misanthrope" is a very much less heroic passion than Othello's—nay, rather an ignoble, enervating, corroding passion, and that his heroines—Celimene, Agnes, Isabelle—are no goddesses to be worshipped from afar, but very earthly flesh and blood creatures. It is no use expecting from Moliere an idealisation of the female sex; his knowledge of woman is too intimate, his attitude towards her too Gallic. But it is just such idealisation which the English playgoer carries into the theatre, and it is this and similar romantic conceptions which are the chief hindrances in the way of the reform of our drama.

Not that Moliere ever obtruded lessons of any kind upon his public. His prefaces, in the composition of which mode of self-expression he almost rivalled Mr. Bernard Shaw, were defensive, not offensive weapons—apologies, not sermons or mere tracts. As Mr. George Saintsbury finely puts it, his object and business were "to isolate the *ludicrum sæculi*—to put 'the way of the world' in the comic light of eternity." And those who make Moliere's plays their constant study will find them throwing more and more illumination upon human life and human character. They can hardly hope for a more agreeable edition than Mr. Waller's. Its French text is, needless to say, based upon that of Messrs. Despois and Mesnard's famous edition, and Mr. Waller's is the first English edition to contain etchings (thirty-one in number) after Leloir, representing scenes of the plays. Four of Mr. Waller's volumes had already been issued with another publisher; a new set of four now complete the issue, which, as brought out by Mr. Grant of Edinburgh, is as cheap as it is handsome. The translation, to judge from test plays—"Le Misanthrope," "Dom Juan," "Tartuffe," and that glorious "farce," "Le Malade Imaginaire," were my choice—is at once exact and graceful. Naturally Mr. Waller has found it necessary to convert the verse of Moliere's verse plays into prose, and he can scarcely be blamed for converting the talk of the peasant folk of "Don Juan" into English North-country dialect.

What adds a special value to this edition is the critical introduction supplied by Mr. Saintsbury. It is a marvel of learning and sound judgment, a lesson in the art of weighing evidence. Readers who have ploughed through long lives of Moliere in which all the legends and scandalous gossip of the poet's contemporaries and successors have been carefully enshrined, will be amused at the summary style in which Mr. Saintsbury brushes aside story after story and even refuses to discuss at all the ugly charge of Montfleury that Moliere's wife was his illegitimate daughter. I like, too, the short work which the Professor makes of that stupid sort of æsthetic criticism which reads an author's private life into his art, and explains, for instance, Moliere's frequent use of the motif of a young coquettish girl married or affianced to an old bachelor, by reference to the dramatist's supposed matrimonial troubles. At any rate, remarks Mr. Saintsbury, Moliere's marriage did no harm to his genius; and commenting on the identification of Armande Moliere with the Lucile of the "Bourgeois Gentilhomme," he says, "If a man could write like that of his wife's person and character nearly ten years after they were married, there was not much amiss, or there was very much that made amends for what there was." Mr. Saintsbury is equally happy in his analysis of the plays. The curious will be interested in the fresh light the critic sheds on "Le Misanthrope"

* "Moliere's Complete Plays." French and English Texts. Translated and Annotated by A. R. Waller. In Eight Volumes. £2 8s. net. (John Grant.)

and on the opinion which its author may have had of his hero, Alceste. As for the secret of Moliere's charm, this is Mr. Saintsbury's conclusion:—

"You must read Moliere long, and you must read him not in scraps or separate plays, but continuously, before you really apprehend his essence. For it is not an essence of style and form, as Milton's is almost wholly and Dante's to a great extent. It is not an essence of craftsmanship, like Dryden's, or Racine's, or, in a lesser way still, Pope's. It is not the power of creating a special less or more limited world of its own, like (in very different ways) the essence of Spenser, or Ariosto, or Balzac, or Dickens. It is not quite—though it comes nearer to these—the power of investing everything with actual life, which belongs to Shakespeare supremely, and to Scott, Thackeray, Fielding, in different ways and degrees. It does not exactly transform everything by passing it through a bath of burlesque irony like Rabelais, or romantic irony like Cervantes, or indignant irony like Swift. It only asks everything which suggests itself, 'Can you help me to make men laugh?' and if so, it takes the thing and makes it do this. With the rest il n'a que faire, as the French phrase goes. It has no business for them."

If only for the sake of Mr. Saintsbury's luminous dissertation on Moliere's life and art Mr. Waller's edition, I am almost inclined to say, would be well worth anyone's buying, but purchasers will get more than that for their money.

F. G. Bettany.

DEIRDRE.*

As a matter of course, the framework of Mr. Yeats's new play is a beautiful tale. Deirdre was a foundling child, so lovely that the old king, Conchobar, was to marry her; only Naisi, "a young man, in the laughing scorn of his youth," carried her away. For a few years they wandered together "and none to friend but lovers and wild hearts." But when the play opens Conchobar has pardoned them, and they are coming to see him. In a guest house near his palace three wandering musicians are talking about Deirdre and Naisi, and one has seen preparations afoot in the king's house. They are interrupted by the old man, Fergus, who tells them that the two lovers are coming to Conchobar. "Are Deirdre and her lover tired of life?" asks one musician, and says:

"An old man's love,
Who casts no second line, is hard to cure;
His jealousy is like his love."

She sees, too, some dark men pass the windows, "such men as kings will gather for a murderous task." Fergus is deaf and blind because it was he who arranged the peace between the lovers and Conchobar. But when the two enter the guest house, Deirdre sees that the king is not there:

"Were the peace honest, he'd have come himself
To prove it so."

Naisi sees ill omens: he goes out with Fergus to look along the road for Conchobar's coming, while Deirdre talks with the musicians and makes sure that there is treachery. Deirdre would be going, but Fergus and even her lover check her and try to prove that all is well. Then Naisi also doubts, and is starting to learn the truth from Conchobar, when a messenger announces that supper is waiting—for Deirdre and Fergus. Now the old man would like to send for help; Naisi himself is calm, knowing that they are in the trap. Deirdre is at first for breaking away. They talk of how they shall die, and play at chess as Lugaidh Redstripe and his wife did before death, while the musicians sing:

"Love is an immoderate thing."

Deirdre cannot go on, and will have a kiss—

"For it may be the last before our death.
And when that's over, we'll be different;
Imperishable things, a cloud or a fire.
And I know nothing but this body, nothing
But that old vehement, bewildering kiss."

Conchobar is at the door, and Naisi, thinking he has come to fight, rushes out, but is caught in a net. Deirdre snatches a knife from a musician, and gives her a bracelet, saying:

"All through your wanderings, the doors of kings
Shall be thrown wider open, the poor man's hearth
Heaped with new turf, because you are wearing this
To show that you have Deirdre's story right."

The king offers mercy; Naisi shall go free, if Deirdre will submit. She pretends at first to be willing, then kneels to Conchobar, and while she does so, unseen by her, her lover is gagged and taken behind a curtain; when she has risen, she misses her lover, but sees an executioner come in with a bloody sword. Calmly she asks to be allowed to go to Naisi. The king hesitates, and she taunts him with fearing the rivalry of a corpse. She may have a knife—she offers to be searched—then goes behind the curtain, saying to the musicians:

"Now strike the wire, and sing to it awhile,
Knowing that all is happy, and that you know
Within what bride-bed I shall lie this night,
And by what man, and lie close up to him,
For the bed's narrow, and there outsleep the cockcrow."

The musicians, chorus-like, repeat "They are gone." Fergus comes in with a rescue. The curtains are drawn back; the dark-faced men draw protecting swords about Conchobar; and the musicians begin to wail.

Mr. Yeats has done nothing so shapely and severe, so rich at once in character and in his own singular poetry. The piece moves, without change of scene, as naturally as any talk, without the intrusion of anything merely poetical, yet with that rich simplicity in which this poet is unequalled. Austerely organic, the play has melody also; it mingles the qualities of drama and of ballad. Most of the speeches are like lyrics; yet at the end the reader acknowledges that the march, as of a Greek tragedy, has not been interrupted. If there is any poem to rank it with, it is "Baile's Strand," or Mr. Swinburne's "Rosamond." As a play, it stands alone in its magic realism. E. T.

* "Deirdre." W. B. Yeats. Vol. V. of Plays for an Irish Theatre. 3s. 6d. net. (A. H. Bullen.)

GOOD KING GEORGE.*

English history—perhaps all other history—would have been written more fairly if the historians had remembered that a good man does not always make a good king, and that a bad king is not necessarily a bad man.

George the Third possessed virtue for a foundation, and strove hard to build a truly regal edifice thereon. His mother's injunction was the guiding principle of his kingly life during the sixty years he sat upon the throne of England. "'George, be a king!' were the words which she was for ever croaking in the ears of her son; and a king the simple, stubborn, affectionate, bigoted man tried to be. He did his best; he worked according to his lights; what virtue he knew, he tried to practise; what knowledge he could master, he strove to acquire." Thus Thackeray; and Mr. Melville in his introduction to these two entertaining volumes insists on the tricksy character of the lights—or limelights, will-o'the-wisps—by which George sought to govern his royal walk. "'Farmer George' was a politician of duplicity so amazing that, were he other than a sovereign, it might well be written down as unscrupulousness. Loyalty, indeed, seems to have been foreign to his nature; he was a born schemer." And then follows a severe indictment; not too severe, maybe, but prophetic of an unflattering feature in the chapters that are to follow.

The main impression one gets from Mr. Melville's pages, however, is favourable to his subject. The virtues of the man, we must conclude, have overbalanced in the author's mind the errors of the king, though it may be faintly hinted that in his laudable anxiety not to allow his book to degenerate into a political history of the period Mr. Melville has been driven to more leniency than he desired with the duplicity emphasised in the preface. At the best of times it is difficult to deal impartially as between the king and the man, and when one is anxious to keep politics in their proper place—that is, subservient to humanity—the difficulty is increased to the point of impossibility. As the larger part of the book is devoted to George the man, it is manifestly too much to expect the shortcomings and overreachings of George the King to come out in a higher degree of illumination. The obvious consequence of the method adopted by Mr. Melville is that the forebodings aroused by the introduction are hardly realised in the book itself.

The scientific historian—by which abused name we may designate for convenience the gentleman who resents the intrusion of flesh and blood on the severe logic of events—the scientific historian may frown on Mr. Melville for allowing human interest to trench on political justice, but the general reader . . . well, he will read the two volumes with diligent

* "Farmer George." By Lewis Melville. With Fifty-three Portraits and Illustrations. In two volumes. 24s. net. (Pitman.)

interest. Thus will Mr. Melville contribute, in spite of himself, to strengthening the prevalent impression of King George. He was a good man, we say; therefore, a good king. To the great public, conduct is more than the Constitution.

Remembering the tradition he inherited, giving ear to that reiterated "George, be king!" we should not be too hard on the stiff-necked obstinacy of the man who wanted in his ignorance of true statesmanship to govern England his own way. Moreover, remembering the moral example of his family, we cannot be too grateful for the private life of King George. It reminded England of what England was in danger of forgetting: that kings could be decent family folk.

Charles the First was a decent family man. In several respects a striking resemblance can be traced between him and George the Third. Both tried to force their will on the nation; both learnt that the nation would not have it. One lost his head in the process, the other his reason. Both loved their children, and meant them well. Charles was followed on the throne by a son who did little credit to his upbringing—a finely flamboyant character, if you like, but not a good king. George gave way, after the long torment of his dying was over, to one who was neither a king nor a gentleman—to "Alvanley's fat friend."

I know nothing of the state of the art of caricature in the first Charles's time, but, all uninstructed as I am, I descry here a difference, a striking difference, between the two men—between the men as men, not as kings. One cannot conceive Charles the First the prey of nimble pencils; whereas Mr. Melville's illustrations remind us what a godsend to the naughty artists was Farmer George. His virtues made him their victim no less than his overweening ambitions. Surelv he was born to have fun poked at him. In what a rude, virulent, sweeping torrent it descended! Then this Lear, who had behaved so well and so foolishly, fell on his dark days. The thundercloud, after threatening and passing for a time, broke over him. And lo, in his misery he found popularity! The people who had held aloof from the errant king clustered round the suffering man, applauding his lucid intervals. The man, may we not say? had conquered their hearts in spite of the king.

"Lady Sarah Lennox Sacrificing to the Muses."

(Reproduced from "Farmer George," by kind permission of Sir Isaac Pitman and Sons.)

Johnson may have been swayed by personal favour and political bias to some exaggeration, but he was not far wrong. 'Sir," he said, "they may talk of the King as they will, but he is the finest gentleman I have ever seen."

THOMAS LLOYD.

A YANKEE TYRTŒUS.*

A stately mausoleum erected over the remains of a Cock Sparrow! But a Bibliographer is capable of everything, and therefore a Yankee Bibliographer of much more. This Freneau seems to have been a journalist of the old Eatanswill Olympian school, quite worth resurrection, not as the fine flower, but as a fair specimen of his class and period. His attempts at poetry might well have been left to slumber in Poets' Corners; a selection from his political tirades and satirical jingles would have some value and significance. The Editor, however, thinking, no doubt, that what is worth doing is worth doing well, has taken Freneau much too seriously, dressed him up in three very handsome octavos, and made Freneau-bibliography a formidable new science. Let me say at once that he has performed his part excellently—with zeal, industry, discretion and good taste, though one could wish that his notes on many pieces had explained the small-beer allusions, and had told us why and how they came to be written, rather than when, where, how often, in what form they were printed and reprinted.

It is only fair to state that I have not seen the two previous volumes—fair to myself because my estimate of Freneau must be based only on his later works, without even the assistance of the Biography which appeared in the first—and fair to the Editor who in these pages expresses no opinion whatever, not even incidentally, on Freneau's merits and place in literature. His judgments may have been perfectly moderate and judicious—his extravagant labour proves only his delight in research.

First as to Freneau's rank in poetry. Was he a great poet? Was he a minor poet? So far as I can see, he was no poet at all. He did now and then in these later "Periods" attempt poetry, but always failed dismally. A friend who once ventured much farther into the boundless swamps of American Poesy than I should ever dare, tells me that Freneau wrote a few fair lyrics. I doubt it. He fancies one was "On the Primrose." Very likely—or still more likely "On the Pumpkin Flower"; for when they translate Wordsworth they usually disguise celandines as huckleberries, nightingales as mocking-birds, grasshoppers as catydids, and the spreading beech as a sugar maple. The Publisher's Notice says that "The Wild Honeysuckle" "has perhaps been most quoted." This I have not seen. But four pieces in this volume are referred to "the true poet's vision, the lyric touch." All four pieces are no better nor worse than a clever editor would scribble off to fill up his Poets' Corner, any week when his local bards proved really too shocking for insertion—all are, as he says of his rivals, "things born to live an hour, then squeak and die." Elsewhere, however, I have found a few lines or even a stanza, here and there, which might pass for Wordsworth's lower flights.

Freneau probably did not appreciate or understand, certainly did not possess, or try to acquire, the poetic touch. When he attempts poetry he takes no pains whatever to correct the faults, which, venial enough in his pamphleteering and burlesque pieces, then become offensive. Of these the worst is a loose slipshod sequence of ideas, a careless, vague plan and construction. Hence he lacks form, point, catastrophe, climax. He rambles, and flounders, and then has to fall back on dreadful commonplace or bad grammar, often indeed in despair leaving the idea and sentence unfinished, and jumping to another. Then his rhymes are unpardonably careless. I take one piece at random, in alternate rhymes, and give all the first and third line rhymes. They are rain—gowns, array—eye, called—fleas, place—space, steed—bed, eye—she, soul—round, inn—sigh, cask—

* "The Poems of Philip Freneau, Poet of the American Revolution." Edited for the Princeton Historical Association by Fred L. Pattee. Vol. III. Price $9 the set. (Princeton, N.J.: The University Library.)

flask, notes—told, reigns—makes, worth—given, wit—writ, friend—lend, wave—beg, treat—eat, hard—kiss. Perhaps that is enough. But, after all, the Editor only praises "his marvellous productiveness"—which was indeed phenomenal. Even from this "definitive edition" much rubbish—the list of titles fills five pages—has been omitted, "nothing, aside from a single piece, on account of coarseness alone."

But though essentially unpoetical, he is not without literary merits. His satires in heroic verse (especially "The Rising Empire") after Churchill rather than Pope, of course lack polish and taste, but many couplets are vigorous, and even neat. Thus in "Vulpina—The Land of Foxes" (Connecticut):

> "Honest through fear, religious by constraint,
> How hard to tell the sharper from the saint!"

Some of his trivial verse, for instance "The Cup of Tea," is pleasantly ingenious. Vastly ridiculous, however, are his bombastic patriotic flights. He shines most in lampoons, especially hasty, vulgar, anapæstic jingles, in that peculiar American manner, where the extravagant, fantastic abuse is rather admired as a *tour de force*, than resented as an insult. But none of these merits argue the Poet; only the efficient literary hack, with alert mind, partisan spirit, aggressive self-confidence, some education and much practice in scribbling. Freneau was neither Theban Eagle, nor dulcet Swan, nor enchanting Nightingale—nor even a particularly successful Mocking-bird. I see that by mere accident I have already identified his species. A little Cock-sparrow—homely, plebeian, coarse, untidy—without beauty, elegance, colour, refinement, or rarity—aggressive, pugnacious, impudent, shameless—too voluble in his unmelodious chirruping—and yet—and yet—— Well, somehow in spite of ourselves he makes friends with us by his restless activity, his joy in life and in himself, his cheerful self-importance, his courage, hardihood and good humour. We smile at him as often as with him—but we always smile, never frown. As I write I have just driven away a flock of the noisy rascals from my arbour, but I should miss them sadly were they never to return.

For the Poet Freneau we have only a tolerant contempt; the man himself—"his Mind and Work," as the kidglove critics put it—interests and amuses. Busily scribbling on politics, daily news and gossip from 1768 to 1815, he does give us a long series of sidelights on the American Rebellion, and the squalling infancy of the Republic. The reprinting of such poor and ephemeral work—at least, in some cheaper form—was therefore well justified. I can here refer but to a few of the many curious or amusing points I had noted down. Freneau seems to have been an alumnus of Princeton with some tincture of classics, yet in his "Epistle to a Student of Dead Languages" his zeal for "*res novæ*" inspires him to denounce the "antique gibberish"—"Why then your native language not pursue, In which all ancient sense (that's worth review), Shines in translations, fresh and new?" Olympian and lively too, but I fear also sadly human, are Pott's thunders against his rival editors, Pomposo, the Political Shrimp ("Reptile! your venom ever spits in vain"); Shylock ap Shenkin, etc. Some jealousy because the latter (Hamilton) dined with a certain high official, I infer from the piece "To Shylock. In reply to Big Looks and Menaces." (Shylock had denounced him as a paid tool of Jefferson).

> "Because some pumpkin shells and lobsters' claws,
> Thrown o'er his garden-walls by Crabtree's duke,
> Have chanced to light within your meagre jaws
> (A dose at which all honest men would puke),
> Because some treasury-luncheons you have gnaw'd,
> Like rats, that prey upon the public store;
> Must you, for that, your crude stuff belch abroad,
> And vomit lies on all that pass your door!"

—and so on. Very human!

So, too, the monster Cobbett—rather oddly dismissed by the Editor as "an English adventurer." "Viper," "serpent," "scullion," "red foxy scalp," "spewed out from the kennels of London," had been "cut from the gallows or kicked from the post," "beseeching some dung-cart to wheel him away," "Pitt's noisy whelp"—such are only some of the compliments in one of Freneau's shortest attacks on him. Elsewhere he wishes that Peter who rolls in Pitt's gold, will die of yellow fever, Cobbett having bravely stuck to his ink-pot through the Philadelphia pestilence. Well, the notes give a charming quotation from the *Timepiece*. "Among a despicable mess of scurrility in one of *Porcupine's Gazettes* of last week he mentions that 'he was plagued with the *Timepiece* for several months.'" It seems that Pott, though "in no want of his dirty vehicle of ribaldry," had sent him his *Timepiece* "by way of soliciting an exchange of papers," till, getting no response, and "finding the hoggishness of the fellow," he was forced to *buy* the detested *Porcupine*, in order to castigate it. Hence dire wrath! Yet, strange to say, all that is best in Freneau, he shares with Cobbett—they were kindred spirits. And both were born Tories who persuaded themselves that they were Democrats. Thus, it seems that "legislatures and city corporations, ever inimical to trees in cities" which everywhere had lined the old streets, wanted to extirpate them in the name of Progress and the Rights of Man. Freneau protests in a long Ode which Cobbett might have inspired. But, alas! Pott's idol and model was that disgusting libeller, Peter Pindar, whom he adulates in fulsome Odes—the bond of amity being their joint rancour—"I too have had your monarch by the nose"; and it must be owned that the Pupil exceeds the Master in stupid intolerance if not in coarse insolence.

Among many amusing peeps into social life, we have "the Sabbath Chase"—in a Land of Freedom! The deacons lurking in the church porch to catch anybody driving by, forcing them into a penitential seat, and then imprisoning them for a day—or preferentially, Freneau hints—pocketing the 40s. fine. Then, in spite of Puritan gloom, we read much of "beaux and belles," flirtations, fashion, gaiety, and even of the brazen assumption of armorial bearings, and blazoning of parvenus' gigs. While the "Revd. President" was in Europe (that abhorred Europe!) "collecting funds," the students of the ancient Dartmouth College totally demolished and burned that edifice of logs. Pott, a very pearl of inconsistency, is sometimes Teetotal, and anon Bacchanalian. He fulminates oddly, but with real vigour, against a new law which had cut off the rations of "Spirituous Liquors to Prisoners in the Jails" of the U.S., reducing them to "Cyder, Molasses-Beer and such dull stuff." He begins "Give to the wretched Drink that's strong (saith David's Son)." The outraged jail-birds appeal to the Rights of Man thus—

> "They that are unconfined drink what they will—
> Who gave the right to limit men in jail?
> Because Misfortune sent us here,
> Must we for that be drenched with table-beer,
> Or, in its stead, with Adam's ale?"

I suppose one ought to be disgusted by the blatant stupidity, ignorance, injustice, intolerance and venom of his patriotic effusions, but I confess to viewing only the comical side. Yet Pott, who saw as well as heard, had not the excuse of the explosive, and sometimes exploded Fourth of July Saturnalians nowadays, who, I understand, are brought up in the Legend on authorized cooked school histories. It is all very amusing—yet, I suppose, when you come to think, rather wicked. Not one good word have I found for the English save that he says, "even the plundering British" soldiers always spared those trees when shivering for want of fuel. He gloats over an English ship sinking with all hands, and is always invoking death and damnation on the poor dear Tyrants, their wives, families and rather numerous subjects. Day by day he inhales and exhales the balmy sweets of the French Revolution, but not a word about the Septembrists and the Terror to mar the glad story of Universal Freedom, Peace and Love. When Bonaparte becomes too scandalously like the old "bloody tyrants" who "traded in war and blood," he discreetly ignores him altogether until his fall, and then hints that it was all due to his Republican principles being corrupted by marrying a tyrant's daughter —"a jilt of jilts." Finally, in his superlative inconsistency, he never seems to even see or chafe, as others did, under that crowning absurdity which must to all time make the Spread Eagle ridiculous. In his "God save the Rights of Man," a parody of our National Anthem, he yells with perfect complacency, "On Afric's burning sands shall Man be free!" Yes, everywhere—everywhere—except in the special "Land of Freedom." The Gospel of Universal Liberty, you see, demands one convenient exception. The glorious American Rebellion was, after all, but a sorry affair, mostly engineered by rogues and charlatans, muddled by such dupes as Freneau, and saved by a few wise patriots. Nothing to

boast of, but a boon to those who can laugh. To which end Democracy was sent into the World, and the New England form was, after all, not quite so funny as the Old England parody of to-day. Y. Y.

ENGLISH CHILDREN IN THE OLDEN TIME *

Here is a pageant in the nursery, with scores of little bygone children trooping past. Scores, too, there are who cannot troop; for with so faithful a recounter as Mrs. Godfrey, and with veritable swaddling-clothes "the mode" for infants till the fourteenth century, a regular regiment of helpless, cocoon-shaped bundles heads the fair procession, in nurses' arms.

"Gazing back to the far distance," says Mrs. Godfrey, "from which we have travelled, we may see the crests of the tall forest trees rearing themselves against the horizon, some far overtopping the rest; but of the saplings at the foot we can discern nothing, unless it be as a mist of green." It is this mist of green which she has herself made clear to our eyes in this methodical medley of delightful child-lore. The sum of the knowledge of most of us respecting the children of the very olden-time would consist of the scene in the slave market, with Pope Gregory looking at our fair-haired little ancestors and uttering his never-to-be-forgotten remark: "Not Angles, but angels." After that there would be a long, long gap, till we come to a period sparsely peopled with a few unfortunate little princes and princesses. But not until Sir Joshua painted his "Age of Innocence," and children had become "the fashion" with painters and parents, did we have much material with which to make child-pictures in our minds. Mrs. Godfrey has relieved this mind-poverty, and in this volume shows us a train of children, from the little Saxon infants plunged over head and ears into cold water to harden them, to the nineteenth century little masters and misses being conducted to the Menagerie at Exeter Change in the Strand, to see an elephant ringing the dinner-bell with his trunk.

"Because children are so rarely and so briefly mentioned in old chronicles, some have fancied they must have been looked on with indifference. Not so: childhood in itself, it may be, was made less of than now; but it was because of the eagerness of our forefathers about their offspring, not their indifference; they were not content to prolong the days of dandling the baby; they wanted to see stalwart sons ready to follow them to the field, fair daughters early ripe to be matched with bold sons-in-law." We like, however, to learn that the Saxon baby was dandled and rebuked and comforted and hushed to sleep with the same nursery lore as the baby of to-day. He rode astride the foot to the tune of "Titty cum Tawty, the duck's in the wawty," or "To market, to market to buy a plum bun." He was introduced to his toes by the rhyme of "This little pig went to market." His shoes were lovingly slapped on, to the ditty of "Shoe the little horse, shoe the little mare." And he was probably crooned to sleep by the lullaby "Rock-a-bye baby, thy cradle is green, Father's a nobleman, mother's a queen." One of the facts which the book impresses is the early development of those old-time children. In the sixteenth century a boy of five could speak Latin, and a boy of twelve would be ready for the university or the king's court—almost for the battle-field. Marriage, indeed, would be usual at any age after five. "Little Moll Villiers, the Duke of Buckingham's little girl, was not merely a wife but a widow at nine, and we read of her romping in the garden and climbing cherry-trees in her widow's veil." "With the dawn of the nineteenth century emerges the conscientious parent. The eighteenth had developed the spoilt child . . . . he was now to be taken severely in hand." Rousseau seems to have been answerable for much of this. "Rousseau made many such suggestions as the following: Does the child break the window? Do not box his ears, but let him sit in the draught and catch cold. Is he greedy? He is not to be forbidden to eat his fill, but suffered to over-eat himself and then be sick." Miss Edgeworth, Mrs. Sherwood, and that famous company of story-tellers, bore out Rousseau's teaching in fiction, and presented a little gallery of prigs of both sexes which are the delight of the grown-ups of to-day. Space forbids a full tale of the charms of this lively chronicle, but here are to be seen the child in the nursery, the child at court, the child in fiction, the child in the drama, the child at work, at play, in happiness, in sorrow, and over thirty reproductions of interesting child-pictures complete the pleasant book.

LILIAN QUILLER COUCH.

* "English Children in the Olden Time." By Elizabeth Godfrey. With Thirty-two Illustrations. 7s. 6d. net. (Methuen.)

A MIDDLE-ENGLISH CLASSIC.*

"The Owl and the Nightingale" is one of the most important of Middle English poems; it has been unduly neglected, and the handy edition, prepared with scholarly care by Prof. J. E. Wells, should help to make it known to many who have hitherto contented themselves, or had to be content, with the extracts usually given in Middle English anthologies. Prof. Wells prints, on opposite pages, the Cottonian and Jesus College MSS., and he supplies a long introduction in which he ably discusses the manuscripts, the date of the poem, its authorship (practically unknown), its form and its versification. A hundred pages of notes and glossary complete a most useful little volume.

It is of very little consequence to us that the name of the author is unknown. We know the names of but few writers in Middle English. In the so-called benighted or dark ages, authors were less anxious to flaunt their names in the light of day than in later and more sophisticated times. Sufficient for us is it that there has been preserved, by the piety of more than one patient scribe, an excellent example of the *débat* in Middle English, composed by a writer who, employing the "common form" of animal contestants in didactic mood, borrowed from the debates and fables current in Anglo-French, Provençal, and Latin, shows unmistakable signs of the coming revolt from the purely ecclesiastical or mystical way of looking at things which stamps the permitted literature of early Middle English. Instead of devoting his pen to the cause of the Virgin cult, or to portraying the Fifteen (or some other number of) Signs before Domesday, the writer of "The Owl and the Nightingale" takes an interest in human life, he is one of the very early precursors of Wordsworth, and can look upon Nature with sympathetic and inquiring eye; above all, he has a sense of feeling for and kinship with the brother beasts which makes us think of him of Assisi, whose followers were coming to Oxford and Cambridge about the time of the writing of this poem. The heavy-laden carthorse, the cat and the hunted hare, no less than the birds, whom he loves and endows with vivid personalities, find an advocate in the unknown wandering scholar who has given us the most typically English poem before Chaucer. And the work has this further attraction for us: the author's conception of the seriousness and value of human life has not caused him to suppress his sense of humour. The "flyting" is not so vituperative as that familiar to readers of Dunbar; it is more akin to the upbraiding in Homer and "Beowulf"; but it is fresh and strong, and the claim made for Chaucer as the first English humourist can no longer be maintained when we read:

> "Mi stefne [voice] is bold and noght un-orne,
> ho is ilich [like] one grete horne,
> and thin is ilich one pipe,
> of one smale wode un-ripe.
> Ich singe bet than thu dest:
> thu chaterest so doth on Irish preost."

A. R. WALLER.

* "The Owl and the Nightingale." Edited by J. E. Wells, Professor of English Literature in Hiram College. 3s. 6d. net. (D. C. Heath and Co.)

A HERO'S LAST VOYAGE.†

Heroism and courage are human qualities to which use and wont have denied their full logical extension. It is good to be reminded that these qualities are passive as well as active, and that the one condition and test of courage, whether on the field of battle or on the sick bed, is the possession of the merry heart that goes all the way. The voyage we speak of is not that of a Nelson or a Franklin, but of a tired man of letters and a wearied magistrate, who set forth on a voyage of recuperation knowing well that for him there would be no return. The annals of our literature,

† "Fielding's Journal of a Voyage to Lisbon." Edited, with Introduction and Notes, by Austin Dobson. 1s. net. (Frowde.)

it is pleasant to remember, are eloquent in proof of a heroism no less distinguished than that displayed by wielders of sword or pike. Most readily of all we think, perhaps, of Scott's titanic duel with debt, our admiration for his splendid courage not in the least diminished by our conviction of the folly that occasioned its necessity. We remember Johnson's early years in London when, on an empty stomach, he defied "the patron and the gaol"; we remember Goldsmith's brave letters to his old friends in Ireland, while he was being "dunned for a milk score"; we think of Chatterton's pride, and of Hood jesting professionally under the very shadow of death. Backwards and forwards the list could be extended indefinitely. But on all this particular roll of honour there is no name can stand higher than that of Henry Fielding.

There is no commoner fallacy than that arising from the identification of an author with his own creations. Many still think of Fielding as a kind-hearted rake because he created Tom Jones. Johnson and Thackeray lent their sanction to a theory which would have flourished without such influential support. The falsity of all this is obvious to those who chose rather to read than to run. The mere magnitude of Fielding's works, when we think of his short life, is sufficient surely to prove his assiduity. No one who has read his works will admit that the razor-edge of his wit and scholarship was ever blunted. Fielding was neither a saint nor a rake, but he was every inch a man—and a man of genius. It may be granted that as a youth he not only warmed, but burned, his hands "before the fire of life," but we should not forget the expiation of his manhood—and that includes not only his novels (the best of English fiction and of lusty English prose), but the discharge of the duties of an ill-paid office with ability and integrity and zeal. It is only one side of Fielding, the weaker side, that is revealed to us in the character of Captain Booth. To gauge the full measure of his manliness and of the nobility of his character we must turn to the little posthumous volume which records his voyage to Lisbon. Of all the hundred and fifty books that so far make up "The World's Classics," there is none that has been so unduly neglected or better deserves the title of the series. That this little classic should have come to its own in a series of popular reprints is a more notable event than most of the new publications of the year.

Turning over the pages of this little book in quest of the familiar passage which describes how Fielding brought Captain Veal to his knees on board *The Queen of Portugal*, we discovered it not in the text but in the notes. And thereby hangs a tale, which Mr. Austin Dobson unfolds for us in one of those little prefatory essays of which he holds the secret. The Journal, as originally published, was shorn of many of its best pages to spare the feelings of Captain Veal and his friends, but when the earthquake occurred at Lisbon the following year, Mr. Andrew Millar, like a good publisher and the worthy successor of Jacob Tonson, made immediate use of the earthquake to advertise a complete edition of the book. The present text follows the earlier and shorter edition, but the omitted passages are given in the notes. Of the excellence of the notes, as of all the editorial equipment, it is enough to say that they are in Mr. Dobson's happiest manner. They carry a wealth of learning very lightly, and by innumerable little touches they not only elucidate the text but conjure up for us the very spirit of the age.

Briefly but very charmingly Mr. Dobson comments on the fine qualities displayed in the Journal. Save for a few brief references there is nothing in it to suggest to the reader that it was written by one struck down with grievous illness and knowing himself to be doomed. "So indomitable is his gallantry of spirit, so irrepressible his joy of life, so insatiable still his 'curious eye' for humanity, that a fresh face or a new sensation makes the old fire flame up once more, and he writes as if he had not a care in the world." The little character sketches have all the old-time brilliancy and insight, and the irony is as mocking and incisive as ever. There was never a more consistent satirist than Fielding. Everything good in human nature found in him a champion and a eulogist, but from the earliest of his plays to the last pages of his Journal he granted no quarter to any form of insincerity or sham. "Many men begin life as wildly and recklessly as Henry Fielding, but not to many is it given to end it as nobly as he did. He expended his last energies in works of philanthropy and benevolence: almost his last ink was shed in opposing the tenets of Bolingbroke; and he went to a foreign grave with the courage of a hero and the dignity of a philosopher."

J. H. Lobban.

THE AWAKENING OF CHINA.*

Whether looked at from the political, the commercial, or the sociological standpoint, the problem of the awakening of China is admittedly one of the greatest, if not the greatest, with which we have to reckon. It would be a complete mistake to regard it simply as a political agitation. On the contrary, it is a truly social movement, and aims at nothing less than the entire renovation of the oldest, most populous and most conservative of empires. Students of this most absorbing spectacle are indeed fortunate to have Dr. W. A. P. Martin as their teacher. No man living has a more intimate knowledge of the Chinese people, and of all their customs and habits of thought, than Dr. Martin, and it may be said at the outset that this book is well worthy of the important theme which it discusses. To some extent, it is true, the title of the volume is apt to be misleading. Much of the early part of the book is merely introductory to the account of the great Chinese movement towards the adoption of Western civilisation, and the student of Chinese history will not find anything here, probably, with which he is not already well acquainted.

At what time, exactly, it first was borne in upon the most advanced minds of China that things could not go on indefinitely in the old, old way, does not much matter. The great point to be grasped is that this revolution is very real. Certainly one of the strongest impulses during quite recent years has been the course of the Russo-Japanese War. Other wars, as Dr. Martin well explains, made them feel their weakness; this one begot a belief in their latent strength. When they witnessed an unbroken series of victories gained by Japan over one of the most powerful countries in the world, the Chinese naturally argued that they too could do the same if they broke with the effete systems of the past, and they determined to take the Japanese for their schoolmasters. The significance of the steps which have been already taken is apt to be underestimated by people who read from time to time in the newspapers that such and such a reform has been determined upon, and it is only when the accumulated evidence is laid before us that we arrive at a just appreciation of the progress already made. Let us see what are the principal steps so far which the Chinese have taken. On the conclusion of the Russo-Japanese War the Chinese sent no fewer than ten thousand students to Japan, while in turn they imported "a host of instructors whose numbers can only be conjectured." The earliest arrivals were, naturally, naval and military instructors, who were speedily followed by professors on every branch of educational reform, including even agriculture and forestry. The best embodiment of this new spirit, Dr. Martin declares, is the High Commission sent out in 1905 to study the institutions of civilised countries east and west, and to report on the adoption of such as they deem advisable. "Their first recommendation, if not their first report, reaches me while I write, and in itself is amply sufficient to prove that this High Commission is not a sham designed to dazzle or deceive." According to the *Court Gazette* the Commissioners

> "earnestly request the Throne to issue a decree fixing on five years as the limit within which China will adopt a constitutional form of government! A rescript submits this recommendation to a Council of State to advise on the action to be taken."

But whether or not this promise of a parliament is fulfilled within the time designated, and even Dr. Martin confesses that it is premature to speculate thereupon, the strides that China has already made in other directions are sufficiently remarkable. The Chinese navy was, of course, destroyed by the Japanese in 1895, but there is even now a squadron under each viceroy (though all combined would scarcely form the nucleus of a navy) and the intentions of the Government may be gauged from the creation of a Naval Board. Again, of the army Dr. Martin reports, "In 1860 a wild horde with matchlocks, bows, and spears, the land army is now supplied in large part with repeating rifles, trained in Western drill, and dressed in uniform of the Western type. The manœuvres that took place near Peking last

* "The Awakening of China." By Dr. W. A. P. Martin. 16s. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

autumn made a gala day for the Imperial Court, which expressed itself as more than satisfied with the splendour of the spectacle. The contingent belonging to this province is 40,000, and the total thus drilled and armed is not less than five times that number." Even more important, perhaps, is the increased attention being paid to railways, and to the postal system, of which Sir Robert Hart is very properly styled the father. It may not be inopportune just now to quote a few sentences from the eulogy which Dr. Martin bestows upon Sir Robert.

"All the honours and wealth that China has heaped on her trusted adviser are far from being sufficient to cancel her obligations. It was he who prompted a timid, groping Government to take the first steps in the way of diplomatic intercourse. It was he who led them to raise their school of interpreters to the rank of a diplomatic college. He it was who made peace in the war with France; and in 1900, after the flight of the Court, he it was who acted as intermediary between the foreign powers and Prince Ching."

Last, and certainly very far from least, is the reform in education. That the attempt made in this direction in 1898 by the young Emperor failed miserably is a well-known fact. But the cause of educational reform has arisen stronger after the Boxer cyclone, and for this also Sir Robert Hart is largely responsible. The edict abolishing the literary competitive examinations of the old style and ordaining that henceforward exclusive attention shall be given to the establishment of schools of modern learning throughout the Empire in their place is too recent to need much emphasis now. A more significant fact is cited by Dr. Martin in his admirable chapter devoted to Viceroy Chang. A sum of 300,000 taels used to appear in the national budget as the annual expense of a theatrical troupe in attendance on the Court. At the instance of two ministers the Dowager Empress cut down this sum to one-third of that amount, ordering that theatricals shall be performed twice a week instead of daily; and that the 200,000 taels thus economised shall be set apart for the use of schools. In concluding this brief survey of the main reforms now in progress we may perhaps quote three items which Chang in one of his books has declared indispensable.

"The first step in reform is to throw away your opium pipes,
The second is to unbind the feet of your women,
The third is to abandon the follies of Fungshui.
Opium makes our soldiers weak;
The crippling of women makes their offspring weak;
The superstition of Fungshui prevents the opening of mines,
And keeps China weak."

The chief criticism that we have to make against Dr. Martin's book is that it is rather too optimistic. When we find even so thorough a patriot as Chang opposing the unification of the currency of the Empire on the ground, apparently, that it would stultify an expensive plant which he recently set up for coining silver and copper money, we get some insight into the deadweight of conservatism which is the characteristic of Chinese mandarins. We cannot forget that the pledge given in the Mackay treaty of 1902 remains to be carried out, and it is certainly a tenable assumption that the Commissions on which Dr. Martin lays so much stress are intended to gain time, just as their counterparts in this country are suspected of doing. We doubt, in fact, whether China will ever know a revolution like that of France, which—in Macaulay's words—changed everything, from the rites of religion to the fashion of a shoe-buckle. This, however, is only to say that Dr. Martin expects the "awakening" to be complete sooner than we anticipate. That it will be completed some time is beyond all dispute.

M. H. H. MACARTNEY.

LIFE IN LONDON.*

It had not occurred to anyone, I suppose, that a time was ever likely to come when the names of Mr. Pett Ridge and Mr. Shan Bullock might be appropriately bracketed together. Until now there has seemed to be nothing in common between those two writers, except that they are both novelists. One is the most breezy of optimists, the other has been more heavily burdened with a sense of the sadness and vanity of human things; one was born near Canterbury, the other at Fermanagh, in Ireland; but one has long since given his heart to London and taken a sure place among the truest, wisest, and most knowing of its present-day interpreters, whilst the other has all along been dreaming still of his own land, and telling realistically and with a fine imaginative insight stories of his own people.

Mr. Shan Bullock has now, however, been living and working for many years in London, and it would have been strange indeed if the life of the great City could have flowed past his door day after day for so long without breaking in upon his thoughts with its many voices and proving a source of new inspiration to him; and so at last we have the fruits of his later years of observation and experience gathered up into the vivid and intimately realised life-story of "Robert Thorne." Almost simultaneously with Mr. Bullock's first book about London appears a new novel by Mr. Pett Ridge, who has rarely laid his scenes in any other place; and it is curiously interesting to read his "Name of Garland" immediately after you have come to the end of "Robert Thorne," and to note by what widely different means, in what altogether dissimilar styles the two authors touch upon every-day London scenes, characters, incidents, and yet get the same clear-cut effect of reality, of simple, absolute truthfulness.

Of course the comparison cannot be carried beyond certain strait limits. Both books are drab with the drabness of lower middle-class existence; the principal people in Mr. Pett Ridge's story are a good grade lower in the social scale than are those in Mr. Bullock's; the same shadow of poverty broods over them all, but Robert Thorne accepts his poverty with a philosophic seriousness, and Winnie Garland takes hers philosophically but with a somewhat flippant lightheartedness. Each book unveils cunningly and sympathetically much of the outward and inward personality of the average clerk and tradesman; each gives you an admirable study of the London landlady, and in both you have glimpses of life in lodgings: in one from the standpoint of the servant, in the other from that of the lodger.

Mr. Pett Ridge's hero is a perky, good-hearted, somewhat vulgar clerk in a railway goods office; his heroine, Winnie, is at the outset a shrewd, sharp, entirely capable little Cockney maid-of-all-work in a draper's family; then for a short time she rises in the world, but, driven by stress of circumstance, lapses into a maid-of-all-work again in a Camden Town lodging-house; and finally, after much trouble and one big disappointment, she settles down as housekeeper in the aristocratic neighbourhood of Hyde Park. Mr. Bullock's heroine, on the other hand, is the well-educated, sensible, pretty daughter of a wealthy boot-manufacturer; and his hero, the studious son of a village schoolmaster, has come up out of Devonshire to pass the usual Civil Service examinations and win a clerkship in the Tax Office.

Neither story is hampered with anything much in the way of a plot. "Name of Garland" relates merely how Winnie Garland was a small servant in the establishment of Mr. Masters, the draper, and because of her brightness and smartness was presently promoted to a place behind the counter; but under the gay pertness of her manner ran a streak of seriousness, and a secret shame of a disreputable father, and of her heartless and more disreputable step-sister and step-brothers. She and her own brother, Bert, had some while ago run away from these undesirable family connections; Bert had enlisted, and makes occasional appearances in the story as a smart young soldier, and Winnie had found a situation. From time to time she sends money to her father, being always careful to conceal her whereabouts; but a day comes when her step-sister walks casually into Masters' shop and discovers her. Then come her two loafing step-brothers and a dissipated aunt intent upon renewing acquaintance and blackmailing her, and she promptly meets the difficulty by smuggling her box out of the house and running away. Thereafter she withdraws into private life and is a maid-servant again, till her step-brothers hunt her down and attempt to burgle the house whilst she is alone in it. One of the brothers finally arrives at the gallows, and this crowning disgrace brings from the horrified young clerk who was to have married Winnie a letter she never forgives him for writing; and in the last chapter you see her, comfortably middle-aged, unmarried but not unhappy, friendly with the woman her former lover had married, and loving and loved by the children that should have been hers.

The story itself is almost nothing; the way of writing it is

* "Name of Garland." By W. Pett Ridge. 6s. (Methuen.)
"Robert Thorne." By Shan F. Bullock. 6s. (Werner Laurie.)

almost everything. Mr. Pett Ridge is a sort of Phil May amongst novelists: a few swift, deft, incisive strokes, and there is the character, man or woman, sketched from life with unerring exactitude, there is the story all told in a few hints, a nod or so, and a smile, less said than suggested, more lines left out of the drawing than are put into it, and yet you know the people as intimately as if you had lived with them, and their story as thoroughly as if every word of it had been uttered. Occasionally, perhaps, Mr. Pett Ridge pushes this elliptical method so far that you miss a thread and have to go back for it, but he never leaves any real gaps, though now and then he may seem to: you have only to think for a moment and the gap fills itself in. In the penultimate chapter of "Name of Garland," Winnie drives away with her father from the place where her step-brother has been executed; in the next chapter you find her, matronly, decorous, installed as housekeeper in Hyde Park Gardens. Nothing of the interval is explained, but even without the one or two casual, unobtrusive clues that are given you are fully aware of all that has happened in it. That is the perfection of Mr. Pett Ridge's art: it is so subtly elusive, carries itself with such an easy, careless air that you may not readily recognise what a fine and finished thing it is; he knows to a nicety how much he need not tell, exactly how far he can rely on the collaboration of his readers.

Mr. Shan Bullock's style is no whit less effective for being wholly unlike this. He fills in his details carefully, luminously, as Defoe did; he stands towards Mr. Pett Ridge as Du Maurier does towards Phil May. The mere story of "Robert Thorne" is as slight as is that in "Name of Garland," but it is sufficient, it holds you absorbed because Mr. Bullock makes his men and women live and interests you in them profoundly. Robert finds his Civil Service career monotonous and soul-deadening; he chafes in its grooved narrowness, but nevertheless accepts his lot courageously, and if he is amusingly satirical at the expense of his fellow clerks, he is intensely sympathetic with them too. Light and happiness come into Thorne's life with his love for sweet Nell Willard; her father, the pompous, self-made manufacturer, receives him condescendingly as a friend of his son; he is made welcome by the depressed Mrs. Willard, and attends with the family at Spurgeon's Tabernacle—incidentally there is an enthusiastic little impressionistic sketch of Spurgeon that is a wonderful bit of portraiture—but when Mr. Willard learns that Thorne and Nell are in love with each other, he resents his aspiring impertinence and forbids him to enter the house again. After Mr. Willard's disgrace, and bankruptcy, and death, Thorne persuades Nell to marry him without further delay, and they arrange to set up housekeeping in cheap apartments, and go about together, making the most of his small salary and savings, trying to buy satisfactory furniture on the hire system. Mr. Pett Ridge would have treated this episode more lightly; he would have handled it from the point of view of the shrewd, sympathetic looker-on who sees the humours of the situation and knows that these people will be able to look back by-and-by and laugh at what worries them so needlessly now. But to Thorne and Nell the situation had no humours; it was fraught with tremulous hopes, and anxieties and something of humiliation, and I fancy Mr. Bullock comes nearer the hard truth by treating it rigidly from their standpoint.

No novels of this season have yielded me fuller satisfaction than have these. They teach you more of certain phases of London life than can all the Blue-books and statistical publications that ever were issued; and at the same time you have an absorbing interest and sheer delight in the reading, because of the alternating humour and pathos, the observation, the imagination, and individual charm of style with which each of them is written. A. St. John Adcock.

GORKY AND REALISM.*

Realism is not an attitude towards art, but towards life. Every artist does his best to express what he sees as he sees it, and the realists are those whose eyes resemble most closely the eyes of the majority, and whose expression is consequently the most generally recognised as the truth. A man may make a poem of a cloud, because he sees a cloud as a poem. The realist and the man in the street think of it alike as an atmospheric phenomenon, promising foul weather. The realists hold the pens of the men in the street, and as everyone, even the most poetical, has his moments when a sunset is only a sunset, and a glass of wine not a song in shadowed crimson, but a mere drinkable, they win an almost universal suffrage. Almost everyone at one time or another regards the work of the realists as the expression of his own quite honest point of view, and is happy to read them. The man sitting next to me in the place where I am writing is a hot republican; he is reading a republican newspaper, not to learn new views, or other people's, but for the pleasure of seeing his own expressed on paper.

Realism is the art of the times of disillusion, when the clouds have blown away and left things in their nakedness. But the clouds roll back again, tinted by the dawn, and even the realistic writers, whom one would think that nothing could take in, sometimes believe in mad happy impossibilities like the rest of us. Then, at once, we who read them when we are disillusioned, raise as rabid an outcry as is lifted by the republican outraged by royalist sentiments in his own newspaper.

It is very likely that the people who read Gorky because he is a realist, will lift that silly, empty protest against this book. They shouted about Tolstoy when he let out that he had a purpose. What will they not say about Gorky, who is not ashamed to have a hope.

For this is a book of revolution, written by a revolutionary, and as joyous and stern as a war-song composed on the way into battle. In a few brilliant descriptive paragraphs the life of the workers is sketched as a background. Then a figure is splashed broadly in—a result of that life, the reason of the battle, an old man, a wife-beater, a drunkard, stupid but strong. He dies. After his death the real book begins, tracing the elevation of the souls of his son and wife. The son grows up, learns to read forbidden books, to talk and argue, and to hold forbidden meetings, becomes a leader among the revolutionists, is more than once imprisoned, and is finally sent to Siberia. The mother, at first abject and cowed by the father, and then timidly watching her son, is at last uplifted by his ideals, and dies proclaiming the people's wrongs, at the end of the book. The book is a splendid romance with something of the spirit of Dumas. The son and his comrades are noble, high-souled men, and their enemies are unpleasant little creatures. We are made to wish ourselves revolutionists in the middle of odious Russia for the joyous sake of sharing their conspiracies, just as we long to wake up in the times of the odious Richelieu to share the dangerous delights of Athos, Porthos, Aramis, and D'Artagnan. The difference is that this book, more courageously, is written in our own times, while the other is thrown back into history. We can all be revolutionists, but we can only dream of being musketeers.

It seems to me that of all Gorky's books, this will be the most abused. It will be abused, not for realism, but for departure from realism, just as some people are willing to blame rabbits for not being guinea-pigs. A fairer criticism would say that the occasional passages of disillusion, of realism, are the blots on the book because they disturb its attitude. But, if they spoil it as a work of art, they do anything but spoil it as a piece of human speech. They are like rents in the curtain, showing the terrible things behind. They make us realise that the book is a personal expression.

And it is a fine thing to hear, out of the middle of that red carnage, that black repression, a strong, sturdy voice like this, accepting the horrors with joy, with the same spirit in which Dumas' men accepted their difficulties, believing in men as it is hard to believe in the very earth, seeing a joyous future like a bright star in the fog of an evil present, and rejoicing for its sake even in prison, in exile, and in death.

There is a little passage that I must quote from the book:

"'Do you know, Audrey, the people whose hearts are always aching are the men who joke most?'

"The little Russian was silent a while and then answered, blinking his eyes: 'No, that's not true. If it were, then the whole of Russia would split its sides with laughter.'"

Gorky does not laugh, and he cannot sing; but in this book he shouts for joy in the trials of the day and the splendour of the morrow. And to be able to do that, it is worth while to sacrifice some disillusion.

Arthur Ransome.

* "Comrades." By Maxim Gorky. 6s. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

STORIES OF AN AUNT.*

It was Madame Lenormand who declared, when explaining the strong liking felt by her aunt towards the Comtesse de Boigne, that the qualities Madame Récamier appreciated in the Countess were her strong and charming mind, her archness full of reason, the perfect distinction of her manners, and even the slight shade of disdain that made her friendliness rather exclusive, and her approbation more flattering. Such was the authoress of these most interesting and valuable memoirs, though she thought such a name "too solemn" for her "disconnected pages." When asked for a title she replied, "I will think of it." "With this idea in mind," she says, "I dreamt during the night that my nephew was asked what those two clasped volumes were. 'Those are the stories of my aunt.' 'Here goes for the stories of my aunt!' I cried when I woke up, and hence the book has been baptised."

M. Charles Nicoullaud is at pains to explain the very tardy publication of a work of such paramount importance in historical literature. The memoirs came, in manuscript, into the hands of the Marquis d'Osmond, heir to the Countess, in 1881, and at that date it was felt that the numerous personal allusions they contained precluded immediate publication. M. Nicoullaud was an intimate friend of the Marquis, who decided that publication should be delayed indefinitely, though he allowed his friend to use the wealth of material available in the manuscripts in other works that M. Nicoullaud had then in hand. References to these papers have also been made by Taine; for instance, in the third volume of the "Régime Moderne," in this manner: "Mémoires inédits de Mdme. de ——." But now the memoirs, apart from one or two very trifling omissions, are accessible in their entirety, and we are all thankful.

The earliest recollections of this very vivacious countess, who was of Irish as much as French descent, for her mother was one of the "handsome Dillons" of Roscommon, are of the old court at Versailles. It was here the little Adèle, with her quaintly pretty face and her engaging manners, became the pet of the daughters of Louis XV., Madame Adélaide and her sisters. It was a strange Court that she grew up in, and her descriptions of such performances as the king's *coucher*, and the procedure observed in choosing guests for the *souper dans le cabinet*, make one raise one's eyebrows more than a trifle. In the presence of the whole court, and of distinguished strangers, when there were any, the king used to make his toilet, "scratching and rubbing himself as if he had been alone," sometimes shuffling round with his breeches about his feet to talk to favoured courtiers, playing practical jokes on those princes who were helping him into his nightshirt, and "guffawing" at their discomfiture. It is on many such scenes as this, though on few perhaps quite so unpleasant, that Madame de Boigne lifts the curtain.

Though she professes not to be impartial, there is little of real malice in all her tittle-tattle, and it is mostly of tittle-tattle that the book consists. The Countess was a woman of very shrewd sense, she had an eye to the larger issues of what went on around her, and one only has to think of what those years were that she lived in to realise how greatly the trend of events must have impressed one so interested as this beautiful and witty Royalist lady, whose *salon* was one of the most exclusive in Paris, who was a queen of society when the word stood for very much more than it has ever done since. She gives scant credence to the gossip concerning the Queen's diamond necklace, while regretting the Royal passion for gambling that so often led her Majesty into difficulties. "Who would have dared," she says, "to accuse the Queen of France of selling herself for a necklace, if she had not been seen before a table piled with money, attempting to win it from her subjects?"

This first volume of the Memoirs, for there are two more to follow, is so full from end to end of anecdote, allusion, and witty commentary, that anything beyond a bare mention of some of the great people encountered and great events touched upon is impossible in the brief compass of a review. Here we have new lights on all the famous men and women of the time, and incidentally on the events with which they are identified: Talleyrand, the Tzar Alexander, Napoleon, of course, who seems to have cast his spell even over the Countess, the Bonaparte Princes, the Bourbons, reigning and in exile, Hortense de Beauharnais, Benjamin Constant and Madame de Staël, Chateaubriand, Madame Récamier, Lady Hamilton, the "First Gentleman in Europe" and Mrs. Fitzherbert, Pozzo di Borgo, and Count Nesselrode, round whose name hangs, in all this whirlpool of gossip about other people, the only breath of romance concerning the Countess herself; for her marriage, with a mannerless but wealthy adventurer, was hardly worthy of the name. For all this Adèle makes a fine effort to be just in speaking of her husband.

Enfin, Madame la Comtesse is a very fascinating lady, despite, or partly perhaps by reason of, her almost startling candour. We look expectantly for the next instalment of these "stories of an aunt."

ASHLEY GIBSON.

* "Memoirs of the Comtesse de Boigne (1781-1814)." Edited from the original MS. By M. Charles Nicoullaud. 10s. net. (Wm. Heinemann.)

AN OPEN-AIR CLASSIC.*

"The Story of My Heart" is becoming a well-known book. It has been reprinted nearly a dozen times, and most people are acquainted with the chief points of the book: the lyrical sweep of the whole, so unlike Jefferies' other books; the writer's moments of oneness with Nature, "plunged deep in existence"; his passion for the body, his desire to improve it; above all, that desire in which he strangely resembles M. Maeterlinck, to study and sharpen and employ the soul, "the keenest, the sharpest tool possessed by man," and "to think outside and beyond our present circle of ideas"; and, in the fury of these desires, his disdain of what has so far been done, his tremendous hopes for what is to be achieved by man in the "fullest soul life," for which he prays throughout the book. But though the book is one of the most exalted and even airy that has ever been written, many of its parts are securely anchored to times and places and external experiences, in a manner characteristic of its author, whose eye was never weary and never at rest; and though it does not contain a "history of the events of Richard Jefferies' life," yet it is clearly related to them, and is not without some lesser revelations of his mind.

The scene of the opening passage, describing his walks at the age of seventeen or eighteen, is well known to be Liddington "Castle" or Camp, an ancient earthwork that carves the ridge of a hill nearly a thousand feet high, three miles south-east of his birthplace at Coate. He talks of still earlier and daily walks—"so long since that I have forgotten the date"—to some elms a little way from home, where he could secretly see the sun rise over Bishopstone Downs, or over White Horse Hill, near Uffington. But it is an elm country, and exact identification is impossible; so, too, with the great oak to which he used to go and look southward, setting apart a few minutes every day for his special thoughts. He reveals also that he "knew" he was "watched contemptuously" by those at home. There were several other "thinking places," on the Hungerford Road near Liddington, or on the Marlborough Road near Badbury, where the hills were well in view; one of the deep coombes cloven in the chalk corn country at Liddington or Chiseldon; also a wood "half an hour's walk distant," which may have been Burderop Wood, where it is pierced by a path, now well trodden, from Broom to Hodson, and there, later, he walked with the keeper, whose thatched cottage is in the neighbouring Bottom. Another of these places, "two miles along the road to a spot where the hills began," seems most likely to be the fir trees on the Marlborough Road, at the corner of the New Road, where the pass through the Downs at Ogbourne St. George is in sight. (It is a trifle, but he implies, on page 21, that in the summer he slept with his window shut.) The pilgrimages had to give way to "wearisome work" when he lived in a town, presumably at Swindon, between 1875 and 1877; but his thoughts could still take flight from a birch tree "across the glow of sunset," visible from his window. Then he clearly refers to his first move to London, unaccompanied at first, and there a cedar in "one of the more immediate suburbs of London" was his temple; that brief residence has not been identified. In the next pages he is certainly in the fields round Surbiton, by the Hogsmill River, and in London, thinking the old thoughts. There were pilgrimages to the sea, too, as the result of uncontrollable instinct. And quite early in the book he is among the hills, the furze, the bowl-like hollow, and the sea, near West Brighton, where he wrote "The Story of My

* "The Story of My Heart." By Richard Jefferies. 2s. cloth; 3s. leather, net. (Longmans.)

Heart." With odd precision he says that he tried to begin it "by a brook which skirts an ancient Roman wall," and then "in 1880, in the old castle of Pevensey, under happy circumstances," actually wrote a few notes which he kept.

It is noticeable that he was several times in a condition of great exhaustion. "I was," he says, "out of doors all day, and often half the night." As a boy, after the walks and passionate reveries at Liddington, he reached home "greatly exhausted." He was weary in London when so poor that he could not buy a glass of ale. But, though the weariness compelled him to pause, he "was full of the same eagerness with which he started." In 1881, a year before he began to write "The Story of My Heart," his long fatal illness had begun.

He might have said with Rousseau: "Si je ne vaux pas mieux, au moins je suis autre"; and there are a few indications in the book that his brain and senses were peculiar in themselves, as well as in their activities. For example, when on pp. 40-41, he says that he continually passed an outhouse where a drowned man lay, "sometimes on purpose to think about it," he adds, simply and impressively, that "it always seemed to him that the man was living." Then, again, phrases like "gradually entering into the intense life of the summer days, I came to feel the long-drawn life of the earth back into the dimmest past"—"my thought, or inner consciousness, went up through the illumined sky, and I was lost in a moment of exaltation"—"I was sensitive to all things, to the earth under, and the star-hollow round about; to the least blade of grass, to the largest oak. They seemed like exterior nerves and veins for the conveyance of feeling to me. Sometimes a very ecstasy of exquisite enjoyment of the entire visible universe filled me"—these, and similar phrases, almost certainly not exaggerated, seem to describe a mystical ecstasy, a trance, though of a modified kind, for it was repeated amidst the traffic before the Royal Exchange, as well as on London Bridge. Nor is this self-projection explained by the physiologist who, in Mr. Salt's book, ascribes it to the deep inspiration and slow breathing which preceded it. Finally, there are passages which, taken with those in "The Dewy Morn" and "Bevis," hint that his sense of touch had, as it were, a spiritual quality, or at least that he was more conscious of this sense than most men.

Something also of his intellectual tastes can be learnt; his study, always unscientific, of history, of sciences, archæology, "old philosophy"; his interest in early culture; his great love of statuary, and of a few pictures, such as Paris Bordone's commonplace "Daphnis and Chloe," Titian's rich "Venus and Adonis," a "Judgment of Paris," the "Surprise" (a portrait of Lady Hamilton known by that name). His adoration of the human form is of an uncommon kind; Felise bathing, in "The Dewy Morn," and the other descriptions and reflections on the nude, reveal a passionate coldness, an innocent voluptuousness, which are rare. His dislikes are more decided. Pictures, except of the human form, are flat surfaces, and do not hold him. The potters, the architects, are "meaningless, stony, and some repellent." And "an enumeration of the useless would almost be an enumeration of everything hitherto pursued," he says, and condemns especially "Egyptian and Assyrian, mediæval and eighteenth century culture." It was natural for him to do so, since no man is more self-reliant and independent of traditional knowledge than Jefferies. These are some of the matters of fact of a book not at all matter-of-fact. EDWARD THOMAS.

THE SPORT OF SPELEOLOGY.*

In some departments of literature, particularly nature study, science and travel, the camera has come gallantly enough to the aid of the pen. On the other hand, it would be a ticklish—and a heavy—task to estimate the amount of mediocre writing which is yearly eked out with good or curious photographs. Doubtless, however, the real or supposed exigencies of the book market may be blamed. And, after all, photographs, though continually being put out of date by new processes, are yet decidedly better for an hour's amusement than equally ephemeral "literary work."

"The Netherworld of Mendip" is only partially a case in point. Without the aid of photography the authors would have had to take a deal more trouble with the descriptive portion of the writing. But if the writing, as writing, is in some ways inadequate, it has at any rate the advantage of recording real discoveries and of treating a subject that appeals strongly and permanently to mankind. A cave, a cavern—there's something in the name—is one of the naturally romantic things of the world. Have we not all of us delighted in them as children; tried to reach the bowels of the earth with a reel of cotton, not needed, to guide us back again? What matter if it was only a littered-up hole in a seaside cliff, so long as the mention of a cave still retains power to thrill us? The debt of literature to naughty children is another of those things which has never been properly computed. Said the wise man: "Thank God I once stole apples!" Thank God, also, I once got dirty in little caves. No otherwise could I have so appreciated "The Netherworld of Mendip."

Messrs. Baker and Balch carry down into the earth a whole paraphernalia of ropes, pulleys, cameras, ladders and oxy-etheric limelights; not merely cotton and a candle; but they penetrate with such difficulty into such great and lovely caverns that the romance of it all is by no means diminished. Down in the earth, indeed, an aneroid to find the depth, or a compass to find the direction, is hardly less romantic than the moon and stars above.

In two respects the book suffers almost inevitably. Publication, in the first place, in several periodicals, has resulted in some rather irritating repetitions, notably concerning Cheddar. And again, the authors, in trying to convey both fact and picture, information and impression, have essayed a combination which is seldom successfully effected by English writers, though commonly enough by French. Hence it is that such fine descriptive passages as the following appear in the book rather as purple spots than as an integral part of it; they do not leaven the whole.

"When the ray of our 2,000-candle-power searchlight flashed across the abyss, we found ourselves looking into a chamber whose weird majesty held us spellbound. Its height is 110 feet, and the walls curve gradually over in an irregular dome. Hardly a square foot of this mighty wall-space is blank. Stripes and reticulations and pendulous lace-work run all over it in enchanting disorder. Here a snow-white flood of calcite drops from an unseen cleft, there a cascade of many colours ripples down from roof to floor. There are great sheets of opaline enamel, curtains drooping in massy folds, silken fabrics wrinkled over the face of the rock, all giving one the sense of motion suddenly suspended, and of light and colour captured from the rainbow and sleeping here in the darkness, waiting year after year for our lamp to awake it to life and beauty."

Merit there is, however, which does much to counterbalance the above-mentioned defects. The authors seem to write naturally; not according to some literary recipe for pleasing the public, but out of their own enthusiasm for cave exploration. In consequence, they are most impressive when probably they least expect to be. The resulting tone of sincerity—great and too much neglected desideratum of good writing—is difficult to demonstrate shortly. But consider this ending to the chapter on Stump Cross Cavern.

"It was now past three in the morning. Tired and battered to the point of exhaustion, but delighted with an exploration that far exceeded in interest all we had looked for, we returned to the cave mouth. An unpleasant-looking bull which had with great suspicion watched us make our nocturnal entry into the regions below had, greatly to our relief, got tired of waiting, and the coast was clear. Out of the everlasting silence and the shadows, lit so rarely by the glare of the magnesium and the beams of the limelight, we returned again, with the surprise that never fails, to the light of the heavens. Dusk was on the far-extending moors and hills, daylight was creeping on over the sky, a pair of larks saluted us with a hilarious song. Our driver was soon awake at the little inn, two furlongs away, and in the freshness of the morning we crawled down the break-neck road to Appletreewick, Bolton Woods and the Wharfe growing in light before us; and then at an exhilarating pace rolled up the dale to the Red Lion at Burnsall."

O chatter about anti-climax! To make the bull, the everlasting silence, and the Red Lion lie down together, I had almost said, within the limits of one paragraph, is an achievement not to be despised by literary artificers; and the obvious truth of the passage, the genuine effectiveness of it, is worth a mountain of engineered climax.

Speleology, we are told in the preface, is the latest of the sporting sciences. Of the joint authors, Mr. Balch is mainly responsible for the scientific work, and Mr. Baker for "the accounts of actual experiences, in which the sporting side is predominant." In one of his most interesting chapters, Mr. Baker eulogises his new, most arduous sport, points out its value to geology, and justifies the use of all

* "The Netherworld of Mendip." By Ernest A. Baker and Herbert E. Balch. (J. Baker and Son.)

possible mechanical aid. "When one may be called upon to climb a wall of mud, or a sheet of slippery stalagmite, or to traverse water-swept rocks with an unfathomed pool or swallet underneath, every safeguard must needs be utilised." We are reminded, too, that no less an authority than Professor Boyd Dawkins won his spurs as a palæontologist by his researches at Wookey Hole, near Wells; and that the naturalised vegetation of the Mendip caverns—"extremely tender branching tendrils, some white and translucent, others brownish, thin as cotton"—has yet to be botanically examined.

There are, in fact, many engrossing problems to be solved in the Mendip region, with which the greater part of the book deals. "A land of caves, whose palaces of majestic beauty still adorn the mysterious underworld where murmuring rivers first see light," it is the thickest bed of limestone in England, and is riddled with caverns and underground watercourses, a large proportion of them, no doubt, still undiscovered. Supplementary chapters deal with caverns in Yorkshire, Derbyshire, and Wales, and with the Michelstown Cave in Tipperary, the largest in the British Isles. The fascinating subject of "The Netherworld of Mendip," the accounts, too modest, if anything, of underground adventures, and the abundant photographs, some very beautiful, nearly all very interesting, should charm many who would not venture ten yards into a cave, or three feet down a swallet; whilst the authors' enthusiasm, the various possibilities they reveal, will, unless I am much mistaken, make a good many converts to the sporting science of speleology.

STEPHEN REYNOLDS.

THE SPELL OF THE ELELESCHO.*

The truth of the old saying, from Africa always something new, has been proved once more by the intrepid traveller, Herr Schillings, in his two books on Sport and Adventure in German East Africa, the last of which has just appeared in an English translation. The light that was thrown on the Dark Continent during the last century by Speke, Livingstone, Stanley, and other explorers, revealed some of the wonders of those mysterious regions that had hitherto held their own secrets. Since then the partition of Africa seems to have been pretty well completed, and railways have been laid down in districts which a few years ago were territories unexplored by Europeans, yet Africa remains to a great extent the dark mysterious continent of yore. Politicians tell us that they intend to change all this, that their railways will "open up" the country, and that "civilisation" will reign over those vast tracts of forest and plain that are still guarded by deadly swamps and a torrid sun, impenetrable vegetation, and the savage hordes of wild man and beast.

In Herr Schilling's former book he told us how he ventured beyond the trail of the white man to the haunts of the lion, elephant, hippopotamus, and other great beasts that have been driven by the hunter to seek protection in those remote regions that may be called "Wildest Africa." Here he found a true happy hunting ground, with large herds of elephant, giraffe, zebra, with lion, hippopotamus and rhinoceros, such as is rarely the fortune of sportsmen to encounter. But he made his experience doubly interesting by employing an ingenious contrivance of camera and flash-light apparatus, and thus succeeded in obtaining a series of photographs of these wild animals in their natural surroundings when they come forth from their lairs at night, showing how they disport themselves in the rivers, track down their prey, and attack it. The new book, to some extent, continues the story of Schillings's adventures, but it contains an interest of its own which makes it a worthy sequel to his first work. He not only tells us how he managed to take his marvellous photographs, and describes his apparatus, but relates his adventures across the "Elelescho" so graphically that one is led on from page to page with the keen interest that one always follows the personal narrative of a traveller who has returned from an unexplored land. He tells us of the birds and fauna that he encounters on his way, of the beautiful flocks of flamingoes, and the flights of the Grant eland, antelopes and hartebeests, conscious of their mighty strength, making for some distant spot, without that shyness which is characteristic of all animals that have learnt the danger they run from the deadly weapons of the European. He describes the blinding tropical heat and glare, with its ceaseless changes, making it often impossible to determine whether "it be a living multitude stretching out in the distance before one, or whether the play of sunlight is imparting a semblance of life to scattered clumps of thorn bushes." All through this narrative the reader meets with the haunting word "Elelescho," for the author confesses himself to be under its spell. To him it has a special meaning. The Elelescho is a plant, or bush, that has set its mark on the flora in the very heart of the Masai region. "Ranges of hills," he says, "covered with silvery-leafed Elelescho, the spicy smell of Elelescho, the water at the camping place redolent of Elelescho—and also, in consequence, tea, coffee, cocoa tasting of Elelescho—that is a memory that remains fixed firmly in one's thoughts of this home of the wild herds of the Masai. It was these disappearing nomads who gave the bush its beautiful name." But the chief interest and value of "In Wildest Africa," an interest which will appeal not only to "sportsmen," but to those who do not love "sport," as it is called, are the chapters that treat of the rapidity with which all the larger fauna of Africa is disappearing. Schillings makes an eloquent appeal for the protection of these animals, and shows that the slaughter of elephants for their ivory is proceeding at such a rate that very soon these wonderful animals, like many of the African races, must cease to exist. He predicts not only the doom of the elephant, but of the lion, the rhinoceros, the hippopotamus, and the giraffe. Surely, here is an opportunity for President Roosevelt (who has done so much to preserve the fauna of America from extinction by dedicating to them the Yellowstone Park) to exercise his love for pacific measures by representing the real state of affairs to those European Powers who rule the African continent. In turning over the pages of these volumes one is at first sight struck by the somewhat blurred and indistinct appearance of many of the pictures. It is not until one has read the book, however, that one fully learns to appreciate these photographs, and to understand what a wonderful record they really represent. The pictures often show distant views of vast herds of wild animals, actually as they appear to the traveller—mere suggestions, as it were, of the beasts seen through the tropical heat, mist, or rain. It is, of course, extraordinary that such photographs should be obtainable at all, and the impossibility of securing clear and sharply-defined pictures of these animals will be obvious. Herr Schillings is undoubtedly an egoist, and something of a sentimentalist—his view is singularly un-English—but his egotism has a certain ingenuousness which is not unpicturesque, conveyed as it often is in the historic present—a favourite manner of the German writer. One is often amused, however, by his naïve appreciation of his achievements, especially of photographs, and the unreserve with which he repeats the universal praise with which his former book was received.

* "In Wildest Africa." By C. G. Schillings. Translated by Frederic Whyte. 2 vols. 24s. net. (Hutchinson and Co.)

THE UNFAIRNESS OF MISS SINCLAIR.*

If we were to speak of nothing but the writing of "The Helpmate," of the language in which it is written, we should have nothing to utter but praise: the clearness, flexibility, imaginative strength of its style are so near to being rare qualities in latter-day fiction that they are not to be lightly overpassed. We have marked off a score or so of brilliant little descriptive flashes, luminous epigrammatic comments, incisive felicities of phrase, such as that which gives us Mrs. Eliott's frail modern figure, moving amid the exquisite last-century furnishings of her drawing-room, "with elegance a little dishevelled by abstraction"; indeed, if we limited ourselves to discussing and dissecting the book's charm of style, our enthusiasm would soon run away with us and we should be the more reluctant to say much else that we had intended to.

A consideration of the story itself, however, has a sobering effect, and we are as sorry that so admirable and delicate a style should be so mated beneath itself as we should be to see a graceful, high-spirited racer harnessed to a dust-cart. Here in crude outline is the story that we do not like.

* "The Helpmate." By May Sinclair. 6s. (Constable.)

Walter Majendie is an ordinary man; if anything, he is simpler, more innocent, purer-souled than the ordinary man is generally supposed to be; but there was a time when for two lurid years he (misled by an artful woman who took advantage of his pity and his chivalry) did those things he ought not to have done, and a divorce and a good deal of scandal were the consequences. Or some of them. A day comes when he is in love, and being an open, conscientious, good fellow, he feels that Anne should know the whole truth about him before she becomes his wife; but it is a difficult confession to make to an unsophisticated girl, and he has to fall back on that ever-ready helper his invalid sister Edith: she will confess for him, and presently tells him she has done so, and all is forgiven, but the matter is never to be referred to betwixt himself and Anne. A load is off his mind; he is contented.

Then, during the honeymoon, Anne overhears a conversation between two strange women, and learns the truth for the first time. Edith, well-meaning, worldly-wise, loving, lovable, anxious for the happiness of her brother, and foreseeing that Anne, with her white-minded, prudish, priggish little notions of good and evil, would never marry him if she knew the truth, had never told her. Anne is blinded and distracted now by the sudden light; she lets Walter understand that she has found him out; they discuss the situation; they are discussing the situation for ever afterwards for seven years; and though she believes his declaration that he thought Edith had told her all there was to tell, she remains implacable; she will not overlook the old error he has repented of, but there is to be no scandal. They will go on living under the same roof, but are to be husband and wife in name only.

No reconciliation takes place when their child is born. Walter serves his wife devotedly, is passionately fond of her, humbly subservient to her. On Edith's advice he begins his wooing of her all over again, but she keeps him coldly at a distance; becomes affected even with a physical repugnance for him; and he is always making his own case worse with his freakish sense of humour: when she is in a melting mood some raw, ill-timed facetiousness of his disgusts her and turns her from him anew. But the man really has a sense of humour; he is alive to the absurdities that are involved in her perversely and exasperatingly non-human view of things, and Miss Sinclair wrongs mankind when she represents that such a man allowed such an intolerable state of affairs to obtain in his household for those seven maddening years.

Through all those years, so far as you can gather, Walter and his wife scarcely think or speak of anything but the sexual relations that do not exist between them; no other business or interest claims either of them, until Walter sets up a secret household with the humble Maggie, who fully understands that he is driven into her arms by his intense love of his wife. For four or five years before this lapse, and for two or three after it, Walter and his wife are continually fencing with each other at home, subtly, cleverly, neatly, he trying openly or covertly to break down her guard, she on the alert, defending her womanly dignity, weakening towards him at intervals, but instantly strong and unapproachable again at a thought of her wrongs, her goodness, and how vilely wicked he had been once upon a time. Her attitude, she being innocent, ignorant, and revolted, is more natural than his. He is keenly aware of his unworthiness, but he is no morbid, introspective weakling; he has common-sense, a sense of justice, a sense of humour, and that such a man would on his own hearth submit to this hair-splitting, irritating long argument about an unwholesome, small juggling with moral and spiritual problems for seven tedious years is absolutely unbelievable. It is a mad world, but the human men of it are not so mad as that. A year or two of this sort of thing would have killed the love of such a man as Walter; he is not a complex, metaphysical person; he had done his utmost to make amends, and long before seven years were past his patience would have been exhausted; he would either have come to plain words and a sensible compromise, or he would have gone off and left Anne to nurse her troublesome grievance and pamper her spiritual pride in peace. You feel that the whole thing is not life, but a morbid, sickly dream of life.

Edith, the philosophical invalid sister, is an admirable character in many ways and cunningly drawn. "She was always lying to make other people happy, saying that she had everything she wanted when she hadn't, and that her spine didn't hurt her when it did." She had been engaged to marry, but can never marry now; her lover still loves her and visits her, and makes no secret of the fact that he consoles himself with other and easy women, and she considers that merely natural, blames her accident for his frailty, and forgives him. But large-minded and large-hearted as Edith is, one cannot see with the author that there is anything fine or right in Walter and his wife confiding their most sacred secrets to her, and discussing each other with her in amazing frankness. Walter, seeing the childishness of certain of his wife's propositions and amused by them, loves her, is deeply sensible of his own sin, and yet laughs at her and mildly ridicules her to Edith. Can one have much sympathy with this man who chatters to his sister continually about his relations with his wife, or with this woman who talks with her sister-in-law as freely and almost as often about her relations with her husband? Where is Anne's supersensitive refinement and spirituality, where are Walter's fatal chivalry and the ingrained manliness he is credited with that either of them can do this?

We are taking Miss Sinclair very seriously because she is not to be counted among the average novelists; she has ranked above them in our regard since her first book made its appearance, and nothing has gladdened us more than to notice how the literary worlds of England and America are at length recognising her remarkable gifts. She has the insight, the intuitions, the knowledge of human nature that go to the making of the great novelist, but no one could write a great novel on the theme she has chosen here. She has portrayed with wonderful skill a scarce, abnormal, unhealthy type of woman, and an ordinary, robust, healthy-minded man who would seem to have been poisoned and warped from his natural self by contact with her, and writes of these as if they were representative human creatures. They are not, and Miss Sinclair is unfair to the race in trying to pass them off as such. Anne, indeed, is rare enough to be worth preserving in a museum. The whole story irritates, repels, and displeases, but there is no denying that, in spite of everything, it grips and holds your interest to the very last and, withal, it so entirely confirms your faith in Miss Sinclair's high and innate capacity that it leaves you praying for all you are worth, and more, that for her next book she may light upon a big subject that shall be wholly worthy of her genius.

Novel Notes.

THE TOWER MAIDEN. By H. C. MacIlwaine. 3s. 6d. net. (Simpkin, Marshall and Co., Ltd.)

The opening scene is laid in the market-place of an old German town; Clement Halliday, a young Englishman, is loitering among the stalls of the fruit-vendors. On one side of the square stands a church, with a high tower at one end; the single hand of its weather-beaten clock approaches the hour at which Halliday has promised to meet his aunt, who presently makes her appearance. She is a brisk, flinty, arid, practical, precise lady, and while they visit the church together, her comments on the "picturesque" effect of an old woman, who is pouring out her anguish at the feet of the crucified Christ, anger him so much that he leaves her to finish her investigations alone. He climbs the stairs of the great clock-tower, and from the moment he sets foot in it he recovers his peace of mind and the quiet of his imaginative mood. A sense of mysterious possibilities, of expectant eagerness, lures him on to climb the many stairs that lead to the tower-head. And here is a room with seven windows, and in the room a young girl who shows visitors the views of the town and surrounding country which are obtained from it. Together they look through each window in turn, conversing together. "Each window stood with him for a span of the years that they had lived together"; for from the first moment he loves her, with the sudden, perfected, absolute passion that comes to the few, and then once in a lifetime, and for all time. This chapter, of the meeting of man and maid, in a chamber set high above the world, and beyond it, beyond its associations, its claims, and the dragging force of its conventions, is a romance in itself, told with all the freshness of the morning of life which it pic-

tures. Presently he must leave her; but before going, he promises to return to her, soon, some day, on the stroke of noon. Thenceforward she awaits his coming; and as each day passes she marks it by one added stitch of crimson thread in the embroidery she held in her hand at his first coming. As the years follow one another in their seasons of storm and sunshine, the crimson tracery shapes itself, without design on her part, into a crown of thorns encircling the cross; she is grey-headed now, but her faith has never flagged; like her body, her love has changed its outward semblance, while its essence remains unchangeable; when the last stitch is thrust across the embroidered canvas he will return, at mid-day, because of his promise. Clement Halliday, meanwhile, has been compelled to return suddenly to England; and there, in a new life of congenial activity and responsibilities, the image of the Tower Maiden and the memory of his promise fade away from him. He goes into business, is successful, marries, and obtains all the good of life which men in his position look for; he has a child, a son—and then, in the midst of his achievement, he understands that he has won the world in losing his own soul; that his real life could never be other than that of his dream in the tower: and in his son is incarnate that former self which he renounced. We are not told the fashion of this transmutation, nor is it unduly insisted on—yet he who runs may read its meaning sufficiently. Henceforth the father's destiny is in the son's keeping, and we must leave the reader to discover how he fulfils it. This is no novel, nor even a romance in the ordinary sense of the term; we may call it a romance of the spirit. For beneath every line of it, hidden, so unobtrusive that it might escape detection, but intrinsically part of its substance, and, as it were, lining it with a more permanent reality, is the symbol of life which it serves to present. Each reader—and the book, sooner or later, will have many readers—must interpret this for himself; it deals with a truth rooted in the substratum of all human experience. We have not at our disposal a tithe of the space which adequate treatment of the book would require; for though its contents are held in a crown 8vo of 150 pages, it is written with such concentration that its meaning extends, as it were, beyond the two dimensions of print into a third: the author leaves unsaid, as it were, the bulk of his purport, stimulating in the reader the train of thought and reverie which must carry his message to each of us. Hence it cannot be read hurriedly—it had better be left alone. The style throughout is lucid, and shows a mastery of the tongue, and a careful use of that instrument, which are rare enough nowadays, and are not to be found constantly in Mr. MacIlwaine's other works, whose vigour will sometimes overcome their phraseological discretion. Here the language has a crystalline quality which only the pressure and stress incident to the production of a work that should contain the artist's whole thought and purpose, could accomplish. We have space for one quotation alone; it is typical of Mr. MacIlwaine's power of conveying vivid sensorial impressions. It describes Clement Halliday's first glance from the tower windows: "His senses reeled, then rose in a fine exhilaration as he saw far down beneath him, miniature and serene in the sunlight, the clustered town, the mapped continent of woods and fields and the far encircling hills—as clear in their lines and hollows as a cameo lying in the palm, yet tinctured with the blue immensity that, as it seemed, broke away beyond, from their very feet. . . He saw, in a break of the blue-green, piney hills that seemed to bound the solid world, a snowy pinnacle, exquisitely clear, and yet—in its contrast to the green earth of celestial whiteness and pale shadow—as remote and inaccessible as a star."

A SENTIMENTAL SEASON. By Thomas Cobb. 6s. (Werner Laurie.)

There is in "A Sentimental Season" all the gaiety and flippant ease of dialogue that Mr. Thomas Cobb has taught us to expect of him; there are also glimpses of deeper feeling and more serious sentiment than are usual with him; but the whole thing is edged and pointed with a shrewd wit and mordant irony that saves it from ever lapsing into anything approaching sentimentality. When Luke Elder's father married a second wife, Kitty, the niece of Luke's stepmother, came to live with them, and was for ever after the bliss and the bane of his existence. They play together as youngsters; Kitty is responsible for an accident that cripples him, and she nurses him anxiously and wheels him about in his bath-chair, and is so kind that he almost feels that the accident was worth while. He grows up wholly in love with her, but, being diffident of himself, hesitates to tell her so. He fears only one rival, his friend Alec Royston; but whilst he still hesitates, Kitty, in her irresponsible fashion, foolishly runs away with a flashy, rascally cad, Dan Waynfleet; and for the sake of her happiness, when Waynfleet declares he is too poor to marry her, Luke surrenders to him half of his own fortune, and gives away the bride. It is not a happy marriage; he stands Kitty's friend always, and when Dan is mercifully removed, he decides that he will not lose his chance again by waiting; but quick as he is about renewing his suit, he is not quick enough, and with tears of anguish Kitty tells him haltingly that she has already accepted his friend Alec Royston. The book is crisply and smartly written, and the pathos of it loses nothing by being touched in lightly.

CARETTE OF SARK. By John Oxenham. 6s. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

The Channel Islands, with their quaint, old-world customs and observances, form the theatre of Mr. John Oxenham's new novel. His story opens in the early years of last century, and on a day when, "without a moment's warning, half the population of the Island came pouring down the steep ways towards the sea. First came four burly fishermen in blue guernseys and stocking caps, carrying between them, in a sling of ropes, a fifth man, whose arms and legs were tightly bound. His dark face was bruised and discoloured, and darker still with the anger that was in him. He was a powerful man, and looked dangerous even in his bonds." In this wise was Paul Martel deported. He was a Frenchman, a native of Guernsey, but had come and settled down in Sark and won and married sweet Rachel Carre, who might else have been the wife of a better man, George Harmon, who never forgave himself for having been the cause of Martel's coming to the Island. Rachel was happy for a little while; then Martel lapsed into bestial, drunken habits, and when he took to beating her brutally the Island rose up, enforced one of its ancient laws, and took him home to the shore from whence he had come. But Guernsey would have none of him, and brought him back; then the people of Sark would grant him neither food nor house, till he was desperate and went away of his own accord, and was seen no more. It is Phil Carre, the son of Rachel and her banished husband, who is the hero of this story, and his adventures as a merchantman at sea, and as a prisoner with the French (for those were the times of the Napoleonic wars), and his wooing of Carette, whom he swam and romped with as a boy, and loved when he was near to and far from her as a man, make one of the most stirring and charming of latter-day romances.

MARCUS HAY. By Stanley Portal Hyatt. 6s. (Constable.)

This is a very ingenious and interesting blend of sharp realism and imaginative romance. The pictures of native life on the South-East African frontier wear a wonderful air and aspect of absolute truth; so, too, do the vivid little sketches of native character, but the mystery of the sable antelope carved in stone and closely guarded by an eerie, ancient medicine-man in some unknown cavern of the unexplored granite hills captures the fancy, but does not strike one as being so real as the rest of the story. Yet who shall say that it is not? It may only seem untrue to us because it is so wildly unfamiliar. Marcus, a born wanderer, gets his first news of the sable antelope whilst he is staying in an African village, and the amiable old chief tells him of a daring Englishman who had gone up into the hills to search for it, but had come back delirious and dying, and they had buried him and hung the charm they found upon him high in a tree, thinking that it might help to give his spirit rest. The charm turns out to be a small tin case containing papers; and from these papers Marcus learns of the sable antelope and gathers a clue to the whereabouts of the cave in which it guards some treasure or some secret that he at once resolves to unearth. The natives are full of superstitious fears, and dare not speak to him about it. He makes a flying visit to London before setting forth on his

quest; and there he tells his story to the woman he loves, and when it leaks out and he has to race back to get ahead of an expedition sent out by a rascally company promoter who has scented the forgotten gold mines of the Phœnecians or hidden wealth of some sort, he too easily suspects her of the treachery, and another woman comes near to profiting by his resentment. It is a capital romance, that grips and holds you triumphantly to the end, and is not the less interesting for being well off the beaten track of current romance.

ROSE OF BLENHEIM. By Morice Gerard. 6s. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

You can always rely upon Mr. Morice Gerard for a good story, whether he gives you an up-to-date sensational startler or one of his virile and imaginative historical romances; and there is no period that he handles with more skill and effectiveness than that of Queen Anne. In "Rose of Blenheim" he is back there again, and once more the great Duke of Marlborough makes a striking and fascinating figure in his pages. But the hero of the book is Lord Godfrey Latour, who has become Marlborough's equerry, in succession to the dashing Lesterne, whose history has been told in the admirable "Adventures of an Equerry," and he proves himself no unworthy successor to that gallant and cunning fighter. To Paris goes Lord Godfrey on a secret mission for Marlborough, and there he is soon tangled in a web of dark intrigue and menace and mystery, from which he does not make good his escape without imminent peril and the winning of some staunch friends and a deadly enemy. It is an ingenious and exciting story; it never stands still, and in each fresh chapter some fresh and generally unexpected phase of it is developed; the influence of one of the most delightful of heroines is upon it even before she has herself made her appearance in its pages, and remains with it to the last, is the unwitting cause of half the strife and turmoil of it, and at the root of the final happiness of it all. A cleverly devised and excellently written novel.

The Bookman's Table.

BRAIN AND PERSONALITY. By W. H. Thomson, M.D., LL.D. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

Dr. W. H. Thomson has written a painstaking, well-meaning, and most interesting book on "Brain and Personality." He contends that the relationship between brain and personality is the relationship between a violin and a violinist, and that personality is something quite apart from the brain and independent of it. We are in deep waters at once. Seeing that personality is manifested only in association with brain, and that personality can be conceived only in terms of brain-functions, it is difficult to understand Dr. Thomson's position, which is based mainly on the unilateral character of brain action. There are two hemispheres of the brain, he argues; but one half does nothing, whereas if brain were the origin of mind and personality, *it* (the idle half) would also originate mind and personality. This argument, with other arguments he adduces, seems hardly satisfactory. With the absolute idealist our author has no patience; he must be "intellectually drunk." It would have been better, we think, if Dr. Thomson had left philosophy severely alone, and had been content to state scientific facts, without drawing metaphysical inferences, for he is obviously not a philosopher. After all, the inference of the independence of personality which he is so anxious to draw is not of much moral importance. Granted, as seems probable—Dr. Thomson notwithstanding—that thought is a product of certain brain changes, it does not follow at all that because the brain perishes, personality must perish too. It is surely quite as possible to conceive of the continuance of personality under other conditions, and with other correlations, as to conceive of it in an absolutely disembodied existence. Philosophic questions apart, Dr. Thomson's book is pleasantly and popularly written, and is full of facts of the greatest interest. The chapters dealing with the localisation of the functions of the brain are particularly interesting. The book should appeal to a large audience.

POEMS OF LORD BYRON. Selected and with an Introduction by Charles Whibley, M.A. 2s. 6d. net. (T. C. and E. C. Jack.)

Mr. Charles Whibley has no doubt at all about Byron's poetic eminence. In an interesting and well-written introduction to his selection of Byron's poems, he talks of his "imperishable genius," and asserts that he is neglected by those "whose neglect is a tribute of praise." But those, who are more critical judges of poetry than Mr. Whibley, are hardly likely to share his enthusiasm. Byron's poetry is a thing of the past; its vogue, like the vogue of Byronic collars, and Byronic melancholy, was a vogue of fashion. To create such a vogue was a big feat, but it does not necessarily mean big poetry. Byron's poetry lacked the antiseptic of literature—polish; it was unfinished. The poetic temperament, fire, spontaneity, Byron certainly possessed; but the defects of his qualities obfuscated them. He had fire, but his wood was green and smoked; he had spontaneity, but he had no restraint. And so the general effect of his poetry is not the effect of art; his verses are virile, witty, audacious, fascinating, but they are also full of raw rhetoric, of clumsy workmanship, of false and jarring notes. Occasionally, as in certain verses of "Don Juan" and "Childe Harold," he reaches a high level; the "Isles of Greece" is surely an immortal poem; but the great bulk of his poetry is distinctly second-rate. On the very first page of Mr. Whibley's selection occur the lines

> "The school where, loud warned by the bell, we resorted,
> To pore o'er the precepts by pedagogues taught."

Will Mr. Whibley assert that this is "imperishable genius"? If so, we can produce many more instances to support his contention. The selection is well chosen; but some of the verses from "Don Juan" were certainly better omitted.

THE KINGDOM OF MAN. By Professor E. Ray Lankester, M.A., D.Sc., LL.D., F.R.S. (Constable.)

To one in touch with science, few things are more astonishing than the indifference of the general public to scientific achievement. Science, *par excellence*, is the study of man's objective characters and environment; it is the study which ever directly and indirectly is shedding new light on the questions of what man is, where he is, what he has been, where he has been, what he will be, and where he will be. One would think that man would take sufficient interest in himself to take an interest in these questions; but, so far, his interest in science seems restricted chiefly to medicine bottles and gramophones and such-like; and of the wider prospects of science, of its relevance to his character and destiny, of its relevance even to everyday life and conduct, he knows and cares nothing. To the man in the street, as to Peter Bell, a yellow primrose is a yellow primrose and nothing more, and it requires a great poet to realise

> "Flower in the crannied wall,
> I pluck you out of the crannies,
> I hold you here, root and all, in my hand,
> Little flower, but if I could understand
> What you are, root and all, and all in all,
> I should understand what God and man is."

Science is no esoteric branch of knowledge; on the one hand it tells what God and man is, on the other hand it descends to dietetics and cookery. Its relations are as wide as life. Its feet may be among dead men's bones; but its head is crowned with the stars. Geology has its stone tables of law; the atom is as wonderful as the solar system; and a microbe has its historical importance. At every point, indeed, science is in touch with life, and nothing so widens the horizons of a man's consciousness, and nothing serves so well to give him a correct sense of his own position in the scheme of things, as a scientific conception of his environment. During the last few decades the advances of medical, chemical, and biological sciences in practical directions have been enormous, and every step they have taken they have enlarged the spiritual outlook of man, even more than they have ministered to his material welfare. When Davaine discovered the first microbe it meant not only new prospects of health for the body, but new continents for the mind. When Madame Curie discovered the marvellous decaying atoms of radium, she gave to the imagination worlds more wonderful than any poet's dream.

In his book, "The Kingdom of Man," Professor Ray Lankester deals chiefly with the practical, medical, and social aspects of science, but no one can read it without a widening

of his whole mental horizon, and a kindling of his imagination. The eminent biologist urges "that the time has arrived when the true relation of Nature to Man has been so clearly ascertained that it should be more generally known than is at present the case, and that this knowledge should form far more largely than it does at this moment the object of human activity and endeavour—that it should be, in fact, the guide of state-government, the trusted basis of the development of human communities." The three essays of the book are themselves sufficient to establish his proposition.

In the first essay, entitled "Nature's Insurgent Son," Professor Ray Lankester points out that man's enormous mental development has not only separated him from all living creatures, but has made it possible for him to rebel against natural laws—at least against the natural laws that govern the survival and distribution of other animals. He is a law to himself; he keeps the unfit alive; he abolishes nature's selective processes; "he has wilfully abrogated in many important respects the laws of his mother Nature." However big our brains, it is a dangerous thing to interfere with the natural selection and other natural laws to which we owe our emergence, and we must see to it now that we do not suffer for our rebellion. Already man is faced with certain difficult problems—over-population, increase of the unfit, etc., and only by a scientific study of the whole *nature* of the case can he hope to carry his rebellion to a successful issue. Only nature—only science can help him to retain what he has gained, and in self-protection man *must* study science.

The second essay deals with the advance of science—with the remarkable discoveries of recent years, such as the new gases in the atmosphere, the new element radium, the new animal the okapi found in the Congo forest, the developments of stereo-chemistry, the work of Metchnikoff, Behring, Ross, Bruce, and Schaudinn—all subjects of great general and imaginative interest, and yet apparently less attractive to the general public than a fourth-rate novel.

The third essay deals with "Sleeping Sickness," a strange disease which in a few years' time slew, in Central Africa, nearly a quarter of a million of people, and which, within the last year or so, has been conquered by science.

The book is a very important publication; it is accurate and authoritative in its facts, foreseeing and philosophic in its generalisations. It should be read not only by the specialist—indeed, it is too broad in its outlook for the ordinary blinkered specialist—but by every man who has an intellectual interest in the problems of life.

LIVERPOOL. Painted by J. Hamilton Hay. Described by Dixon Scott. With Twenty-five Full-Page Illustrations in Colour. 6s. net. (Black.)

At first sight, this "Liverpool" might seem to belong to the same class as Mr. Symons's "Cities." Speaking, in his dedication, of certain continental cities, Mr. Symons says that they "have given up to me at least something of their souls, like the people I have loved and hated on my way through the world. At least they have given me what they had to give me: my part of their souls"; and in the chapters that follow we feel that their strength, yet also the weakness that denies them excellence, is due to the passivity of the writer; for he did not go to the cities, but waited for them to come to him, and they came, dressed, as it were, for the special occasion. Mr. Scott also tells us that he relies chiefly upon the private reports of his own senses. It may be so, but it is not long before we have a feeling that he has not "respected the sight of his eyes and the judgment of his senses"; that he has put himself into things rather than persuaded them to give up their secrets. His style is so rigid, mannered, and without delicacy that it would make Canterbury and York much like Liverpool. Yet it would be doing Mr. Scott an injustice not to point out that he has made efforts to approach Liverpool as it really is. Intellectually, he is willing to see everything and to conceal nothing. In reality, we can well believe that he dislikes the city, or likes it only during rare sunsets or when he is in certain languid moods. But with great courage he has gone out to the docks, the offices, the shops, the superior suburbs, the slums, and "envisaged" them and reported on them. No man's view of things is to be disregarded. A man may write standing on his head, or with no clothes on, or in a soup tureen. Yet we should not be prepared to consider very seriously a long series of studies of modern life written in any of these conditions, unless they were quite natural and customary to the author. Now Mr. Scott is not eccentric, yet his relation to his subject does seem as a rule to be not more important than it would be if he had adopted one of these devices. We are disposed to think that in passages like the following we have an author whose concern with words is sufficiently active to promise results when he has forgotten it:—

> "It is a region, this seven-mile sequence of granite-lipped lagoons, which is invested, as may be supposed, with some conspicuous properties of romance; and yet its romance is never of just that quality which one might perhaps expect. It is not here, certainly, in spite of the coming and going of great ships, and the aching appeal of brine, that the mind is moved to any deep sense of kinship with the folk who wielded the river-weapon in old days. The place is as modern as the town, as purged of traditions as the town, and the drama that goes on here is one that has never been enacted in the world before. Its effectiveness, indeed (I do not now speak of its efficiency), is a thing that aligns with no preconceived notions of effectiveness. Neither of the land nor of the sea, but possessing almost in excess both the stability of the one and the constant flux of the other—too immense, too filled with the outer, to carry any sense of human handicraft—this strange territory of the docks seems, indeed, to form a kind of fifth element, a place charged with dæmonic issues and dæmonic silences, where men move like puzzled slaves, fretting under orders they cannot understand, fumbling with great forces that have long passed out of their control."

"Garn away with yer!" says the man in the street, and there are a hundred and fifty pages like that, some of the writing pleasantly if trivially opulent, but usually giving us only such satisfaction as would the encasement of the city in sugar icing or breadcrumbs. It is an attempt to veneer the city with words—collector's words—and a successful one, so serious, consistent, and intense that we are led to expect much better things from Mr. Scott at last. Mr. Hay is an artist, and an accomplished one. His pictures of the docks, the streets, and the environs do not suggest that these are the things upon which he has set his heart at any time, yet he has honestly seen them, and his delicate and skilled gifts have in no case failed to make an interesting record, while the series as a whole is a desirable possession.

SOME CURIOS FROM A WORD-COLLECTOR'S CABINET. By A. Smythe Palmer, D.D. 2s. 6d. (London: Routledge.)

Dr. Palmer's book has not the novelty of "The Study of Words" and "English Past and Present," nor yet the archbishop's implicit body of doctrine and philosophy. Nor has it method: "I may say that the present collection of etymological odds-and-ends, stands in relation to the more formal and scientific works on philology as . . . Sir John Soane's miscellaneous omnium-gatherum in Lincoln's Inn Fields stands to the severely-ordered galleries of the British Museum." But it has humour and great learning, and it reflects so well a real human personality that it is never dull. The first word is "Rag"—"an old word for a shower of drizzling rain." It is not in the New English Dictionary, but he finds it in Henry Vaughan, and still alive in Yorkshire and Lancashire, and points out its affinities to the Jutish "*rag*, mist," etc., and possibly to "rack." Under the head of "wheedle" he goes to the Latin Book of Tobit, and the verse where the dog "ran forward, and as a messenger in advance expressed his joy by the wheedling or flattery of his tail"—*blandimento suæ caudæ gaudebat.* He finds "wheedle" in Hudibras; traces it to 'wedeln' (German), and shows that before that it was necessary to use the word dog, as in "dog flattering." He refers to the "flattering tail" of Argus in the "Odyssey," and reminds us that *adulare* is thought "to have denoted originally the wagging of the tail by a fawning animal." Under "dreary and drizzle," which are connected by a common origin, he gives passages from Tennyson, Longfellow, and Marlowe suggesting that the writers felt the connection. In another division he enjoys showing that the words "humble, human, homage, homi-cide, groom, chemise, germander, camomile, chameleon, (Nova) Zembla," are of one family, though "it would seem that only in the irrational concatenations of a dream could these be affiliated as children of the same parent." *Lucus a non lucendo* is ridiculous, but, as he points out, we have only to remove *non* to have a correct etymology. It delights him to say that "Damson" and

"Kwets" are probably variants of one original, and he gives a genealogical table showing the lineage of these two words for the Damascene plum. "Words which feign relationship" and "compressed words" ("idolatry" for "idololatry," etc.), are charming chapters. It is one of the best collections of short stories that we have seen.

THE MYTHS OF GREECE AND ROME. THEIR STORIES, SIGNIFICATION, AND ORIGIN. By H. A. Guerber. 7s. 6d. net. (London: George G. Harrap and Co. 1907.)

This very lucid, well-arranged, and beautifully-illustrated mythology is by far the best of its kind that we have seen. It is almost as complete as Lempriére's dictionary, which has always had the honour of being the quarry from which Keats drew his materials. It is, however, arranged in chapters, in a systematic order, and written with such vivacity, humour (and at the same time real artistic appreciation) that it is as readable as an exciting novel. We can imagine no better gift, or prize-book, for young people with a taste for literature, while it would certainly be a valuable adjunct to any student's library. As Mr. Guerber says, our own literature abounds in poetic borrowings from the classics, and it is impossible to enjoy fully the works of some of our best writers if we cannot immediately appreciate their imagery; as, for instance, when Byron calls Rome "the Niobe of nations," or says of Venice:

"She looks a Sea-Cybele fresh from Ocean."

But apart from the practical utility of the myths as necessary to the comprehension of much in our literature, they have a great intrinsic æsthetic value. It would be difficult to exaggerate the importance of these old-world stories, with their wonderful admixture of pagan faith and riotous imagination, in correcting the tendency to mere utilitarianism in modern education, especially in view of the increased attention now being given to science and modern languages at the expense of the classics. Translations of the exquisite writings of the Greek and Latin poets do not convey the same rich impressions as the stories themselves, arranged in the form of a systematic mythology; or, at any rate, they cannot do so until some such mythology has been assimilated by the reader. The aims of this book are to present outlines of the stories in a simple form pleasurable to the reader; and, secondly, to furnish a practical guide for the student who desires to acquire the means whereby he will be enabled to follow intelligently the allusions to other myths which meet him at every turn, both in translations of the ancient classics and also in the classics of our own literature. The book abounds in quotations from the English poets which will enable the reader to appreciate the great influence of the myths upon our own literature; and here lies the only fault we have to find with the book. We do not think the quotations by any means the best that could have been chosen. There are, for instance, eight quotations from Sir Lewis Morris, to only one from Matthew Arnold and only four from Milton. There is not a single quotation from Swinburne, who is so rich in illustration of the Greek and Roman myths, while Byron and Shelley are both represented less often than Sir Lewis Morris. Sir Edwin Arnold has three times as many as Matthew Arnold or Landor, while Moore and Longfellow both exceed Milton, Byron, and Shelley. Tennyson might have been quoted to much greater advantage than he has been. But, on the other hand, good use has been made of Keats. There is also a large selection of reproductions from famous pictures and statuary, which show something of the debt which art, both ancient and modern, owes to these myths. They include works by Leighton, Watts, Picart, Guido Reni, Raphael, Michael Angelo, Burne-Jones, Solomon J. Solomon, Velasquez, Titian, Canova, Sir E. J. Poynter, Rubens, Hon. John Collier, and others, and are admirably chosen, with one or two exceptions only amongst the whole sixty-four illustrations, the chief of these exceptions being —we think—the "Bellerophon and Anteia," which looks like a stage scene in one of the illustrated weeklies, and is altogether cheaper in appearance than the rest. The myths are told very graphically and accurately; but the more repulsive features of Pagan mythology have been avoided, so that the book is adapted for use in any schoolroom, as well as in the library and armchair. It has a map, genealogical table, and complete glossary and index; and the closing chapter includes an analysis of myths by the light of philology and comparative mythology, and the philological explanation of the stories related in the preceding chapters.

BONAPARTE IN EGYPT AND THE EGYPTIANS OF TO-DAY. By Haji A. Browne. 10s. 6d. net. (Fisher Unwin.)

An inversion of the title would more correctly have described Mr. Browne's work, which really deals, and that very ably, with the psychology of a subject race. True, the book contains a long account of the transitory French occupation of Egypt, under Bonaparte and Kleber, but the historical portion is not, if one may so say, written from an historical point of view. How, indeed, should it be, when Mr. Browne remarks, not without sting, that "histories, as they are written, are rarely more than chafing-dish hashes of 'funeral baked meats,' of court chronicles served up with a posset of platitudes and pedantry for sauce"? Bonaparte's campaign in Egypt is recorded here rather as a formative episode in the evolution of the Egyptians of to-day, as an example of how *not* to occupy a country, how *not* to try and conquer a race. *Savoir tout c' tout pardonner* is a maxim generally admitted nowadays, in theory, to be true of individuals. Mr. Browne applies it to a nation. It is thirty years since he "first went down into the East" among the people. He describes himself as almost an Oriental in thought and sympathy. His aim, freely admitted, has been "to gain for the Egyptian more generous consideration than he is commonly accorded." Though some of his undocumented historical "facts" may be queried, he does exhibit in a very convincing fashion Bonaparte's misapprehension of Egyptian feeling; the futility of his insincere proclamations, of forcing the tricolour cockade on the people and childishly expecting them to be pleased and loyal, and of trying to transplant French institutions into a Moslem country. "Bonaparte in Egypt" is, in fact, an apology for the Egyptians, an attempt to show that they have throughout been reasonably true to their inborn character and to the ideals of Islam. In many cases where they seem to have acted irrationally or badly, Mr. Browne lays bare the springs of their actions, as few Occidentals could do, and compares them with contemporary Europeans, by no means wholly to the advantage of the latter. Considered still more broadly, the book is an eloquent demonstration (a little over-eloquent in style perhaps) of the evils, the fatuity, of forcing reforms on a people not adapted to or prepared for them. English politicians might learn many a lesson from it, not only as regards their treatment of Egypt, but also their treatment of the proletariat they alternately coax, patronise and exploit. The Evacuation of Fashoda Mr. Browne considers as setting the seal on the English occupation of Egypt. His chapters on Healthy and Unhealthy Influences contain both encouragement and grave warnings. In a postscript tributary to the work of Lord Cromer, he declares at once that the Egyptians must ultimately be autonomous, and that they are not yet fitted for self-government. He is an advocate of the larger Pan-Islamism. Right or wrong in its political conclusions, his work is an important and an interesting contribution to the psychology of subject races.

BRITISH WRITERS ON CLASSIC LANDS. By the Hon. A. S. G. Canning. Pp. 293. 7s. 6d. net. (T. Fisher Unwin.)

The title and outward appearance of this work are both attractive, but the contents will probably perplex those "general readers" to whom the author hopes that it may "prove useful." The relation between "British Writers" and the great world of classical life and literature would afford an admirable subject for some delightful essays, or the volume might have been made a rich storehouse of classical references or descriptions on our great authors. But Mr. Canning seems to have no definite purpose and to follow chiefly his own humour, as may be sufficiently judged from the single fact that the first eight chapters and about one hundred pages are chiefly occupied with quotations from the account of the Temptation in "Paradise Regained," mixed up with a running commentary of the most varied nature. After this long and curious excursion into "Classic Lands" follows a brief collection of references, to Pope's Iliad, to

Gladstone, Macaulay and others. Then come a number of quotations from Shakespeare, while after Shakespeare comes Byron, and Mr. Channing informs us (p. 177) how—

> "In the true spirit of an appreciative British scholar, and in words which modern Greeks might admire, though but partly understand, and would likely be totally incomprehensible to most, if not to all, Turks, Byron wrote, still dwelling on his beloved vanished past:
>
> "'And yet how lovely in thine age of woe, etc.'"

After which there are some extracts from Gibbon (interspersed with similar remarks) and some large selections from Dryden's "Æneid," but the author reserves his great surprise for the finish. His last seven chapters are devoted to two writers, whom not one critic in ten thousand would have hit upon, for they are Thackeray and Dickens, while a whole chapter is devoted to the serious consideration of classical study as developed by Dr. Blimber. Though the work, however, is not primarily intended "for scholars," it may be interesting to add that the spelling "Mecoeras" occurs three times with a single variant "Mecaeras"; that the phrase "Titanic form" in Milton is made clear by a description of the Titans taken from Lemprière; and that on p. 226 the reader is informed on the same authority that "Homerus" was "a celebrated Greek poet who . . . . in his two celebrated poems the 'Iliad' and the 'Odyssey,' had displayed the most consummate knowledge of human nature." Moreover, the book is certainly distinguished for the amount of pure emptiness which it encloses. The title takes two pages; a "Prefatory Note" of three lines two more; the "Contents," which contain nothing but a list of numerals, require two, and then after a blank leaf the actual text commences at p. 10. But this blank leaf occurs also between each of the twenty-eight chapters, while when a chapter ends at the top of a right-hand page the reader can several times get through four pages in as many lines. Indeed, a careful examination leads to the conclusion that over eighty pages, making about a third of the whole volume, evade criticism by being bare paper.

THE RACE QUESTION IN CANADA. By André Siegfried. 7s. 6d. (Eveleigh Nash.)

British writers have during the last few years been somewhat inclined to minimise the social and political influence of that leavening of French-Canadians which makes the problems of the Dominion more complex than those of any other great colony with the exception of South Africa. For this reason, therefore, if for no other, it would be well for all students of Canadian problems to read carefully the volume in which the French writer, M. André Siegfried, discusses this race question in all its aspects. M. Siegfried is a well known authority upon British colonial affairs, whose writings have all the advantages of coming from one who is of other nationality than our own. In this particular instance M. Siegfried's nationality is a two-edged weapon. It helps him to put forward that side of the situation which is often lost sight of here, but at the same time it inclines him to take up a somewhat biassed standpoint. This is not to say that M. Siegfried is a conscious partisan. On the contrary, he sets out his facts with praiseworthy fairness, but his book somehow leaves behind the impression that his sympathies are fundamentally with his colonial fellow-countrymen. He is not one of that school, indeed, which thinks that the French-Canadians, by reason of their extraordinary fecundity, will even now come one day to regain the supremacy in the Dominion. But while acknowledging this fact, M. Siegfried is none the less pleased that the French community should have succeeded in holding itself so completely apart from the other elements. The very tendency of the British, for which he scolds them severely, to ignore the French fills him with a certain sense of satisfaction as demonstrating this aloofness. He does not seem much to mind that Quebec is rapidly becoming a backwater. It is therefore no surprise to find that he is a strong upholder of the Catholic Church, which has been, and still is, the principal instrument in inculcating this attitude of haughty isolation. If M. Siegfried were a Canadian politician he would be of the school of M. Henri Bourassa rather than of Sir Wilfrid Laurier, and there is not much doubt as to how he would have acted during the religious-educational disputes of the last dozen years. As the title of his book shows, this race conflict is the principal theme, and even where it is not being specifically discussed, it is felt to be lurking only just beneath the surface. There are, however, certain chapters in which its presence is less insistent, and M. Siegfried has some very interesting speculations as to the future destiny of the Dominion. He does not commit himself absolutely, but he seems to hint pretty strongly that Canada will some day pass almost imperceptibly over to the United States, and that the Canadians, recognising that the strong, exuberant spirit of the United States must eventually triumph, are already making ready for that contingency. In these chapters, as in those devoted to imperialism, political, economic, and military, M. Siegfried is seen at his best. A word or two, in conclusion, about the text. The translation (for such we presume it to be) has been well done on the whole. One notes, however, such blemishes as the misspelling twice of Papineau's name, and the statement (p. 268) that laws voted at Ottawa, and passed by the Governor-General, can be vetoed by the Colonial Office within two months. The time limit is, of course, two years.

ENGLISH METRISTS IN THE 18TH AND 19TH CENTURIES. A Sketch of English Prosodical Criticism during the last 200 years. By T. S. Omond. 6s. net. (Frowde.)

This is a learned, a fair, and a careful book, but it has a long, dull story to relate. For English prosody began without duly considering English poetry, and, among the scores whose work Mr. Omond epitomises and criticises, not more than half a dozen were aware of this initial mistake, and not all of these were capable of studying the practice of the poets before arriving at a theory for it. One of the earliest of these metrists came sadly to the conclusion that Milton, having violated the rules of the metrists, must be wrong. Even Lord Kames (1762) saw only "a sort of measured prose" in Shakespeare's blank verse, and made Milton write "temp'rate," though he saw clearly "that accent is not a structural but an illuminative element." Tucker (1773) saw that we have "quantitive differences of vowel sound," and applied a phonetic method to our verse. Mitford (1774) found that both poetry and music "exhibit common and triple time." Steele (1779) was first to proclaim "that verse is essentially a matter of musical rhythm, and applied musical methods frankly and fully to the notation of metre." He insisted upon giving a place to "rests and pauses" of like duration with the time actually filled by sounds. In Johnson's opinion the melodiousness of a line depended on the *regularity* of syllabic accentuation. But the revision of poetic melody that came with Burns, Blake, and especially the "Christabel" of Coleridge, made it more and more impossible to retain the stiff and inaccurate views which the practice of Pope had seemed to condone. Coleridge affirmed that in each line he counted the accents, not the syllables, though he omitted to point out that the accents occurred at equal intervals, that the feet were "uniform in length, though diverse in the number of syllables they contain." Coleridge's friend Thelwall (1812) acknowledged common and triple time in verse, to be "recognised mainly by the number of syllables in a foot, which if not constant, should be at least 'so prevalent as to give its primary denomination to the measure.'" He found a place for feet of one syllable, and distinguished prose from verse by the "indiscriminate variety of the feet that occupy those cadences" which it has in common with verse. Guest, so late as 1838, collided with Milton's practice, which he straightway condemned. The new, real prosody began with Patmore, who saw that metre is "a simple series of isochronous intervals, marked by accents." Lanier followed with the important statement that "the correlative duration of the *silences* between sounds are quite as necessary to many forms of verse as the sounds thereof"; that verse consists of "such sounds and silences as can be co-ordinated by the ear," and "exists in virtue of the simple time-relations between the units of sound." Finally, we come in 1903 to Mr. Omond's own "Study of Metre." This is, we believe, the only book which provides an analysis of verse methods which is borne out by the facts. It gives a great many (if not quite enough) specimens of old and new English verse, approaching them reverently, and without harshness shows how they fall into and help to form the critic's scheme, which is based on the fact that a line of verse consists of successive periods in duple or

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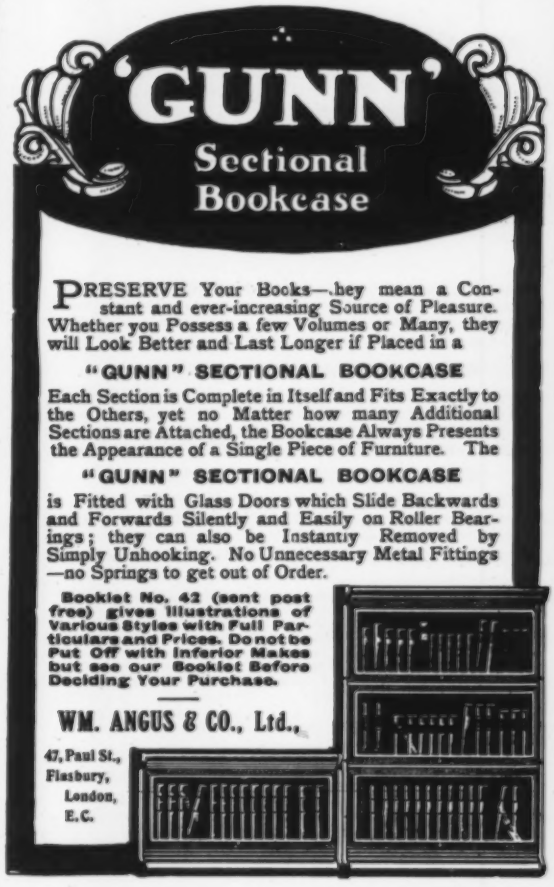
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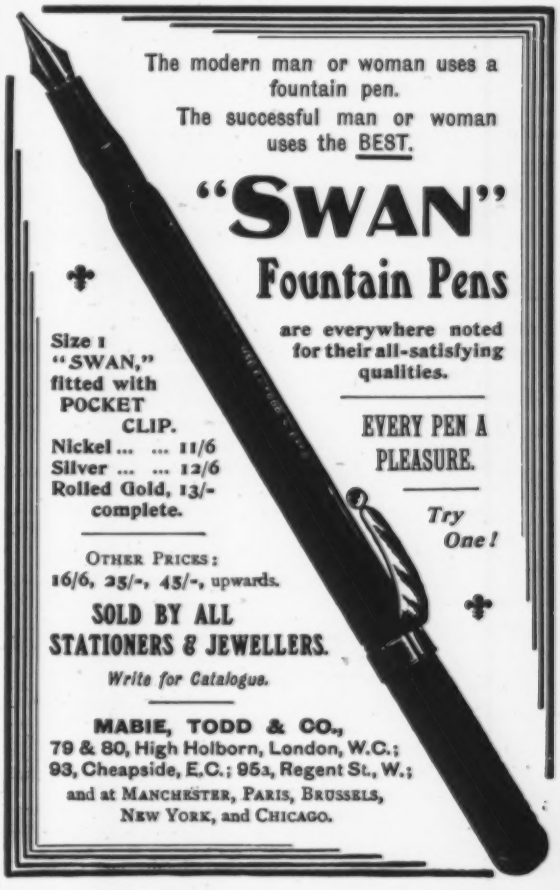
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